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THE MUSICAL COURIER, 107 AVENUE HENRI MARTIN,
PARIS, September 1, 1907.

MUSIC EVERYWHERE.

Music in the mountains,
Music in the hills,
Music in the fountains,
Music in the rills.

THE staid and sober M. le Président de la République Française must wonder—if indeed he has left him the power to wonder—why in the name of things fitting the state has chosen Don Giovanni to be his musical welcome! What has the good man done on this memorable trip that the Spanish lothario, *Don Juan*, should be roughly introduced to him on his return to his native heath?

To be sure he *has* strayed from home through ways and for days never before permitted to a chef of a republic; he has scaled the silken ladders of social fame as no French President has ever; hobnobbed with seductive aristocracy with a familiarity allowed to no other son of French liberty before him; he has flirted with Dame Royalty in a most skittish fashion; he has bowed the knee to the powers that be; kissed the hands of vestals sacred only to thrones; magnetized the royal parents; borne off with sturdy arms the flower of Signatures from the imperial chambers, and proclaimed the fiançailles of two beating governmental hearts; but then—Don Giovanni—Fates forfend!

At all events the Mozart chef d'œuvre has the honor of being chosen to celebrate this evening the prodigal's return, and said prodigal has been supplicated to be present, even though in dust-coat and sleeping-car cap, just to show his grateful people how grateful he is to them for being happy that he is glad!

Poor M. Gailhard, who has just drawn on his sleeping cap down at Biarritz, after his taxing preparations for the Meistersingers, must be aroused from his first doze by despoiling dispatches as to fatted musical calves and tripping musical feet in the restless capital. Sleepily he assents to the Mozart comedy on the ground of—its *ad-mi-ra-ble* ballet! The spectacle is to be gratuit, Caron, Alvarez, Renaud and Carrère in the caste, honored to represent in semi-tones the event of national betrothal and presidential home coming.

Brasseries, cafés, streets and eyes are to be wide open all night, the national district is to be illuminated and festooned, and sports and dancing through the streets is to be the order of the thirty-six hour day. Business is all suspended of course (who cares for house building at the wedding feast?), and weary travelers at the various reeking stations may carry their own trunks to their differens stopping places, or leave them there on the railway counters, just according to the entrainment of their several temperaments. Who wants trunks in Paris on a festal day.

Certainly we do not hear of any "ring" in connection with this wonderful matrimonial event and no trace of a license is in sight, but then no doubt there are such things. Why the insignia of so sweet and innocent an affair, which so nearly touches all hearts, should be kept so rigidly secret in the bosoms of the respective parents is something that now and again enters the minds of even a few dull people whose fête spirit is damp. But why bother about trifles while the sun shines and the flags make windows in the blue heavens? Let us dance and sing and—forget. For we are French!

Speaking of M. Gailhard, the last seen of him was passing through Royat, the gay French watering place, his comely, picturesque form mounted on a superb automobile,

which he was taking southward to train to face a Spanish frontier or a Pyrenees peak without shying. He was well, but pale and nervous, as are all the operatic force, with their interminable artistic labors.

For it must be said, with all truth, of the Paris Opéra that if it does not produce that which is "all things to all men" it is not through want of care, toil and ardor on the part of the contingent.

Royat is one of the exquisite French flowers which punctuate the way between Laqueuille, the Mont Dore exist and Paris. It is like an aristocratic and city bred relative of the latter—high strung, artificial, gayly dressed in latest mode, in strong contrast to the sturdy, rugged, frowning and untouched naturalness of the mountain district.

The landscape fairly laughs! It is impossible to imagine anything more gay, open and joyous than the expression of a bird's-eye view of Royat, bathed in autumn glory, as seen from a summit.

The triplet sisters—Royat is noted for its springs, Clermont for its superb cathedral, petrified cave and the modest home where Pascal was born, and Montferrand, a perfect old historic curiosity shop, enough to send a connoisseur mad with glee—lie spread out there in the tinted sheen like pretty sleeping sheep in a flowered meadow, all around them skirted by rolling hills sewn with tiny pink and white houses like daisies in a sward.

A most remarkable, even thrilling effect is that of the eastern horizon, which, instead of rolling off downward to meet the sky, floats upward in a mirage, like a panorama of hill and city draped in a mauve film, and merging with the sky into perfect unison. The effect is heightened by the fact that this mauve veil cuts off distinctly the far from the near horizon, producing the illusion of a vision of the New Jerusalem, or some other unknown world, rising behind the gauze netting of an immense dream theatre.

Like Mont Dore, Royat has its progressive spirit in M. Servant, a Frenchman of taste, executive ability and enthusiasm for his work in the city, which cannot be too highly commended. For thirty years he has been conjuring the artistic chef d'œuvre which, under the name of "Grand Hotel and Grounds," bears the marks of time, art, lore and money. The grounds around the place are nothing short of fairyland, an endless Cupid's bower of flower gardens, shrubs, shaded walks, summer houses, steeples, steps, shaded walks, all softened, refined and perfumed—a perfect marriage between nature and art. Indeed the whole place is one scene of romantic loveliness, almost sickening in its semi-tropic voluptuousness.

This feeling is augmented by incessant music streaming about the place from 8 in the morning till 11 at night, and which seems as if flowing out of the conditions, a natural outlet.

M. Emile Bourgeois, the gifted sous-chef of the Paris Opéra Comique, who has charge of the musical affairs, does not admit the "naturalness," however. Fifteen hours of every day, including Sunday, are steadily and unremittingly devoted to the work with the natural care and solicitude of a rising chef. This after his heavy winter in Paris, where M. Bourgeois as chef, composer, teacher and musical friend is an artistic centre, must be trying to the health of even so valiant a musician.

He has a most excellent orchestra at Royat of artist musicians and excellent instruments, all in good tune and training, which does duty with certain changes in the dainty music pavilion by day and at the pretty theatre in the evening. Excellent programs, too, are given and listened to attentively by large crowds. One afternoon this week was devoted to a Saint-Saëns-Massenet festival, when some of the most attractive gems of the French masters were given. A gala representation next evening consisted of the fourth act of Carmen, Madame Bourgeois in the title role; the Maître de Chapelle, and a concert, consisting of the Flying Dutchman overture, Rouet d'Omphale, Divinités du Styx, duos from the Contes d'Hoffmann, and the Dragons de Villars; harp and violoncello solos by Goltermann, Dunkler and Hasselmans, and two piano compositions by M. Bourgeois, Impromptu and Fileuse, played by the author.

A Sunday afternoon program listened to with real interest from beginning to end had a Faust arrangement Liszt's second Rhapsodie; Hongroise, which does not separate well from its native instrument; a violin polonaise by Wieniawski; Regrets, for the cello, by Vieuxtemps; overture to Le Roi d'Ys, and a taking Dépêches Télégraphiques waltz, by Strobl, as a finale. Acts from Rip-Rip and Tohn Bohn operettes were to be given the following evening. La Danse Macabre, prelude to the Deluge; Marche Heroïque, prelude to Eve; Clair de Lune, from Werther; Vision Fugitif, from Hérodiade, and the Cid ballet, comprised the Saint-Saëns-Massenet festival, in which M. Bertoglio as violinist and M. Mareschal as singer were foremost in the generous applause.

PARIS.

The tempo of the dormant beauty's pulse begins to accelerate, the réveille is only a question of a week or two. Many musical directors are already at their desks. M.

Carvalho returned yesterday. Professors are returning one by one. Marchesi is already at work. Perplexed students are opening their trunks, shaking out wrinkled skirts and souvenirs of "lovely Swees," getting used to the sounds of the floor and height of the door handles and finding where would be a good place for everything with no room for anything, and for the portraits of papa, mamma and "him." The park bands have a line of lassitude through their harmonies, piano tuners are receiving abrupt postal cards, music stores are arranging their little window expositions, organists are trying dusty stops and the prime donne are looking discoveries of recent gold mines at each other and wondering how on earth they are going to keep it up and—everybody is writing for certain copies of THE MUSICAL COURIER which they "just forgot" or "just read in a hurry" and did not know till now that it had something in it about them.

And now they will put somebody to the extra time and trouble to find back numbers for them or not to find them, and it will never occur to them but that it is all right that somebody should do so, or as to the superficiality of subscribing for a musical journal only and alone for the sake of reading in it what is said of them when somebody tells them it has appeared.

There will be many apparent discourtesies on my part in regard to letters, cards, visits, questions, presentations, &c., this month, due to withheld correspondence and other withheld causes. Withheld courtesy is not among the latter, however, and due assurance of the fact is here expressed, with real regret in many cases. Later on the genuineness of the expression will be manifest. There is neither slight nor neglect in the heart of THE MUSICAL COURIER except what is unavoidable, and Fate is responsible for that.

After remaining in Paris all summer, studying her rôles in Italian, Miss Minnie Tracey is off for a rest in Genoa, whence she goes to Milan, where, as has been announced, she has a first-class engagement with Sonzogno.

Mr. Le Grand Howland, the indefatigable American musician, reappeared like a bird on a branch in Paris for a few days, but is off again to another branch. Mr. Felix Fox, the Boston pianist, has left for home. M. Leopold Godowsky has passed through here. The excellent Boston vocal teacher Mr. Arthur M. Hubbard and his wife are among the most earnest and appreciative musicians who have been in Paris this season. Sweet Lillian Blauvelt flitted by. Louis Crépeux, of San Francisco and the Paris Grand Opéra, will have a message next week. Miss Julie Opp has been here visiting Miss Blackstone-Freeman. Madame von Klenner has been here and is gone, like many another blessing. Six Americans with characteristic "Haste makes waste" leave rendezvous indications for "to-morrow" without date. Where is to-morrow without to-day?

Mr. Franz Bellinger, of Philadelphia, is on the Continent. Miss Lulu A. Breed, an earnest, conscientious American teacher of music, full of the responsibility of her pupils' advancement, is in Paris seeking light. This is the sort of student who needs Paris, and whom Paris can benefit, and who can benefit others by her increased light.

Miss Mary Berry, of St. Louis, a promising young vocalist, and pupil of Madame Lankow, of New York, has left Paris for London. She has been spending her vacation in the most profitable, manner traveling and studying in company with her teacher. At Bayreuth they were met by Marie von Gelder, also a pupil of Madame Lankow, who is engaged at Amsterdam this season. In Paris Miss Berry was under the guidance of the Girls' Club and friends. At Bayreuth she had the privilege of singing for Mr. Kneise, who expressed surprise at her volume of tone. She is to continue German study and return to him. Miss Von Gelder is also to be his pupil. This student gives all the credit of her advancement to her teacher and speaks hopefully of a certain Berlin school for Americans which Madame Lankow proposes to establish in Berlin.

Miss Catherine South is among the anxious inquirers as to vocal salvation in Paris this season. Miss Pauline Stein announces her safe return to Kenwood avenue, Chicago, and finds her old health almost restored. She intends to make up for lost time with her accustomed energy and intelligence. She has been the recipient of several flattering offers already in America.

Mr. Frederick Maxon, an earnest and talented organ pupil of M. Guilment, is in London on route for home. Mr. Maxon is organist and choirmaster of the Central Congregational Church, Philadelphia, where he has been over a dozen years a live and ardent musical worker. Under his direction various selections from The Messiah, Redemption, Holy City, the Forty-second Psalm, &c., have been given to large audiences on special evenings. He is also concert organist and is associated with W. W. Gilchrist's school. He came to M. Guilment to add to his proficiency, repertory and power of usefulness, and is both surprised at and grateful for what the master has done for him.

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great souled, big hearted man, straight as a mast on a man-of-war and full of universal art ardor. The Americans are specially privileged in having him as guest, as artist and as a friend.

Madame Ram, of St. Servan, closed the August days by a brilliant musical reunion, in which various artists on various instruments were heard with enthusiasm. M. Aigre, flutist; Mlle. Gaconnetti, M. Nandés and M. La Taste, as vocalists; M. Samson, as 'cellist; Madame Gouirand-Gentil and Madame Ram, as pianists, had grand success. The program was largely classic, the Rams being of that privileged sect. Madame Ram played the sonata in E flat for piano and flute with M. Aigre.

Mme. Polak von Elsner, sister of Litta, herself a singer, is living in Brussels. She has recently lost both husband and mother. She expects soon to leave for America, where her sister is very ill. Among her friends in Brussels is the well-known cantatrice, Mme. Dyna Beumer, who is going to America next winter. The latter's husband is chef d'orchestra in Brussels and both are great favorites. The Queen is greatly interested in the American tour and invited Mrs. Potter Palmer to hear the singer at the former's villa in Brussels.

The tenor Escalais was prevented from passing his customary season at Mont Dore this year by being called as a member of the jury in the Conservatoire during the vocal examinations. After that concert engagements at Spa left but a short season at the nearest seashore, whence he, with his talented wife, return in a few days to recommence their vocal work in Paris. (See page 3.)

Mme. Alta R. Bibbins, of Indiana, the well-known vocal teacher in several colleges there, has arrived to study with Trabadelo. She is installed in an apartment "on the other side."

During the month of September the Institut Polytechnique, of Paris (see page 3), is open to supplemental study for pupils preparing for superior classes or for children retarded in instruction. Foreign languages and accomplishments are also taught in private lessons, and interesting promenades are made in the Bois and environs under special direction.

Friends of Margaret Reid are proud of her London success this season, but Margaret Reid herself is still more proud of a prize won by her Great Dane dog Mephisto at the Ladies' Kennel Association, Regents Park, London,

where all the "swell dogs" were exhibited, including five of the Princess of Wales'. Mephisto's grandfather, by the way, is in the Jardin d'Acclimation, Paris.

FANNIE EDGAR THOMAS.

Things in General.

No. VI.

817 Newhall street,
MILWAUKEE, Wis., September 1, 1897.

SPEAKING of grandfathers, your **RAconteur** isn't in it. I had a very distant uncle called Tetzal the Monk. Commissioned by the Pope, he traveled around selling indulgences, cheap or high priced, accompanied by his two sons, an unusual thing for a Dominican friar to do. Martin Luther, who married a nun, and who, by living in a glass house had no business to play with a sling shot, denounced him. They had lots of fun in Wurms, burning each other's sermons, &c. Not long ago I noticed that a Martin Luther was to be admitted to the ministry, and here am I a Tetzal doing business at the old stand. I am going to write him a letter, as follows:

Martin Luther:

DEAR FRIEND—Times is hard, business is dull; while still in business, I have a large stock of able-bodied indulgences left on my hands, which I would like to dispose of at any price. What will you give me for one good A1 indulgence, dated ahead, and good for any crime? Have also a good, heavy inkstand, useful for throwing at the devil. Hope you will not get in the condition of seeing devils often, unless you have a special indulgence—price, \$1.50—for the sin of intemperance. Let me hear from you soon. The Pope sends love, and says your sermons made fine lamp lighters. Your old friend, TETZAL.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot? Never!

I have golden dreams for Milwaukee—dreams which never will be realized. Of that there is no doubt, absolutely none. Our location is beautiful; beautiful houses seem to be flung down among the fresh trees, trees made more beautiful by contact with the blue lake which serves as a background; the streets are like white ribbons dropped in thick grass to mark a path; the air near the lake, and especially where I live, is heavy with the perfume of sweet clover, white and red clover, golden-rod and long grass. I can look out of

my window and see wild rose bushes growing between the cracks in the sidewalk; but this is a suburb; other streets are more orderly and crowded. Milwaukee everywhere is lovely. The country is rolling and wooded, the landscape almost always smiling save when the days are dark and the lake gloomy or angry. Where nature has done so much would it not be ideal if we had a correspondingly beautiful mental and art life, if we had serene, pure pursuits beyond the comprehension of animals, whose mode of life we have for generations past made our own? It would be a great aid if good fellowship, magnanimity, kindness, reigned among our artists and musicians, instead of their present cut-throat policy.

Suppose we spent as much money toward cultivating our tastes and the general public by means of the arts as we now waste in many ways. Suppose, in some of these wooded spots along the lake, conservatories of pretty, graceful architecture, with corps of competent teachers, nestled. Suppose pupils came to these conservatories from all parts of the States and from the neighboring States, and if sometimes their means were insufficient and their abilities good, they were assisted in the right way. Suppose we had built around a quadrangle a vocal school, a violin school, a piano school, a dramatic school, a theory and harmony school, a school where one could learn to play upon the other orchestral instruments; an art, design and architectural school, a gymnasium and a chapel—a regular university of art. Suppose, also, among these buildings was a hall for orchestral concerts, a theatre for the pupil recitals and for the operas given by the advanced pupils; an art gallery where could be found the pictures painted by the advanced art pupils, or the artists from the city; these pictures could be bought by the university.

Suppose the institutions were sought by the scores of bright, talented pupils, now leading lives of penury, discomfort and loneliness in strange lands, or in the larger, more dangerous, unwholesome cities of America. And suppose Milwaukee took a fervent interest in these institutions and in the pupils, urging them on, supporting and encouraging them. Suppose! Oh, just suppose! And then if we had a large, well trained orchestra to give symphony concerts, to instruct and assist the pupils, and if our musicians could make money enough for the bare necessities of life without leading a dog's life by playing in saloons, and if the people would spend in music, books, pictures the money

they now spend on vaudeville shows, lithographs, French and English novels—if! This is an enormously rich city, but we haven't a conservatory worth mentioning; we haven't anything—except beer, and that always makes you sick, unless you eat olives with it, and beer and olives is an ungodly, inartistic combination. *Nux vomica* also prevents unpleasant effects from drinking domestic beer (this is for the benefit of the *Raconteur*, who, not knowing when he was well off, was foolish enough to wish that he could be in Milwaukee with the New York Arion Society. As you may have surmised, I, personally, drink only ink.) We could be a second Bayreuth (without the traditions) if we wished. With our location, climate, money, what couldn't we be, and what are we?

Speaking of our theatre orchestras, the critic on the *Journal* suggests that seventeen men take the place of the nine now employed, since we can't have forty. He admits that it is inartistic, but it would be a vast improvement over the present ridiculous arrangement. The combination suggested is this: One flute (this would be very weak), one oboe, two clarinets, two French horns, one trumpet, one trombone, one drummer, three first violins (this would be rather squeaky), two second violins, one viola, one violoncello, one double-bass. Besides being a vast improvement musically, this would give employment to eight more men, which is a very important consideration. A cellist told me that the Pabst theatre management intends cutting down its orchestra, which has until now comprised the bulk of Bach's orchestra, and furnishing suitable music after the serious dramas given there. The 'cello is to be eliminated, and probably other instruments will be dropped correspondingly. I hope this will not be the final arrangement, for besides decreasing the already small income of the men discharged, it will spoil the music.

I wish Arthur M. Abell, whose articles we all enjoy so much, would give us a list of some good, fairly easy, violin pieces—something which does not descend to the dreary nor yet require the technic of a Sauret. Something melodic, serious and modern. Such a list, coming from one who is in touch with the newest productions and the best arrangements, would be of great assistance to our teachers and pupils. If Mr. Abell, on his approaching American tour, comes to Milwaukee, I should like to show him some violins which are here in a collection, phenomenal in some respects. We are always glad to have the opinion of appreciative and competent people upon things dear to us and considered beautiful by us. I wonder why no paper except the *Sentinel* has written up this collection. Possibly because the critics do not know a vast amount about violins, varnish, shape, model, tone, &c.

How many collegians who have graduated *cum laude* have never been heard from! How many conservatory graduates are not worth a feeble shake of a lamb's tail. It proves very little that one has been turned out of some conservatory mill. We all know unfortunate conservatory graduates who, after passing a good examination, have grown old and gray, finally wondering what in thunder they were ever born for, since they could never score heavily as musicians. I noticed in the August 25 issue of *THE COURIER* a communication signed by one who had been "for quite some time" in Milwaukee, in which a tolerably mediocre violinist receives a quantity of free advertising. I am supposed to cherish, for some occult reason, an animosity for one who, had he not received too much fulsome praise, to the exclusion of those his superiors, is invisible to me both personally and musically. I don't know him. I have chronicled in the past reasons why I consider him only average, if that.

The correspondent must be "real smart" to visit a town "for quite some time" and be competent to judge what

things are fair or unfair, important or the reverse. He knows lots, except English, which possibly degenerated during his intimacy with the violinist in question, who, although he has been in America five or six years, has not yet learned to speak the tongue of the land which supports him. That's nothing; we have musicians who have been here thirty years—thirty years! and cannot yet make themselves understood in English.

Now, in my opinion concerning this violinist, I am sustained by musicians who, were their real opinions to become known to the young man in question, would give his conceit a great shock—possibly. Let him play me Ernst's F sharp minor concerto, Paganini's solo for the G string, Paganini's *Witches' Dance*, Paganini's D major concerto, Hubay's A minor concerto, La Rondo des Lutins, Wieniawski's F sharp minor concerto, the Kreutzer Sonata—let him play them within 50 per cent. as well as Jacob Reuter plays them and I will gladly praise him as I praise Reuter. This is more than fair. To ask him to play as well as the man whose work he derides and for whose tone he wouldn't give "2 cents," it should be a very simple thing for him to do.

These people are so ignorantly childish—the Trio Club, I mean. Here are three men, each an average musician, not one of them extra gifted, intelligent or educated, because our local critics have handled them like sniveling babies they have come to believe that of all the musicians of this town they positively have the best and only right to exist. The truth is, they play fairly well, and they consider it an insult for anyone to criticise them, or that any other organization should be tolerated in or around Milwaukee—this is what their speech and actions denote. That they regard criticism as an insult is proved by the rage which arose in the shirt front of their 'cellist because I simply remarked that Hugo Bach played better than he, and that he missed intonation.

If he doubts Bach's superiority, let him play on a concert stage with Bach, before a fairly intelligent audience, and he will learn his lesson. This is a fact, and admits of no rage, spleen or vituperation. Any musician who thinks otherwise is a fool—no unusual thing. Anyhow, they are going to get even, because I won't flatter their vanity and lie about them. They, it is darkly hinted, are going to refuse me passes to their concerts. Dreadful, to be so afraid of criticism. A musician should profit by criticism, all criticism. He is a silly fool to get angry over it, for his getting angry is the surest mark of his inferiority. This is a fair little club, and I wish it success. There should be room and support for a dozen such.

A picture of gentlemanly manners, brotherly love, gratitude and a sample of the magnanimous feeling for each other existing among our musicians! A benefit was given for the members of a certain orchestra. A violinist of rare ability contributed his services, which he could ill afford to do. The audience stamped and bravoed and shrieked praises to him. Instead of thanking this musician who had brought them such honor, certain members of the orchestra were furious at his success; they mimicked him, tore him to pieces, and growled, where no one could jerk them up that he played like a "Schmear painter." We need new musicians here who are incapable of making these disgusting exhibits of bad manners and spite, and who are not as ignorant as horse blocks generally.

The *Journal* said, you can see, that the things of which I write are acknowledged here at home:

The colleagues of my friend, the "Dramatic Critic," are all very lenient to distinctly bad shows, and for repayment they should not complain that their readers learn to disregard their opinions and refuse to be led by them to the expending of their available amusement pocket money. Here also there is great room for reform. If all the critics of this city would agree to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, in one season Milwaukee could be raised triumphantly from the slough of despond into

which it has dropped, theatrically speaking. But this is a hopeless dream. The critics on the German papers do not understand half of what they see and hear in the English theatres, and when they do they deliberately judge it from a different standard than under which it is presented. The other English papers believe that it is "bad business" to criticise anything, no matter how bad it is, adversely, and that is the situation. The dramatic criticism of Milwaukee, instead of being a power, is a farce, and until the critics can act unitedly there is little hope of improvement. My friend cannot accomplish it single-handed, and the others are either unwilling or unable to help him.

This is the case, put mildly. The critics either lack intelligence, ability to tell the truth, or are cowards. It doesn't matter much which. I'm weary.

Mrs. Stacy Williams, an energetic vocal teacher, opens her studio September 1.

The A Capello Choir commence rehearsals September 2.

The Academy of Music opened the season with a burlesque, and will become a burlesque house. The play was said by one critic to be unfit for feminine ears, but he hoped for a change. Lord help us—*ewig und immer*.

The Alhambra remains a vaudeville house, with good soloists interspersed semi-occasionally.

The *Sentinel* says:

The Pabst Theatre will open on Wednesday evening, the 18th prox., when Angela Bormann and Max Kappner, two newly engaged members of the company, will make their American debut. On Sunday evening, the 19th, the new soubrette, Emmy Borowska, will be welcomed. Two new plays will be presented on these occasions—*Fraulein Doctor*, by Walter and Stein, and *Die Goldene Eva*, by Schoenthan and Koppel-Eilfeld.

This theatre is well managed by Ferdinand Welb and Leon Wachsmann, who endeavor to keep the tone up, and to give satisfactory productions. They should spare no expense to secure a good orchestra of at least thirty men. Bach is the musical director; Max Winné, capellmeister.

The *Sentinel* says:

The regular season at the Davidson Theatre will begin on Monday evening, September 8, at which time the Lyceum Theatre Company will appear in a number of plays, among which will be *The Prisoner of Zenda*, which will be the opening attraction; other pieces will be *The First Gentleman of Europe*, *The Mayflower* and *The Late Mr. Castello*. James K. Hackett will be seen in the leading male roles, while an actress new to this city, Miss Mary Mannering, will appear in the principal female parts.

This is intended to be a first-class theatre and should be kept such. Good troupes and good works only should be secured. The Davidson audiences would do well to mend their manners. If they are not ladies and gentlemen, they might imitate the manners of those who are—even monkeys can imitate.

Pax vobiscum,

EMILY GRANT VON TETZEL.

Anna Miller Wood.—Anna Miller Wood, who is spending the summer in San Francisco, has made an instantaneous success wherever heard in concert. In Southern California she sang at Los Angeles and Pasadena, receiving most complimentary notices, some of which are appended:

Miss Wood has a rich contralto voice of great power and feeling and she controls it easily. A remarkable evidence of her versatility was afforded by her first four numbers. Franz's *Aus dem Meer* was superbly rendered and won rapturous applause.—*Pasadena Correspondent of Los Angeles Daily Times*, July 9, 1897.

Miss Wood scored a distinct success, winning her way to the hearts of her audience with her first song and deepening the favorable impression with each succeeding number. She possesses a well trained voice of a delicious quality, rich, powerful and thrilling with feeling, which she controls easily and artistically. Her enunciation is refreshingly distinct and adds immensely to the charm of her singing.—*Los Angeles Times*, July 7, 1897.

Miss Wood's voice is a rich, powerful contralto of wide range, which she uses with a very great deal of intelligent art. Her diction is delightful in either French, German or English, and she sang last night in all three; she infuses a fine dramatic spirit into all she sings and her tone production and modulation are admirable.—*Los Angeles Herald*, July 7, 1897.

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The Musical Courier,
NEW YORK.



GERMAN HEADQUARTERS OF THE MUSICAL COURIER,
BERLIN, W., LINKSTRASSE 17, August 30, 1897.
NOTES FROM GERMANY.

At the final performance at Bayreuth this summer, which was also the one hundredth performance so far of Parsifal, a great row occurred anent the impersonation of the part of *Kundry*. There have been two *Kundrys* at Bayreuth this summer—Madame Brema and Miss von Mildenburg. The latter is the declared favorite of the Wagner family, but the former is by far the better representative of the part.

Now, Madame Brema had it specified in her contract that she should sing *Kundry* three times this summer, including the initial performance. This clause and the entire contract have been strictly complied with by the Wagner heirs, but Madame Brema finally insisted upon singing *Kundry* a fourth time, the latter in the centennial performance of Parsifal, and in order to gain her point she refused to sing *Fricka* in the last Walküre performance unless she was also entrusted with the final *Kundry* impersonation.

Cosima Wagner, who had no other *Fricka* on hand, had to yield and give the promise, but she and Madame Brema had not reckoned with the provess of Frl. von Mildenburg, who was likewise bent upon singing *Kundry* in the final performance, and sing it she did! While Brema, relying upon Madame Wagner's promise, was quietly biding the time to be driven up the hill to the Festspielhaus, Frl. von Mildenburg stole up there three hours before the beginning of the performance, took possession of the three *Kundry* dresses and locked herself in with them in her dressing room. Half an hour before the unfolding of the curtain this state of affairs became known and, of course, there was a great row and fuss. Herr Commerziourath von Gross in person went to the door of the artist's dressing room, but was denied admittance. Threats of forcing the door did not avail any, and the occupant shouted from within the fort that she was dressed for the first act and that if Madame Brema wanted the dress she would have to tear it from her (Frl. von Mildenburg's) body. Possession is nine-tenths of the law, even in Bayreuth, and, despite Frau Cosima's promise and Madame Brema's rage, Frl. von Mildenburg was the *Kundry* of this year's final Parsifal performance. I have this scene from an eye-witness and it is true and authentic.

As I announced in my first letter from Bayreuth, there will not be any performances at Bayreuth in 1898, all rumors to the contrary notwithstanding.

Tam-Tamagno, the miserly and penurious rich tenor, has been fleeced out of more than 2,000,000 frs. by a clever Italian deputy. He made the tenor buy an old and decrepit hotel in the Italian capital for the luxuriant sum of over 2,000,000 frs., under the false pretense that it would be bought back at a great advance by the Government, which was in need of this building for one of its departments. Then the same deputy sold the tenor a piece of real estate worth 200,000 frs. for the sum of 900,000 frs. Now the

tenor is suing the clever Deputy Cavallini in the courts of Como.

The RACONTEUR, in his interesting list of the works of Richard Strauss, omitted to enumerate that most graphically descriptive of all of the young composer's symphonic poems, his *Tod und Verklärung*, which was the first of his orchestral works that drew the attention of the civilized world to the Munich composer.

The Wolff concert agency furnishes the papers with the following interesting list of musical artists and their whereabouts during the summer vacation: Arthur Nikisch and family are spending the summer at Ostend; Eugen d'Albert and his wife, née Pinck, are at Hoehenried, on Lake Starnberg, in Bavaria. He is devoting himself to the wheel and to rowing, while incidentally he is reported to be composing a new opera, this time in a "popular" vein. I hope it will not prove in vain and that it will become popular. Mlle. Clotilde Kleeberg, the graceful pianist, is at Gerardmer, a lovely little spot in the Vosges Mountains. "His Excellency" Pablo de Sarasate spends the summer in Spain, partially in his native town of Pamplona and part of the time at Santiago.

Marcella Sembrich was first at Bad Elster, then at Kaltentgeben, near Vienna, and is now on her way to Italy. Teresa Carreño is at Achensee in the Pertisan, where she is surrounded by a host of young lady pupils. She will be the soloist at the first of Manager Wolff's ten Philharmonic subscription concerts under Nikisch's direction. Josef Hofmann spent the summer at Kissingen, not at the piano, but at lawn tennis, which is decidedly more invigorating. Messrs. Alfred and Heinrich Gruenfeld, the popular artists, were first, as usual, at Marienbad, and are now summering at Sylt. Dr. Ludwig Wuellner, the singer-recitator of Cologne, is also there. Camilla Landi spent a part of the summer in Switzerland. Alexander Petschnikoff was at Ilmenau until he was called to Berlin through the arrival of a little daughter. Busoni is likewise in Berlin, busy with important musical studies. Professor Halir and wife are at Marienbad. Joseph Joachim, after his return from England, went to Bergamo, where he will take part in the Donizetti festival. Willy Burmester, the Paganini redi-vivus, spent his time at Cuxhaven. Arrigo Serato was at his home in Bologna. Sophie Jaffé was at Odessa, and Raimund von Zur Muehlen is now also in Russia. Miss Rose Ettinger spent the summer in the United States, but will return to Berlin in September. Lillian Sanderson summered in Mecklenburg, and Moritz Moszkowski is preparing to change his residence from Berlin to Paris.

I can add to the list the name of Court Conductor Weingartner, of Berlin, whom I saw ascending the Rochers de Naye, on Lake Geneva, in company with his very pretty wife. We did not speak as we passed by.

As I announced in one of my previous letters, the Stern Conservatory in Berlin will introduce the Virgil Practice Clavier and its study for its next winter scheme. Mr. Virgil himself will begin a three months' course of instruction for teachers and pupils on October 1.

At Cologne, day before yesterday, I had the pleasure of meeting two young American singers, Misses Olive Fremstad and Marion Weed, who are engaged there at the Opera House until 1899. Miss Fremstad will open her season at Cologne with *Carmen* on September 9.

Miss Minnie Dilthey, the pretty little opera soprano, is at Berlin at the present moment.

Elsa Kutscherra, the great dramatic soprano, has married Director Maximilian Denys, of Brussels. Congratulations are in order.

Boston Music Notes.

BOSTON, September 11, 1897.

THE Sunday musicals arranged by Mrs. S. B. Field at the Hotel Preston, Beach Bluff, this summer were most popular with the guests of the hotel and also with the large colony of cottagers at that charming resort. All the artists who appeared were much admired, and Miss Alice Robbins Cole, contralto, and Miss Laura Webster, 'cellist, were so much liked that by special request they appeared a second time. At the concert on August 29 the program was given by Mr. Stephen Townsend, Miss Laura Webster and Mrs. S. B. Field.

A song recital, by Anna Miller Wood, contralto, of the First Church, Boston, took place in San Francisco on the afternoon of September 4 at the First Unitarian Church, corner Franklin and Geary streets, under the auspices of the Channing Auxiliary. The talented contralto was assisted by Miss Herne, Miss Olivia Edmunds and Mrs. J. M. Pierce.

Miss Clara Munger, with Miss Lincoln and Miss White, will return to Boston from Europe about September 15.

Mr. B. T. Hammond, of Worcester, will resume his instruction in singing on Wednesday, September 15. Mr. Hammond's studio is one of the handsomest, if not the handsomest, in Massachusetts, and there are many objects of interest to entertain the visitor. The room is a large one, and is arranged in the most artistic manner—carved oak, Spanish leather and everything that goes to make up a charming and attractive apartment.

Mr. Charles McLaughlin resumed lessons in organ, piano, violin and ensemble playing on September 8 at his studio in the Steinert Building.

Mr. Frank E. Morse, in addition to the regular study of voice culture and the art of singing, offers two special courses for the coming season's work. The normal course is for students intending to teach, and the church music course for those wishing to study that particular branch of music. The lectures of this course will include music in its varied relations to the church, to the music forms, schools, and on the completion of a course a certificate will be given to students, stating what has been accomplished. Mr. Morse began lessons at his studio in the Steinert Building on September 7.

At the coming Worcester festival Mr. Franz Kneisel will play a concerto written for and dedicated to him by Mr. Gustav Strube. Mr. Strube is already known to the Boston public from two of his works that were played a couple of years ago by the Symphony Orchestra—an overture, *The Maid of Orleans*, and a symphony. Mr. Strube was born in Germany, and studied first under his father, who was kapellmeister, and he completed his musical education in the Leipsic Conservatory. After completing his studies he was offered and accepted a professorship in Mannheim, where he remained until he accepted the position of first violinist in the Boston Symphony Orchestra, where he still remains. The violin concerto, in G major, is in three movements, the first and second of which are continuous, and the work is said to be the best that he has yet composed. The cadenza has been written by Mr. Franz Kneisel, who will play the concerto in the performance to be given at Worcester on Wednesday afternoon, September 22.

Mr. Edward Mollenhauer, New York, who is announced for a series of violin recitals in Steinert Hall, will give the first of the series on the evening of Tuesday, October 26.

Miss Katherine Hurley, who is a pupil of Mr. Warren Davenport, and also a young singer of much promise, will give a recital on the evening of Thursday, October 14, in Steinert Hall. She will be assisted by several of the leading Boston artists, including Hodgson's Orchestra.

Mr. Plunket Greene expects to open his American season with a series of song recitals in Steinert Hall during early November.

Francis W. Perry, vocal teacher, has returned from his vacation trip, which was spent in South Florida, where he



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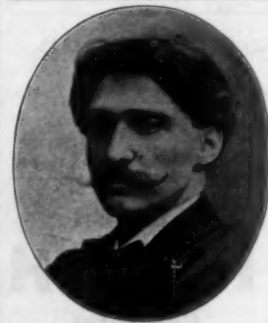
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has an orange grove and other large interests. He will begin at once the rehearsal of one of the well-known operas, which will constitute a part of a plan of operatic recitals to be given by his advanced pupils during the season.

A few evenings ago a musical was given at Parker Point, Blue Hill, Me., by the following Boston talent: Mrs. Bertha J. Topper, piano; Mr. Junius W. Hill, piano, and Mr. Wulf Fries, 'cello. Piano and 'cello sonatas of Rubinstein, Runberger and Beethoven were given, as were two of the Kinder symphonies, under the direction of Mrs. Topper. The efforts of the performers were heartily responded to, and were greatly appreciated by all the cottagers at this beautiful seashore resort.

The auction sale of seats for the Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts begins on Monday, September 27, and goes on for several days during the week.

The Worcester *Spy* says in regard to the coming music festival:

Five hundred of the 700 season tickets offered at the festival auction sale, Wednesday morning, in Washburn Hall, were sold, and the total premiums amounted to about \$1,000, or within about \$200 of last year's total. The sale will be continued in Washburn Hall.

The festival bulletin, the preliminary folio issued by the association, will be ready for distribution Saturday and possibly at the rehearsal Friday evening. It contains the programs, sketches and portraits of the artists and a variety of interesting items relating to music.

The festival book of programs, written by Mr. Lancaster, will probably be issued from the press by the last of next week. In view of the large amount of new music to be performed, its contents will be of more than ordinary value.

The Astoria Entertainments.

THE new ballroom of the Astoria, Fifth avenue and Thirty-fourth street, will be the scene of a brilliant series of entertainments during the coming winter. They will be given under the direction of the Society of Musical Arts, with Clarence Andrews as manager. The following dates have been fixed for them: December 6, 13 and 21, January 4, 11, 18 and 24 and February 1. The society, of which J. Norman de R. Whitehouse is president, Charles T. Mathews vice-president, George H. McLean secretary, and John Du Pais treasurer, has sent out its circulars to those whom it wishes to become subscribers.

The scale of prices ranges from the single subscription, \$30, admitting one to the eight performances, to the family subscription, \$50, which admits two members, or one member and a guest, as desired, to all the entertainments. There are to be several rows of seats, and behind them tables conveniently placed for the service of refreshments. There are two tiers of forty boxes, containing seven seats each, in which refreshments may be served.

Half past 9 o'clock is the hour fixed for the performance to begin. From then to 11 o'clock there will be opera and concert, and after that until midnight there will be vaudeville, specialties and ballet. There will be complete stage and scenic accessories and a first-class orchestra. Among other inducements held out in the circular are that new works by foreign and American composers will be produced, and the best vaudeville specialists and vocal and instrumental artists will be engaged.

The circular states that operas comique and operettas of not more than two acts, short comedies and dramas, and musical pantomimes and ballet will be given.—*SUN.*

Trabado in Paris.—The *Figaro* and other Paris journals announce the return to Paris of this celebrated professor, who has passed his vacation in his Château d'Arrona, and who has had the pleasure of witnessing the success of various pupils in the theatres at Bilbao, San Sebastian and Biarritz. M. de Trabado recommended his lessons on September 1. This season he proposes to give several grand musical soirées, in which artists of distinction and his best pupils will participate. Studios, 4 rue Marbeuf, Paris.

Miss Anna V. Metcalf.

BRITISH OFFICES OF THE MUSICAL COURIER,
21 PRINCES STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE, LONDON, W.

THOSE Americans who come to Europe after having had experience in concert and church work usually make the most of their opportunities here.

Miss Anna V. Metcalf is not an exception to this rule, for she is one of the most practical young artists we have seen in London. She possesses a pure soprano voice, of sufficient range to enable her to do any work required of a soprano; and the tones have that velvety quality which charms the ear. Miss Metcalf has been endowed by nature with musical talents of a high order; and not only that, but a disposition to develop those talents to their normal extent. She has plenty of energy and intelligence, so that her study abroad has not only enabled her to acquire a large repertory, but has fitted her to interpret whatever she sings in a masterly manner.

She is a native of Iowa, but her people removed to Southern California when she was a mere child, so that



ANNA V. METCALF.

she had the advantage of the beautiful, exhilarating atmosphere of that glorious country, which will certainly contribute its full quota to the select company of stars of song who have and will adorn the firmament of the musical world.

Visitors from the East who made pilgrimages to the Golden Gate in quest of health were attracted by the notably fine singing of this young artist in concert and church work, as she held at different times positions in several of the leading churches in Southern California, and it was their discernment which led her to still further seek study in the development of her voice and the art of singing. One of the principal musicians who thus influenced her was Mr. D. H. Morrison, the well-known teacher of Philadelphia, with whom she studied at Los Angeles. In Chicago she was offered and accepted the position of soprano of St. Paul's Church, corner Thirtieth street and Prairie avenue. During the year and a half she remained there she studied most of the time with Mr. William Nelson Burritt, who found her an apt pupil, and seeing that she had the talent to justify study abroad, advised her to go to Florence and

study first with Vannini, his former master, and then come to London.

She accordingly crossed the Atlantic and sought the instruction of this teacher. So pleased was he with her talent that he secured her the exceptional opportunity of singing at a distinguished concert of classical music, given in aid of charity by the leading aristocratic society of Florence, at the Amari Palace. The most noteworthy people of Italy were the patronesses, among the chief of whom were Principessa Di Scilla Margherita, Contessa Cugia di S. Orsola Eugenia, Contessa de la Rochepouchin Maria, Baronessa Frenche Elena, Marchese Montagliari Ernestina and Marchesa De Cardenal.

This honor was conferred upon her only five months after her arrival in Florence, and so successful was she that she awakened a great deal of interest from the members of this distinguished audience, who have continued to follow her career since. Soon after she was specially engaged to sing in the Philharmonic Hall of that Italian musical city. To give an idea of the success she won on this occasion, some of the press notices she received are given below.

After winning success in Italy, she came to London, where she first studied with Mr. Georg Henschel, who, by the time this article appears, will be in America, where he is so highly esteemed. After lessons with him she had the advantage of further study with Mr. William Shakespere, both in the interpretation of English songs and hints as to those finishing touches in voice production which enable the artist to secure such fine effects when they have mastered interpretation.

During nearly all her stay in London she has studied oratorio with that famous teacher, Signor Randegger, and so faithfully has she worked that she has now a large repertory mastered under his direction, including *The Messiah*, *Elijah*, *Creation*, *St. Paul*, *The Redemption*, *The Golden Legend* (Sullivan), *Verdi's Requiem*, *Berlioz's Faust*, *Dvorák's Spectre's Bride*, *Athalie*, the *Hymn of Praise*, the *Stabat Mater* (Rossini), *Judas Maccabæus* and others. To take lessons of this great teacher is really a revelation to an artist whose intelligence is developed sufficiently to grasp what he imparts. He is so earnest in his work that he inspires his pupils with the love of serious study, and inculcates in them that artistic spirit which must be their guide in the trying care as imposed upon public favorites.

Miss Metcalf's experience in church work helped her to grasp his instruction, and consequently she received the maximum amount of good, and doubtless will make her mark in this important field of music.

While in Italy she studied the Italian language and diction very diligently with Signor Chechl. She has made a special point, during her stay in London, of learning French and German songs, and has acquired a large repertory of these, with Italian arias and songs. She goes back to America well equipped for her chosen work.

The following press notices from Italy and London are a few of the encomiums passed upon her work abroad:

Miss Anna V. Metcalf, a talented American who has come to Florence to study singing under Signor Vannini, amply proved her rapid progress, revealing artistic talent and a voice sympathetic and robust. Her singing is full of sentiment and expression. The large and select audience testified spontaneously with merited applause. (Translated from *L'Italia Termale*, Florence.)

At the concert at the Sala Filarmonica Miss Anna V. Metcalf sustained the vocal part, and was vigorously applauded. She is a student of Vannini, and sings with exquisite art, and with much sentiment, which will procure her merited recognition. (Translated from *Don Chisciot*, *Je* of Rome.)

At the Sala Filarmonica (Philharmonic Hall), before a large and select audience, took place the concert which gave us the pleasure of applauding in the romanza of *Forza del Destino* of Verdi, in a graceful, delicate and original composition of Signor Vannini and other selections, Miss Anna V. Metcalf. She has a voice sweet, beautiful and of much volume. She sings with exquisite accent and demonstrates that she has had the finest instruction of her master, who is Vannini. If she should undertake an operatic

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1. Two half hours or one full hour weekly, private instruction in either piano, violin, vocal or organ.

2. One half hour weekly, private, harmony, counterpoint composition.

3. Seminary for teachers; training for the profession of teacher (weekly).

4. Ensemble playing; partitur (full score playing).

5. Free organ recitals and lectures on the history, development, construction and literature of the organ. N. B.—For those desirous of studying choir training privilege will be granted of attending weekly rehearsals of All Souls' Choir (thirty-five voices).

6. Analytical lecture recitals on the programs of the New York Philharmonic Society, Anton Seidl conductor.

7. Free admission to the concerts of the Philharmonic Society (reserved seats in balcony).

Certificates will be awarded to those who merit them.

N. B.—It is of the greatest importance that students enter promptly at the beginning of the term, in order to gain the full benefit of a course unequalled in its opportunities and comprehensiveness.

No reduction allowed for those entering on a later date or leaving before expiration of the term.

Terms for this entire course are \$300.

career, hers could not fail to be a path of roses. Our sincere and best wishes to her. (Translated from *Staffle*, Dramatic and Art Journal, Florence, Italy.)

Miss Anna Metcalf, a charming American, who has been here studying the art of singing under Maestro Vannini, showed ample proof of her advantages, revealing skillfully a voice at once beautiful and robust. Her method, style and expression were admirable in *Forza del Destino*, of Verdi; *Chant Hindoo*, of Bemberg, and *Non ti Ricordi*, of Vannini, written expressly for her; all winning the liveliest expressions of applause on the part of the numerous and select audience.—*The Fieramosca*, of Florence.

Miss Anna Metcalf, an American (no one, however, would say so from her beautiful diction, purely Italian), delighted the audience with various numbers, among which was a romanza, *Non ti Ricordi*, of Maestro Vannini, of whom she is a pupil. She has acquired a beautiful method of singing, which won her great applause and many flowers.—*The Conte Verdi*, journal of the aristocracy, Florence.

Miss Anna V. Metcalf, a handsome brunette, of splendid figure, delighted the audience with the air *Pace mio Dio*, of Verdi. Incessant applause greeted the finish of the clever artist, who to a full sympathetic voice unites an excellent method. Miss Metcalf is a pupil of Vinnini, well known in Italy and abroad.—*The Fanfulla Journal*, Rome, Italy.

Miss Anna Metcalf proved herself a graceful and artistic singer; the several soprano recitatives were rendered by her magnificently, evoking great applause. She also pleased greatly in the air *Jerusalem*, Thou That Killest the Prophets, and the arioso *I Will Sing of Thy Great Mercies*, for both of which a flattering acknowledgment of approval was made.—*London Echo*.

Miss Metcalf sang most effectively her renderings of the air, *Jerusalem*, Thou That Killest the Prophets, *I Will Sing of Thy Great Mercies*, and the various recitatives with which the work abounds, calling forth loud applause.—*Tottenham (London) Herald*.

Miss Anna Metcalf sang with sweetness and good expression, her efforts gaining for her golden opinions. Among her more noteworthy items were the airs *Jerusalem*, Thou that Killest the Prophets and *I Will Sing of Thy Great Mercies*.—*London Chronicle*.

The soloists (in a performance of Mendelssohn's *Athalie*) included Miss Anna Metcalf as first soprano. She sang well and greatly pleased her audience. She especially distinguished herself in the first part with a really beautiful and highly finished rendering of Gounod's *Tell Me, Beautiful Maiden*.—*London Standard*.

Miss Anna Metcalf in the first part enchanted her hearers with Gounod's *barcarolle Tell Me, Beautiful Maiden*, and sang with much charm throughout the excellent performance of *Athalie*.—*Westminster Times*.

New York College of Music.—The present season at the New York College of Music makes the tenth year of its existence under the direction of Alexander Lambert. As evidence of the work being done, a large orchestral concert will be given in October in Carnegie Music Hall, at which only pupils of the college will appear as soloists.

Music at Richfield Springs.—The successful concerts which were such a feature of the life at the Spring House earlier in the season have been continued at the Hotel Erlington.

During the last two weeks the artists appearing have been Mrs. Grenville Snelling, Mr. Purdon Robinson and the Park Sisters, assisted by the admirable orchestra of the house. Mr. Robinson has been the principal organizer of these concerts, and to his enterprise and ability is largely due their success. Mrs. Snelling, particularly, made a decided hit with her French and German songs, to say nothing of her numerous English ballads, which were charmingly presented. A long residence abroad as a child in both France and Germany has given Mrs. Snelling a thorough command of not only the language of these two countries, but also of esprit of their music. This makes it a genuine pleasure to hear her interpretation of these chansons and lieder.

JULIUS KLAUSER,

—Berlin, Germany.

SEASON 1897-98.

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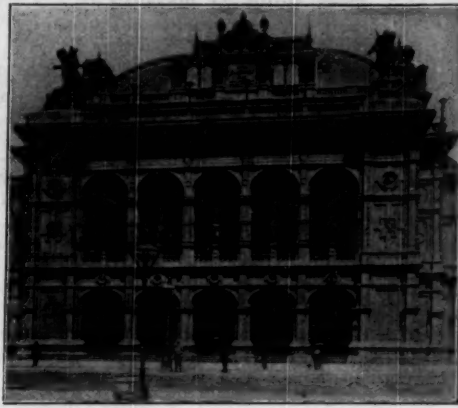
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PITTSBURG EXPOSITION:

... Week of October 11.

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VIENNA OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER,
Vöslau, Flora Strasse 141, Villa Belvedere,
August 25, 1897.

AS I was in Vienna yesterday I came back with quite a budget of live news for THE MUSICAL COURIER.

The opera season began here early in August, and since then Wagner and the *Nibelungen Ring* have been in full sway at the Court Opera House, for you must understand that our new director is a man of fiery zeal, and the Wagner cult seems to prosper and multiply in the hands of the scholarly Mahler. Last night the trilogy was opened with *The Rheingold*. The play was given a new study and preparation and with every attention to the musical details. For the first time here I understand the Bayreuth precedent was followed and *The Rheingold* was given without entracte.

Director Mahler showed his ability at once in the first scene of the rolling, flowing Rhine and the song of the *Rhinedaughters*, when, for the first time in my life, I heard the song without any over-pouring of the subaqueous accompaniment. For the first time in Vienna I really enjoyed the song of the *Rhinedaughters*, so finely modulated, so "klingend," and so exactly and perfectly given, showing the result of much unwearied effort and unsparing diligence and zeal.

No matter what climaxes of passion or elemental forces Mahler summons in his orchestra, he knows how at the right moment to dismiss them, so to speak, and to give the full right of the floor to the singers; and in accord with the great poet-composer, he keeps his *Nibelung* orchestra in the mystic background. Never was a more thrilling effect produced than by the modulation to A flat and the remarkably strong sostenuto of the pedal point, the long tone sounding more prolonged and sonorous than ever before.

But I could consume volumes in expatiating upon the qualities of Mahler as a Wagnerian director—a pity that such a man cannot have better support, but we are thankful that such a performance has been given in Vienna, the "only musical German city," as Wagner then spoke of it in his talks with Frau Wille.

...

YOUR RACONTEUR's account of King Ludwig and the Duchess Sophie recalls many a story here of the romantic young prince whose life "so beautiful, intellectual, sympathetic and delightful" Wagner feared "must fade away like a dream in this common world," and of whom I must always think, whenever I attend a Wagner performance,

as of the great debt we owe to the ardent first love of the young king, and who so unexpectedly fulfilled this prophetic utterance of Wagner's, as all must who are at all like him. There is no place in the common world of to-day for lofty idealism, romantic attachments and noble intellectuality. It may, I grant you, have once existed in Greece, but the folk of to-day are of coarser fibre, formed in a coarser mold and live on commoner soil. Little wonder, thy spirit, O lovely Ludwig! could not brook its surroundings, broke away and fled!

...

Excepting Ritter, Grengg and Frl. Pahluer, there was no adequate support in *The Rheingold*—no Wagnerian voices, nor but little Wagner material in the Vienna Hofopera, now that Sedlmair is guesting, to stand at the right hand of a man like Mahler and be an Aarons Huss to him, so to speak. Great is the discontent generally expressed in Vienna, and many are the conjectures afloat as to what will happen next in the direction of the Court Opera.

They appear to be determined to retain all their poor material and dismiss or allow to depart the best voices among woman artists. Paradoxical as it seems, though, Vienna is not contented with her own Austrian artists—Germany, *i. e.*, the people—will have no others but Christians, at least until now. The protest and petition made by German leaders in the musical world looks as if the discontent in Vienna was spreading and German patriotism being aroused, so that soon Austrian artists will be ousted from their foreign positions and will have to look homeward for new ones. I have spoken before of the dearth of large voices in our Vienna Court Theatre. Mark is reported to have failed entirely, twice having to leave her position to recruit her broken forces in Abbazia. Renard is charming only in roles of special genre. Schlager has been dismissed.

Emma Telep has resigned. Director Jahn found her in Dresden—a truly brilliant acquisition she appeared to me, and I was delighted with her art and acting, her brilliant coloratura and her great personal beauty. But the report is that she did not find here the musical circle she had hoped for. Besides that, I fear there is much jealousy and intrigue going on behind the scenes, if all I hear can be trusted. Report has it that "protection" is all powerful in the Court Opera direction; then Jahn is very objectionable to many on some accounts. I know a fine singer who will not accept a position so long as Jahn is director. So much for gossip, and, *on dit*, I do not vouch for the truth of any of it.

But I do dare to say that things have come to a bad pass indeed when an artist cannot retain her respectability and become a singer at the same time in an opera, however much she may wish to. It is not told in Gath, nor whispered even in Askalon, but all the world knows that the state of things long since existing in France has spread through Germany and other countries, and the very name of opera singers, divas, prima donna, star, carries a taint and a scandal along with it.

One of the first requisites in Vienna for the success of an operatic singer is a liaison with some count or baron or prince and then it is assured. An opera house is Turkey in miniature; and it is a well-known fact that no young girl can make her way on the operatic or theatrical stage and carry out her natural wishes to be an honest, respectable girl without incurring the hostility and intrigue of those whom she rejects, and her final dismissal from the opera house where she is engaged, as well as the probable failure of her career at its very outstart.

Thus is art, which is divine in itself, degraded, and the whole world sits still, looks on approvingly and no one lifts a voice against this debasement. O Art, how long! how

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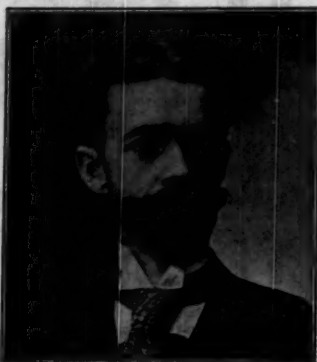


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long shall thy sacred name be covered with shame and opprobrium, thy banners trailed in the dust, thy white wings blackened? And the world forgives, forsooth, because it is art (?), the artistic temperament (?) or the great artist (?). I verily believe that before long I shall develop into a shouting Methodist preacher.

Oh, that Vienna and Europe might feel and enjoy some of those fresh ethical breezes from our purer New England shores! But to return from this digression. Hanslick has long written in the *Neue Frei Presse* of the discontent prevailing in Vienna. Materna, Lehmann, Schlager have left us. Tilek is going. Frau Sedlmair, who has fine Wagnerian capabilities, but not a remarkable voice, and a poor method, will remain (and there is hope in her end). So will Abendroth, whose voice in the higher register is metallic, sharp and throughout cold, with not a very remarkable coloratura. Fursten's voice is broken and her intonation uncertain, and so on with many of the others. Van Dyk, Schrodyer, Ritter and Garrison (a new acquisition) are the best voices we have.

Winkelmann is growing older every day, and so is Reichmann. The former can scarcely sing any opera through well; the latter sings now half the time off the key distressingly. Jahn was sent out in search of new voices last year. Telekz, Garrison, Hesch, Jenny Pohluer, from the Theatre an der Wien, were among the new member selected, and Jahn went in search, too, of new operas. The result was just two, and one of these was already in the repertory of two smaller theatres in Vienna. The other was the Chevalier d'Harmental, a dire failure. This year the novelties thus far reported are La Bohème, Leoncavallo, which will be given early in the autumn. It was first reported for October 2, but has been postponed for November 19, according to reports.

Dalibar is also soon to be produced here. The Court Opera House has sent to-day a representative to Prague to get points on the Bohemian representation in the Prague National Theatre of Smetana's latest, which I believe is the one showing Wagner's influence for the first time in Smetana's work. In Prague I will just say that Königskinder has been given with a most brilliant mise-en-scène, and with Neumann's personal direction took Prague by storm. The applause and excitement mounted to a real ovation. Zar and Zimmermann (Lortzing) and Donizetti's Lucrezia Borgia are being newly staged. The former is to be given in a short time.

Iolanthes (Tschakowsky) is announced for December, and then there is a new ballet forthcoming by Richard Henberger, Strumwelpeter.

E. POTTER-PRISSELL.

(To be continued.)

Circulars and Pamphlets.

THE artistic cuts, half-tones and reproductions of the photographs and portraits published in this paper are known to the whole musical profession. These are printed, together with this paper, by the Blumenberg Press, 214 William street, which is prepared to print the most artistic kind of circulars and pamphlets and catalogues for musicians or others.

The Blumenberg Press has a large line of samples and specimens of its work, which can be submitted as evidence of the artistic finish of its productions, besides offering every week THE MUSICAL COURIER as the best evidence of rapid newspaper production, typographically as perfect and beautiful as anything in its line in the world—in fact, superior to the great majority of weekly or magazine publications. All questions on printing cheerfully answered in detail.

C. L. Staats.—Among the concert engagements already booked by Mr. C. L. Staats, the clarinet virtuoso, are concerts in Fitchburg and Worcester, Mass. In both places he and his company will open the season's entertainment course.



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A Theory of Interpretation.

By A. J. GOODRICH.

EPOCHS IN MUSIC.

It will be remembered by those who attended the late musical convention in New York that A. J. Goodrich presented a synopsis of his latest work, *A Theory of Interpretation*, with piano illustrations by William H. Sherwood.

By special arrangement with Mr. Goodrich his paper was to be reproduced in THE MUSICAL COURIER, but as the accompanying illustrations (including several entire compositions) could not be printed in a magazine article, Mr. Goodrich concluded to substitute one of the best chapters from his book in place of his informal talk at the convention.—[EDITORS MUSICAL COURIER.]

NO one who reads musical history intelligently can doubt that different ages possessed certain peculiarities of style and expression. These were influenced by the conditions of the art at a given period, by religious thought and impulse, by literary and political revolutions, and by the quality of musical instruments.

I.—THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

In vocal music it is unnecessary to antedate those great contemporaneous masters—Tallis, Palestrina and Masso.

Their music expressed the religious spirit of the age; classic in outline, formal in construction, but intolerant of innovation. The canons of musical art were rigorously enforced, and while the masses and motets attained to a high degree of artistic excellence, yet the all pervading influence of dogmatism and asceticism hampered the productive efforts of composers, and militated against the charm of natural musical expression. An important clue to the interpretation of those works is thus furnished, and it leads beyond the melodic and dynamic indications of the score. Grandeur and dignity of style are the main characteristics, though there are occasional touches of penitential gloom and even of pathos.

Instrumental music was a later development. The organ compositions of Frescobaldi may be mentioned first. Though counterpoint had been very highly developed in its scientific aspect, harmony was but imperfectly understood. Also, the organ was primitive in design and crude in construction. But despite these disadvantages Frescobaldi produced a considerable number of interesting works for the "king of instruments," and when it is remembered that his performances attracted to St. Peter's congregations of 40,000 and 50,000 people, we must acknowledge that this pioneer was a virtuoso of marked ability.

The principal characteristics of the vocal music of that time entered into the instrumental works of Frescobaldi and his immediate disciples. Formality and austerity are the dominant features of the music, and these traits should largely influence the manner of performance. This epoch includes Reinken, Froberger and Buxtehude, though these masters undoubtedly improved upon the original model.

II.—EARLY CHAMBER MUSIC.

The art of viol making was more highly developed than that of any other instrument at this time, and consequently the early violinists possessed great advantages in this important respect. Torelli and Corelli undoubtedly commanded excellent violins,* and their compositions naturally included more euphonious melody than is to be found in the organ music and masses of that period. The technical development of the instrument was limited, but some of the music, particularly that of Corelli, is happily conceived, melodious and skillful in construction. The chamber music of Zuck, Zulli, Purcell, A. Scarlatti and Couperin may be included in this epoch.

III.—THE HARPSICORD AND CLAVICHORD EPOCH.

A more important period began with Rameau, D. Scar-

* The first Amati began to fabricate violis about 1600.

latti, Händel and J. S. Bach, and includes Tartini, Sammartini, Paradisi, Galuppi and P. E. Bach. The music of this epoch is mostly thematic, this style having been influenced by the spinet, clavichord and harpsichord then in vogue. Canonic imitations pervaded almost every form, even the simple dance tunes. While this style of music admits more or less artificiality in its construction, it has the advantage of more logical development than appears in the lyric style which followed. One motive was deemed sufficient for a movement in thematic style, whereas there are six different themes in Mendelssohn's wedding march. Such pieces as the Lesson in G, by Händel (quoted in chapter 19); Allemande, in G minor by D. Scarlatti; Sarabande, in D minor, by J. S. Bach; Toccata in A, by Paradisi, or the "Solfeggio," by P. E. Bach, illustrate the peculiarities of the Couperin-Bach epoch. The music is direct, consistent, intellectual and wholesome, and it admits but little deviation from the prescribed movement and the prevailing mood. Grace and charm of expression, as well as vigor and incitement, are demanded of the performer, but he must ignore the present and live for a time in the past. He must woo the spirit of a bygone age, in which methods were guarded as sacred secrets and musicianship cost years of serious, unremitting toil. Alas! there are few now who will suppress the feverish tendencies of our age, even for the sake of communing with the exalted spirit of good father Bach.

The author does not intend to imply that the lyric element was unknown during this epoch, for it was considerably developed by Carissimi, the elder Scarlatti, Purcell and nearly all the opera composers of that time. After the bonds of strict polyphony had been broken by Monteverdi and the immediate successors of Palestrina, composers of vocal music naturally sought a more euphonious style, especially in solo numbers for voice or violin. But the keyed string instruments from the time of Frescobaldi until after the birth of Mozart possessed so little sustaining power as to discourage lyric composition. Hence the prevailing thematic style, with its countless and curious agreements, fioritura and manieren.

A tonal peculiarity of the epoch should be mentioned. The passing notes and appoggiaturas were almost invariably diatonic, seldom chromatic. Whereas in music of a later date the ascending appoggiatura and certain passing notes are written a minor second below the harmonic or principal note. But in descending the unrelated notes are taken diatonically, according to the signature of the prevailing tonality. Therefore the difference occurs when the unrelated note is below the principal note, thus:

MODERN STYLE.



EXAMPLE 1.

In translating the signs and symbols of music composed during the fifteenth, sixteenth or seventeenth centuries it will be well to understand these tonal distinctions, because they do actually exist and should therefore be observed. Even as modern a composer as Dr. Callcott (born ten years later than Mozart) employs the diatonic in preference to the chromatic method, as here:



EXAMPLE 2.

This is from a very well written glee, "Once upon my cheek he said the roses grew." Attention is directed to the bass solo. The diatonic passing notes in measures one

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and two are not only more quaint, but really more expressive of the sentiment of the words than the modern chromatic method would have been.

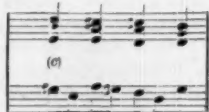
These tonal peculiarities are observable in the harmonic as well as in the melodic construction of the music under notice. The result was a freer use of secondary (non-transitional) seventh chords than in the music of Haydn, Clementi and Mozart. The older method has this advantage, that it presents a greater variety of harmonies; the modern method employs the dominant seventh chords more frequently; and therefore, while the harmonies are less varied in character, the changing tonalities offer a greater variety of keys. The former is illustrated in this excerpt:



EXAMPLE 3.

There are here four species of the seventh chord, indicated by Roman numerals according to the author's analytical harmony. These secondary discords are much more reposeful than a series of principal seventh chords would be. In fact the almost constant use of transition chords is one of the signs of our impatient electrical age. In Example 3 a dominant relation is maintained in the sequence (see the short slurs below), and yet the tonality of G is not disturbed, even by a passing modulation.

The modern tendency would be to change the secondary into principal discords, thus substituting the chromatic for the diatonic element:



EXAMPLE 4.

Occasional examples of this kind may be found in the works of the harpsichord composers, but the prevailing tendency was toward diatonic progressions, as illustrated in Examples 2 and 3. The influence of this upon style and interpretation is so manifest that the author deems it unnecessary to offer further explanation.

Though Bach was far in advance of his time he adhered very closely to the polyphonic style. Lyric themes may be found among his works, but these are usually accompanied contrapuntally rather than harmonically. His song *My Heart Ever Faithful* is an instance. Nearly all his clavier music is instrumental, rarely vocal in style, the themes being motivized as in fugue construction. It is so with the clavier music of Couperin, Purcell, Händel and other composers of that epoch—it is mostly thematic, rarely lyric. These styles having been explained and illustrated under their several heads, we may pass on to

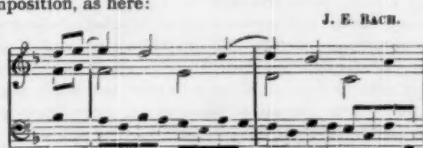
IV.—THE MOZART EPOCH.

This was a lyrical age. The clavier and harpsichord began to be superseded about 1750 by the forte-piano, which possessed greater volume and a more sustained tone. Chord progression, in its application to harmonic accompaniment, also became more diversified and more generally understood. It is unnecessary here to exactly trace the origin of harmonized melody as it so abundantly appeared during this period. But the improvements in keyed string instruments undoubtedly enabled Boccherini, Haydn, Clementi, Mozart and other composers to treat the forte-piano in a more lyrical manner. The new style seems almost to have leaped into existence and favor. For example, compare the A major toccata by Paradisi (1710) with the finale of a sonata by Haydn (1732), or the solfeggio by P. E. Bach (1714) with the Mozart fantasia or rondo in D. The pieces by Haydn and Mozart will seem to belong to a

different age, though all four composers were living in the year 1770!

In addition to the more tuneful element of the new instrumental lyric style there is also less strictness of movement than was observed by the earlier clavier composers. And on account of the greater importance attaching to melody it may be stated that a more strict legato is required for the music of Mozart than an allegro by Bach). The style and expression became more human and less scientific; more musical, but less logical. (It is easier to analyze a rondo by Mozart than an allegro by Bach). From contrapuntal theorem and rhythmic contrivance we pass to the almost artless simplicity and naïveté of folk music. A greater contrast can scarcely be imagined.

We read pretty rhapsodies about the "pathos" and "tender sentiment" of the old clavier music, but it rarely sought to express more than the artistic illustration of theory. There is design, as in tapestry or a mosaic; symmetry, as in architecture, and logical application of principles, as in all artistic accomplishment. Major and minor were symbols of sunshine and shadow; rhythm represented the impelling force in nature. For the remainder it was a theoretical problem: How to build a musical structure in a certain form and create variety without sacrificing unity? It was a test of the material to be employed in composition, as here:



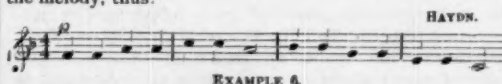
EXAMPLE 5.

A two-part design in suspension serves as accompaniment to the theme below. It forms good counterpoint and is consistent, but does it signify anything further? Does it express a scene, a sentiment or an emotion? Assuredly not. We should, however, render due homage to those sturdy pioneers who broke through forest gloom a path which led Mozart and his followers to the sunlit elysium beyond. Without Monteverdi, Scarlatti, Couperin and Bach there could have been no Mozart or Beethoven, no Chopin, Tchaikowsky nor Wagner.

This era, beginning about 1760, includes the first period of Beethoven and a considerable portion of the music of Méhul, Schubert, Von Weber and Mendelssohn. It dealt almost exclusively with human affairs. Man comes upon the stage and plays his part. There is sorrow and joy, tragedy and burlesque, domestic scenes and rustic life, emotional excitement, vain striving and various other moods and sentiments with which we are familiar.

A noticeable feature of the music of this Mozart epoch is the regularity of its period construction. The lyric themes were usually periodized in a uniform manner, the rhythmic phrases being equal, as in popular rhymes. Thematic works we have found to be much less regular in this respect, the periods usually being uneven or extended.

In Chapter 20 the author has attempted to show that lyric compositions require very little punctuating or special accent in order to reveal the outline divisions, which are usually well marked by the regular organic structure of the melody, thus:



EXAMPLE 6.

The performer may bestow ever so much care upon the delivery of this simple theme, but if he undertakes to "phrase" it (as many do) he will most assuredly destroy that simplicity of expression which is its principal charm. In the great majority of such instances the usual "method of phrasing" is a palpable absurdity.

The dominant trait in Mozart's music is tenderness. Simplicity and cheerfulness, directness of purpose, regretful yearning and occasional heroic moments find expression in the violin and piano works, the quartets, quintets

and symphonies. But the smiles and the tears are nearly akin. Too gentle "to scorn the sordid world," and meeting but little substantial encouragement, Mozart resigned himself to whatever fate might decree, and he was thus induced frequently to fulfill the composer's task in a careless or perfunctory manner. He required a special motive to stir the calmness of his soul life. The Jupiter and the last G minor symphony show the depth and versatility of his genius when an incentive did appear. This is still more apparent in the operas and the immortal swan song.

After listening to these it seems incredible that such a composer could have written the Turkish March in his A minor sonata!

Having mastered the style of Mozart it will be an easy matter to interpret his contemporaries. In form and outline the sonatas of Clementi and Hummel are similar, but there is more formality and less poetry in the music.

Dussek was a follower of Mozart, so was Steibelt. Even Beethoven worshipped at the Mozart shrine, and for a considerable period we can trace distinct echoes of the Salzburg master. But ere long there came a new dispensation, and the Flemish tone poet was its prophet.

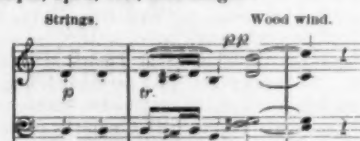
V.—BEETHOVEN—SCHUBERT.

The principal clue to Beethoven's music is to be derived from a knowledge of the man and the artist. He was an emancipator, a poet and a philosopher; a herald of futurity. We must follow his varied and storm crossed career, weep for his suffering, rejoice in his moments of victory, laugh with his merriment, penetrate his motives, and stand against the world for the psychologic art creed of the choral symphony.

Almost the entire gamut of emotional expression is to be sounded, and every possible variety and shade of tone color is demanded of the recreative artist.

Orchestral effects occur in many of the solo sonatas.

For example, op. 2, III., first allegro:



EXAMPLE 7.

After this there is a cadenza, violins ascending, then two flutes. And in the following adagio this dramatic effect:



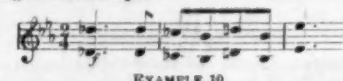
EXAMPLE 8.

Also the largo, op. 7, measure 20, after the deceptive cadence; horns, trumpets and trombones. Measures 37-38: horns, bassoons and double basses, then flutes. Op. 10, II., Part II.: horns and strings. Op. 10, III., the minuetto: woodwind. Op. 22, the principal motive:



EXAMPLE 9.

Op. 27, I., last allegro: brass, woodwind and strings in antiphonal semiphases. Same movement: trombones responding to the trumpet:



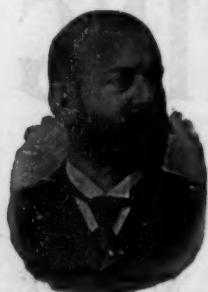
EXAMPLE 10.

Also op. 28, Part II. of the andante: horns and bassoons answered by clarinet or oboe, or woodwind answered by strings. Op. 31, II., the opening: harp and

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horn, then the violins. Adagio, same opus, measures 17 to 22: tympani, violoncelli and fagotti. These examples were selected almost at random from Volume I. of the piano sonatas and are merely intended as hints to the young pianist.

A composer so original and spontaneous as was Franz Schubert necessarily demands particular attention. His life was obscure, but his personality will, if properly understood, afford assistance and inspiration to the singer, the performer or the conductor who essays Schubert's music. Though mostly lyric in style, he anticipated to a considerable extent the romanticists who came immediately after. Refined touch and poetic imagination are required in the interpretation of his works.

VI.—THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

The epoch of Chopin and Schumann is the most important in piano literature, especially since it includes the greatest of all keyboard virtuosi, Franz Liszt. When Kalkbrenner remarked that he would like to give Chopin some piano lessons, because "his method was very faulty," the famous professor merely voiced a belief generally entertained at that time that the music and the performances of Chopin alike were heterodox. And so they were.

The works of Chopin and Schumann do not, as commonly supposed, represent anti-classicism, but art development. Piano manufacture had made rapid progress; the material of composition had been greatly enlarged, and Chopin and Schumann merely expressed in their individual ways the spirit of the age in which they lived. The music changed with changed conditions, and since the tonal expression was new, so was the style of performance. Greater variety of harmony and rhythm, more sparkling brilliance, less conventionality, finer nuances, and withal a certain mysterious significance (which the interpretive artist must discover for himself)—these are the principal characteristics of Chopin's and Schumann's best works.

Alas! what vain attempts are made to cajole and conjure the spirits of those ever living masters! Loud and soft, fast and slow, these are the weapons with which amateurs and alleged pianists attack and mutilate the creations of romanticism.

It is true that the best music of this period admits greater freedom of movement in performance; but it is not true that all semblance of regular tempo disappears. Chopin, Schumann, Liszt, Rubinstein, all have recorded their opinions on this point, and the unanimity which characterizes their various statements leaves no room for doubt as to the proper application of that much abused license, tempo rubato. It is recorded of Liszt that while hearing a lesson he severely criticised a pianist for his spasmodic accelerando and ritardando. In answer to the master's query, "Why do you so?" the pupil gave as a reason that the music was marked "tempo rubato." "But," replied Liszt, "that is not tempo rubato. Come here by the window and I will show you." Pointing to a large shade tree hard by, he continued: "You observe the swaying of those branches and the agitation of those fluttering leaves, but the trunk of the tree remains firm and steady. That is an illustration of tempo rubato."

It is known that the peculiar expressiveness of Chopin's playing was in a large measure owing to the ad libitum style of the right hand part, while the left hand maintained the regular movement of the accompaniment.

Melody notes may thus be shortened or lengthened, de-claimed or sung without arresting the progress of the music or disturbing the poise of the accompanying background. Brief examples of this have been given in Chapters 13, 20 and 26.

Slow movements are more susceptible to these effects than are fast movements. A quick rate of speed is a sign of motion and animation, whereas a slow movement is associated with meditation, deliberation and repose. Moreover, the expressive deviations from the regular beats of an

andante or largo do not suggest that unpleasant, hysterical effect which results from an unsteady allegro movement. It was this uncertain, "drunken gait" against which Schumann so vigorously protested. The tendency of the present time is to exaggerate musical expression into bathos and to degrade psychologic emotion to the level of mawkish affectation. Yet the example of all great pianists is against this misapplication of tempo rubato. Not alone the profoundly analytical Von Bülow, but the electric Rubinstein disdained this convulsive style of performance.

The works of Schumann are even more romantic and mystical than those of his great contemporary. If the German was less poetic he was also less mutable. There are, however, many features of style common to both composers, though each must be studied independently and sympathetically. Schumann was one of the most unfortunate of men, but his soul-life was as beautiful as any which history records. All this, and more, is impressed upon his musical creations.

The changes which have taken place since the death of Chopin and Schumann are unimportant so far as piano literature is concerned.

Wagner created an epoch in dramatic music, yet his influence, like that of Händel in England, has been more harmful than helpful to creative impulse. Especially in Germany and to considerable extent in France, Italy, Great Britain and North America, we hear more or less distant echoes from Bayreuth. These impressive compilers deceive no one, excepting themselves, with their leading motives and portentous sounding chords. Fortunately, there are composers who have retained their individuality: Rubinstein, Balikarew, Stcherbatcheff, Tschalkowsky, Gounod, Saint-Saëns, Bizet, Brahms, Max Bruch, Volkmann, Heinrich Hofmann, Raff, Smetana, Dvorák, Grieg, Verdi, Bazzini, Mascagni, Jensen and Moszkowski. Some of our American composers also are striving creditably to express that which they find within their own experience.

The various styles of the present period present insurmountable obstacles to the interpretive artist. This is an eclectic, as well as an electric age. It does not seem possible for a violinist or a pianist to faithfully represent or reproduce all the styles which have been described, because some of these conflict with others. From the stupendous psychologic tone impressions of a Tschalkowsky to the thematic sphinxes of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is too great a span to be encompassed by a single artist. Rubinstein, with his almost universal genius, came the nearest to a solution of this many-sided problem. Yet a remark which he made to the author in New York shows that even he could not wholly satisfy the demands of every musical epoch.

After his first series of American concerts the author mentioned in a gratulatory way the antique halo which Rubinstein imparted to the old harpsichord music. Modestly remarking that he could not conceive of Scarlatti and Bach in Prince Albert coat, mutton-leg trousers and patent leather boots, he confessed that the music of certain composers was "uncongenial" to him, and that he "could not do justice to it." Unfortunately there is too much of eclecticism and conventionality in the arranging of our recital programs. The Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue; Beethoven's op. 27, II., 53, 57, or III.; several numbers from Chopin and Schumann (usually the most familiar works); Brahms variations on a Paganini theme (because they are difficult); a rhapsody from Liszt, and a paraphrase on Wagner (who ought not to be heard without scene or orchestra), these are the works upon which so many changes have been rung. Would it not be better if artists confined themselves to compositions with which they are in touch and sympathy? Temperament rather than custom should be the controlling influence in the choosing of solo works.

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BRITISH OFFICES THE MUSICAL COURIER,
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LONDON, W., August 28, 1897.

THE Promenade Concerts open to-night, and as every preparation has been made to make the season as successful as possible I anticipate that Mr. Newman's scheme, which is only now entering on its third season, will be a record of artistic and probably financial success not heretofore seen in London.

As I have before stated, the audience come to hear the music rather than to meet for drinking, so that the revenue for the latter is small. The seats are all taken out of the body of the hall, except a row around the walls and a row around a small fountain, which plays over beautiful plants in the centre. The standing room, which will accommodate some 2,000 people, is pretty well occupied. The admission to this part is 1s., the second balcony 2s., unreserved, and the first balcony 3s. and 5s., reserved, according to the row. I shall speak of the programs and the work of the orchestra next week. The system of devoting the first half of the program to the works of a single composer last year proved to the public taste, and consequently Mr. Newman has adopted the same plan this year. Each of these evenings is alternated with "popular" nights. Wagner is chosen for Monday, Tschalkowsky for Wednesday and Beethoven for Friday next week.

The metropolis of London is growing to such an extent that managers have found ready remuneration in giving the successes of our leading theatres in the suburban districts. To that end there has been a large number of well equipped and commodious theatres built in all of the suburban districts. The last one to be finished was at Fulham. It was opened Monday night with The Geisha.

Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies, since his return from America, has taken up more than ever the reciting of poems, like The Lost Soul, Lorraine, Lorraine Lorree and others, to the accompaniment of music. Mr. Stanley Hawley, who has achieved considerable fame in England for his settings of these poems, is about to accompany Mr. Davies on a tour in the provinces, when the latter part of the program will be devoted to two of these selections. The superb vocal equipment that Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies possesses—the power to color his work according to the meaning of the text and the intelligence he evinces in the interpretation of these masterpieces of English verse—has enabled him to make a sensation in reading them. It would not surprise me if he went to America and gave a series of recitals—when these poems would largely figure in the program—taking the composer with him.

I understand that Mr. Plunket Greene will visit America about the middle of October for a series of forty recitals.

Mr. Arthur Rousbey, who, with his wife, form the leading artists of the company which gives popular English operas through the provinces, will add to their repertory

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for this coming season Le Villi; or, The Elfin Dancers. This half program work by Puccini was first brought out at the Dalverme Theatre, Milan, in 1884, and Il Piccolo Haydn; or, Little Haydn, a one act opera, by Gaetano Cipollini, which was first produced at the Theatre Sociale Como, January 24, 1893.

I understand that the business interests of the Savoy Theatre have been turned into a limited company. The policy of the house will be essentially the same as heretofore, and Mr. d'Oyly Carte, Mrs. d'Oyly Carte and their son will be joint managers. Mr. Carte will retire for some time on account of ill health and his son will act in his stead.

The Queen has presented Mlle. Janotha with a Jubilee medal. This artist played last week before Her Majesty at Osborne, and has always been a favorite there. I believe she has used the Steinway piano in all these performances.

Mr. J. M. Glover, who was one of the late Sir Augustus Harris' conductors and right-hand men, has composed a successful comic opera, entitled *Regina, B.A.*, which was produced at Birmingham on Bank Holiday. It seems to bid fair to have the run of the provinces, and will be played at Brighton next week.

Sir Arthur Sullivan is taking a holiday on the Continent to recuperate his health. It is rumored that he is contemplating composing a setting to the *Vicar of Wakefield*.

The disposition on the part of the English people to give support to legitimate comic opera has not only led to revivals of that form of music and to the composition by some of our leading men of new works of that order, but has led enterprising managers to the belief that there is a public in London that will support grand opera in English. I understand that there is a scheme well forward which has for its object the giving of varied repertoires of the standard works of grand opera and opera comique at the Olympic Theatre, which is being redecorated and will be rechristened for the purpose.

My readers will remember the season of Signor Lago, which took place four years ago this autumn, when he introduced to London opera-goers Tchaikowsky's *Eugenie Onegin*. The Carl Rosa Company, it is thought, will meet with success at Covent Garden, and the company has the right, by arrangement with the heirs of the late Sir Augustus Harris, to produce the Wagner dramas, as well as all the other works in the repertory of that house. It is to be trusted that Rip Van Winkle will have a long run, but in case it does not I understand that not only the operas *The Prentice Pillar* and *Catharine*, of which I have spoken before, will be given, but Mr. Hedmond will put on other grand operas, of which he can either secure the rights or which are non-copyright here.

Among the artists engaged for the classical concerts on Saturday afternoon at the Crystal Palace, which open October 9, are the prodigy pianist, Master Bruno Steindl, Mme. Blanche Marchesi, Miss Maude McCarthy, the clever violinist; Miss Clara Butt, Mr. Santley, Miss Fanny Davies, Mme. Ella Russell, Mr. Ten Have, a pupil of Ysaye; Mr. Eugen d'Albert, Mr. John Child, Mlle. Zélie de Lussan, Mr. Gregorowitsch, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Herr Robert Hausmann, the cellist, and the young pianist, M. Gabrilowitsch.

A very successful performance of *As You Like It*, by Mr. Augustin Daly's company, took place at Stratford-on-Avon Thursday afternoon. The play commenced in the open air, but rain coming on a change was made to the Memorial Theatre, where Ada Rehan, according to the press, made a great success.

Among the callers at this office this week have been Mr. Maxson, organist and choirmaster of the Central Congregational Church, Philadelphia; Mr. E. F. Kreiser, organist of Grand Avenue Methodist Church, Kansas City; Mr. D. D. Comey, organist of the Baptist church, Fall River. These three gentlemen have been enjoying instruction under M. Guilment, of Paris, and were en route for America. Another caller was Miss Mary N. Berry, of St. Louis, who

has been studying abroad with Mme. Anna Lankow, and had the pleasure of attending the first cycle at Bayreuth with Mrs. H. B. Chamberlain and our Mr. Otto Floersheim. Miss Berry returns home much pleased with her European visit.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company opened its autumn season at Liverpool last week. On the opening night *Carmen* was chosen, which gave an opportunity for the American mezzo soprano Mlle. Théo Dorré, who, according to our correspondent, achieved a success. Mr. Brozel, a young Italian, who sang with the company last year, was the *Don José*; Signor Maggi, another Italian, the *Escamillo*. The other members of the company do not call for mention in this connection. The orchestra and chorus were hardly up to their usual form, but their performances were fairly good under the conductorship of Mr. Claude Jaquinot.

On Tuesday evening they introduced *La Bohème*. This gave Miss Cecile Lorraine, whose real name is, I believe, Miss Riley, of Boston, who had some experience in church work in Philadelphia, an opportunity. That she used it to the best advantage is open to some question. Our critic thought that the part did not suit her particularly well, and, although she was an agreeable singer, she lacks experience, and time only will show whether she has the qualifications to make a great artist or not. The part of *Musetta* was taken by Miss Bessie Macdonald, an American, who made herself a favorite with the company and the public last year.

Wednesday evening was reserved for the most interesting début of any of the artists they have introduced this year. This was Mr. Barron Berthald, in the part of *Tannhäuser*. Mr. Berthald's pure tenor voice enabled him to give a dramatic reading of the part seldom seen outside of London, and his expressive singing made him an immediate favorite. His fine acting in the Tournament Scene and his pathetic return in the last act were characterized by great intensity of feeling. His métier evidently lies in dramatic roles. Miss Rita Elandi, also an American, sang the part of *Elizabeth*, and Mr. Ludwig that of *Wolfram*. The minor parts were fairly well taken. Herr Eckhold conducted. The chorus and orchestra showed improvement on previous performances.

On Thursday a matinee of *La Bohème* was given, and in the evening the Bohemian Girl, and *Maritana* on Friday, when a large audience at these performances showed distinctly that these two evergreens still have ample following in the provinces. In the latter Mr. Berthald, in the part of *Don Cesar*, showed he could sing lighter roles with facility—a thing little dreamt of when we saw his interpretation of *Tannhäuser*.

Saturday afternoon Gounod's *Faust* was drawn upon, when Miss Elandi sang the part of *Marguerite* to the *Faust* of Mr. Brozel. Mr. Lemprère Pringle was the *Mephistopheles*, and his work on this occasion indicated that we may look for very good things from him.

La Bohème was repeated in the evening. The report of their work in Dublin I will give in my next letter.

SEPTEMBER 4, 1897.

Mr. Hedmond produces his opera *Rip Van Winkle* at Her Majesty's Theatre to-morrow evening. The cast does not include any well-known names, except his own in the title role, and that of Mr. Homer Lind, as *Derick von Slans*. Mr. Hedmond has, however, carefully selected artists who have talent, and while individually they will not be of much value as "draws," he hopes the ensemble they have been able to obtain will be a potent feature in attracting the public. Mr. S. P. Waddington will be the conductor, and an orchestra requisite for the demands of the music has been retained. Nothing has been spared either in the mounting, and it is earnestly hoped that at last there will be support enough given to the performance of a serious opera, so that it may have a good run.

On account of dates clashing *The Wizard of the Nile* at

the Shaftesbury has been postponed until the 6th inst. Unfortunately, this work can only be run at this house a few weeks, as Messrs. Williamson & Musgrove, the Australian managers, have secured the theatre for a run of one of Mrs. Brown Potter's successes, enjoyed at their theatres in Melbourne, Sydney and other places.

In my mention of the people who had been honored by having conferred upon them the Gold Medal of the Philharmonic Society I inadvertently omitted the name of Madame Albani, who was given this distinction the past season.

A new work, which is attracting considerable notice in the musical world, is *A Welsh Singer*, by Allan Raine, to be published in America, I understand, by the Appletons.

It is reported that Signor Mancinelli's *Hero and Leander*, which was given at the Norwich Festival last year as an oratorio, is already booked for performance at several Italian theatres the coming season. The *Weekly Sun* says that this composer-conductor is collaborating with Mozzucato on another opera.

Among the foreign soloists who expect to visit us this coming season are Stavenhagen, Busoni, M. Gabrilowitsch, the Russian pianist, and M. Gregorowitsch, the violinist, whom my readers will remember in America last year.

Herr Georg Liebling, from Berlin, will give an orchestral concert in St. James' Hall November 8, to be followed by a piano concert later.

Among the tours which Mr. Vert has arranged for the autumn are those of Dr. Richter with his orchestra, the Meister Glee Singers, Madame Albani and the composer Edward Grieg.

I understand that Lady Hallé has made arrangements through Mr. Vert for her first visit to America next year.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company has been continuing its work in Dublin the past week, the works performed being *Carmen*, *Faust*, *Tannhäuser*, *La Bohème*, *Maritana*, and *Il Trovatore*. As I spoke about the artists and the performance last week there is nothing special to add.

I have received word from Mr. W. C. Carl of his success in Stockholm. He expects to be in London early next week.

Madame d'Arona left London on Wednesday for Paris.

I have just received reports of the playing of young Marc Hambourg in Melbourne. These speak highly of his work, and the improvement he has made during the two years since he first visited the colonies.

Mme. Frances Saville, one of the prima donnas at Covent Garden the past season, will sing the part of *Mimi* in *La Bohème*, in German, at Vienna the coming season. After a series of engagements there she will make a tour in Russia.

Mme. Alice Esty, formerly with the Carl Rosa Company, is now studying with Herr Kneise, of Bayreuth, the role of *Isolde*, preparatory to singing the part in English next month at Covent Garden.

I have just heard of the death of Mrs. Charles Locket, whose demise at the age of seventy-six is announced at Hastings. Like the eminent tenor, her husband, she was a member of the original cast of *The Elijah*, first given at the Birmingham Festival in 1846 under Mendelssohn. She sang for many years as contralto in duets with her sister—Anna Williams—and afterward attained some renown as a soloist.

Signor Sarasate has decided not come to London for the forthcoming season. It is understood that he has recently come in for a large fortune.

The following Wagner operas will be given by the Carl Rosa Company in English at Covent Garden during their autumn season: *Die Walküre*, *Siegfried*, *Tristan*, *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin* and *Die Meistersinger*.

Mr. Plunket Greene's tour of forty-five recitals, which I announced last week, will take place in Canada, British Columbia and California. Mr. Greene returns to England in January.

Miss Mary N. Berry, a mezzo soprano from St. Louis,



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sailed for home on Tuesday after a three months' sojourn in Europe. She studied during the summer with Madame Lankow, the New York voice specialist, who had a number of her other pupils at her summer residence at Bonn. Miss Berry has a sympathetic mezzo soprano voice of ample range and volume, which she uses with intelligence. She has the qualifications to make a first-class oratorio or church singer; and from what I gleaned in conversation with her she has the practical side of voice production down to such a fine point that she naturally would make a good teacher were she to turn her attention in that direction.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.

The first of these popular entertainments, on Saturday evening, drew together an audience of music lovers that filled the capacities of the Queen's Hall in all parts. It was with some regret that I left the green fields and the sweet scent of the country, doffed my cap and provincialisms and betook me to the smoke-laden air of the erstwhile deserted hall. But the freshness of the music and the authoritative voice of the orchestra soon transported me to regions more beautiful and glorious than the lanes and hedges I had quitted.

Perhaps by the end of the season I shall be more critical. But on this occasion the roughness of finish of the orchestra, not yet quite unanimous in spirit and tempi, did not jar on my rested nerves. What if a horn note now and then wobbled, or a trumpet tone split, or a violin string snapped, or a trombone tried to sound two notes at the same time? Had not they as well as I been holiday making?

As regards Mr. Wood's work, little can be said now of a man so well known and so well criticised as he. It struck me that there was just a little of the perfunctory in his reading of some of the scores, notably the brilliant descending violin passage about the middle of the Siegfried Idyll. The prelude to Tristan was a trifle unsympathetic. I mean, of course, as far as the real meaning of the music was concerned, for it is needless to say that all the "expression marks," as the current phrase is, were carefully heeded. In the closing scene of the same work, however, one felt that the spirit of the music had touched the conductor more nearly. I was delighted at the tempo of the prelude.

It is a pleasure to note that Mr. Wood has got over the Mottism which used to make this same score hang fire and languish in a restless and at the same time dragging tempo. The fire and enthusiasm of youth animated his baton. In the same terms must I speak of the Tannhäuser overture on Tuesday evening. Here the modified tempi, or, to speak less technically, the give and take, the quickening and retarding of the pace in keeping with the ever-changing mood of the composition, was employed in a most legitimate and artistic manner. Of the soloists I will speak later.

For the sake of reference I give the first three programs:

SATURDAY.—Capriccio Italien, op. 45 (Tchaikowsky); two Hungarian Dances in G and D minor (Brahms); overture, Di Ballo (Sullivan); waltz and mazurka from Coppelia (Delibes); Norwegian Dances, op. 35 (Grieg); Ride of the Valkyries (Wagner); Rakoczy March (Liszt); Grand Fantaisie, Cavalleria Rusticana (Mascagni); Slavonic Dance (Dvorák). Artists—Madame Belle Cole, Mr. Herbert Grover, Mr. Arthur W. Payne, Mr. W. H. Squire, Mr. Howard Reynolds, Mr. Percy Pitt.

MONDAY (WAGNER NIGHT).—Kaiser March; Siegfried Idyll; overture, Die Meistersinger; Traume; prelude to Act III, Lohengrin; prelude to Tristan und Isolde; Grand Fantaisie, Faust (Gounod); Marche Hongroise (Berlioz). Artists—Mme. Lucile Hill, Mr. Louis Frolich, Mr. Howard Reynolds, Mr. Percy Pitt.

TUESDAY.—Ballet music from Colomba (A. C. Mackenzie); scherzo from Midsummer Night's Dream (Mendelssohn); three dances from Henry VIII. (Ed. German); overture, Tannhäuser (Wagner); large in G (Händel); Suite No. 1, Peer Gynt (Grieg); Grand Fantaisie, Carmen (Bizet); Marche Roweline (Gounod). Artists—Mme. Belle Cole, Messrs. Lloyd Chandos, B. P. Parker, Albert Fransella, Howard Reynolds, Percy Pitt.

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Some Fads and Fallacies in Voice Culture.

PAPER READ BEFORE THE I. M. T. A. BY F. X. ARENS.

AS the readers of our musical journals are aware, a very bitter war is just now being waged between what may be called the physiologists and psychologists in voice culture. To put the matter tersely: the former claim that, in so far as the human voice is primarily a physical instrument, subject to the laws of acoustics to the same extent as an organ, a violin or piano, the singer must first have a comprehensive knowledge of the anatomy of the vocal apparatus and then gain the fullest mechanical control of said apparatus, of each and every muscle of abdomen, diaphragm, soft palate, tongue, cheeks, lips, &c. With this end in view they prescribe minute mechanical exercises ad infinitum for all these muscles, singly and collectively, which, together, are supposed to bring about that rare phenomenon, a good, healthy, resonant voice, full of modulation and expression, equally rich in piano and forte passages—in fine, a voice at once flexible and resonant, at once brilliant and sympathetic.

The psychologists, on the other hand, decry this method as being dry, crude, violent, unmusical and inartistic. They claim that, in so far as singing (if it is to approach, even approximately, the quintessence of musical art) is and ever must be a matter of psychic emotion, vocal art must be taught by influencing the emotions and musical imagination of the pupil; that the voice, as far as it is a physical instrument and subject to physical laws, will and must yield to the auto-suggestions of the psychic idea as to quality of tone and technic, as well as to expression and modulation. In support of this position they offer very elaborate and recondite metaphysical proofs, covering the entire ground of molecular and nerve vibration, will power, mind reading, Christian science, faith cure, second sight, and I know not what.

It is quite obvious that here, as elsewhere, the truth lies in the golden mean. The human voice is a most complex arrangement, which, in its final results, baffles the research of the dissecting knife altogether.

Not that there have been no attempts to lay bare the subtle working of the tone producing apparatus. We know that Garcia, the inventor of the laryngoscope; that Helmholtz, who first established the theory of tone and vowel color on a scientific basis; that Merkel, Sir Morell Mackenzie and a host of others have done much to enlighten us on the subject of physiological process during the act of singing, and valuable addition to our knowledge of the human voice they have furnished, well worthy of the careful consideration of the progressive voice teacher; but this knowledge has never yet made a voice teacher, nor has this knowledge, put into practice by means of the aforementioned physiological gymnastics, taken alone, ever made a singer of a pupil.

Has it ever occurred to you what a marvelous process the singer undergoes when sounding any given note suggested by a piano or other instrument? How do you account for this accuracy of musical ear, as this faculty is commonly called? Certainly no physiological gymnastics, no matter how ingeniously devised, will assist you one whit in this matter of accurate ear. Of course, the healthy larynx must be presupposed to give audible utterance to this musical suggestion; but by what process is the vocal apparatus enabled to prepare itself for the sounding of the exact pitch of the tone suggested? Surely this is perhaps the most marvelous manifestation of nerve vibration translated to vocal cord vibration we know of.

Now, that which is entirely automatic as regards height

or pitch, provided the musical ear or brain has a clear pre-conception of same, ought to be and finally must be equally so as regards tone color or quality, as far as the nature and construction of the vocal apparatus will permit. And yet right here the physical asserts itself, I said, advisedly, "as far as the nature and construction of the vocal apparatus will permit." This construction refers to all the attributes of the voice: compass, timbre, power, kind of voice, &c. No imagination, however vivid, can make a tenor voice out of a baritone or a soprano out of an alto, any more than you can make a viola or 'cello sound like a violin. It is a physical impossibility, pure and simple, and there the matter ends absolutely.

Again, you cannot force the voice to sing higher or louder than the nature of the physical apparatus readily permits without seriously impairing and even ruining the voice; not that the musical imagination of the higher or louder tone is wanting, but because of the physical impossibility of the instrument to carry out such preconceptions or auto-suggestions. I will go further and say that, while within the proper limits of a given voice as to range of registers, power, &c., this psychic tone idea will suffice in general for the manipulation of the larynx, the vocal cords, but not for the jaws, the lips or the tongue. These organs, not being directly in evidence in tone production, are influenced by the psychic tone idea, but indirectly at the most. The tongue, which insists upon curving up in front, or pulling back toward the pharynx in the rear, or wrinkling into a thousand folds, must be taught to lie easily and smoothly in the mouth-plate, gently touching the teeth at the sides and in front. And thus it is with the diaphragm, the soft palate, the lips and jaws, &c.*

Let me illustrate the aforementioned points by referring to the violin. Why the difference in value between a coarse and imperfect \$10 violin and a \$5,000 Stradivarius? You can put the best Italian strings on the inferior instrument, place the latter in the hands of the finest violinist, endowed with the keenest sense of tonal beauty, let him use the best bow obtainable, and yet the tones thus produced are dull, dead, uninteresting in the piano passages and hard, piercing, in the forte passages. The phrasing, style, tempo, even the bowing, may be perfection itself, and yet the violin solo will fail to make an impression; for the first requisite to musical beauty is lacking, viz., the physical or sensuous beauty of tone.

Again, you let the same artist take up the priceless Stradivarius, and lo! the musical composition seems transformed, the inner contents now find an adequate medium of expression, the ideas of the composer and their fine conception on part of the reproducing artist now stand forth in their glorious beauty. And how the artist is moved on to deeper, warmer emotion; how the flight of his imagination becomes loftier and loftier, until he, like unto the genius into whose soul the golden melodies were first poured by the gods, soars high, immeasurably high, above the throes and woes of creeping, crouching, cringing humanity. Ah, indeed! physical beauty of tone is well worth striving for, even by the most psychic of artists.

Now, how do you account for this great difference of the

* I might right here point to a fallacy or fad indulged in by our voice builders when they insist upon a flat tongue position. As de from the act that the size, length, breadth and thickness of the different tongues vary quite as much as the size and shape of the various noses, which in itself prohibits a uniform position, the so-called flat tongue, even under the most favorable circumstances, must be modified very largely, to meet the requirements of the different registers and vowels—all this, of course, within the smooth, quiet and easy position referred to above. What you want is an open throat; the tongue must therefore lie in such a position as to enable the tonal fluid to flow forth to placing point uninterruptedly.

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two violins referred to? It is simply a matter of physical law. The \$10 violin, being imperfect in general design and coarse in detail, refuses to co-vibrate with the strings as they are set in vibratory motion by the artist's bow, while the \$5,000 Stradivarius the moment that the bow touches the strings becomes like a living thing, all tremulous with life pulsations.

But all this, notwithstanding no Stradivarius, no Steinway piano, touched by fingers ever so agile, can reveal to us the inherent beauties of a Kreutzer Sonata. The tonal possibilities of a fine violin and a perfect grand piano being given, two artists with their souls attuned to the colossal genius of a Beethoven must imbue these respective fine instruments with their own heart throbs; the finer the instruments, however, the more subtle the yielding to the mysterious, poetic and musical fluid as it emanates from the souls of the reproducing artists.

As a matter of course this influence of the psychic over the physical is much more marked in the case of the singer, for the reason that here both the physical instrument and the psychic idea as to pitch, tone quality and expression are vested in one and the same person. Much might be said on this interesting subject; for instance, how the study of technic can be rendered comparatively easy by the playing on the vocal cords per musical idea of the pitch of the tones involved rather than by mere physiological manipulation; how even the physiological control of the diaphragm, the case of tongue position, jaw action, &c., can be materially assisted by this psychic influence of "inner" versus outer vision (per means of looking-glass); but space forbids. What has been said will suffice to show the fallacy of both the physiological and psychological faddist. Perfect physiological control of the vocal apparatus must mediate the psychic idea, and the psychic idea must dominate, transfigure, beautify and ennoble the physical vibration. The voice teacher who follows his physiological or psychological hobby is sure to go amiss.

Another fallacy which is being preached very much—this time by Italian instructors only—is to the effect that the Italian language should be considered the basis of all voice culture, whether carried on in Italy, Germany, France or America. It seems to me that nothing can be more misleading and, in the majority of cases, more harmful than this very idea. Now, we all admire the Italian language when coupled with song. (As for spoken language, I think French sounds much more musical and fluent.) The reason for this sonority of the Italian language lies in the great abundance of open, rich vowels, a (as in ah) particularly, and the comparative scarcity of consonants. I therefore, with all prudent voice teachers, apply the Italian language wherever feasible and practicable, particularly with pupils who are ready to take up the study of the Italian arias of Bellini, Verdi, &c.

But this comes rather as a supplementary study than a primary *conditio sine qua non*. The reasons are obvious. In the first place, I can attain the same results much more directly by my course of vowel studies, including the English derivatives of a (as in fall and man), and the diphthongs ou and oy. It is perfectly absurd that we, in our advanced state of latter day intelligence, should still be enslaved by the historical rather than practical do, re, me, fa system of solfeggio. In making use of solfeggio written on do, re, mi, &c., I modify these syllables to meet my ideas, first, by introducing the vowel u, as in do, and the derivatives of a (as in fall and man), and again by changing the others to suit the demands of the pupil's stage of development.

Much more might be said upon this point; for instance, of the inadvisability of having the English speaking pupils begin vowel studies with a, as almost all Italians do, for the reason that the former by reason of the scarcity of the pure a in the English language, are as a rule least prepared to bring about a good, easy flowing tone emission on a, while with a (as in has or fall) you usually have smooth sailing. But the main objection to this fallacy on the part

of the Italian faddists lies in its impracticability. In the first place, English speaking people expect to hear their songs rendered in the vernacular, and so do the Germans, the French, as well as the Italians. Of course they will make due allowance to the artist who in lengthy recital sings his German, French or Italian songs and arias in the original language, but there it ends; and when it comes to church or parlor singing the demands for the songs in the vernacular are unmistakable.

And this is perfectly correct. I think it is a well-known fact that not more than 10 per cent. of the average voice pupils have sufficient vocal material to enable them to look forward to an opera or concert career. That leaves 90 per cent. who are either amateurs in the good sense of the word, or salon singers, or members of church quartets and concert singers to a limited extent. If these 90 per cent. were to prepare themselves for this, their singing in the vernacular, through the medium of the Italian language, they would lose a great deal of very valuable time, and ditto hard cash, for, after finishing their course in Italian, they would be obliged to transmit and adopt their Italian vowel formations to the English language, not to speak of the entirely peculiar problem as presented by the English consonants. As said before, all this can be accomplished much quicker and better by adapting the principles of Italian vocalization to the English language from the very outset.

I am happy to say that my view in this matter is being supported by all authorities of note in Germany, England and France. They consider it their most important task to teach singing in English, German and French in such a way as to render their language nearly if not quite, as sonorous and beautiful as the rich, mellifluous Italian.

I said before that the syllables commonly used by Italians and others in solfeggio, do, re, mi, fa, were of historical significance rather than of practical value. Substituting ut for do, these syllables originally represented the first syllables of a hymn to St. John, the patron of singers, who through his intercession was supposed to keep the throats of the young choir boys at the cathedral and convent schools free from contagious diseases and other harmful irregularities. The hymn ran as follows:

Ut queant laxis
Resonare fibris
Mira gestorum
Famuli tuorum
Solve polluti
Labii reatum,
Sancte Joannes.

Now, in applying these to their vocal studies, these singers of old piously meant to constantly send up this prayer to the patron saint of singers—from their devotional point of view a capital idea, but from the standpoint of the modern singer, who believes not in the efficacy of this prayer, because he knows not the meaning of the syllables he employs, it is nothing but historical rubbish, and, as indicated before, it were high time to get rid of this and other rubbish in our musical occupation.

Just so with the so-called old Italian method. To make this clear, I must ask you to follow me in another short historical excursion. As you know, some centuries ago Italy led the nations of the world in musical matters. Beginning with the monk Guido de Arezzo in the eleventh century, the author of the syllables referred to before, almost all the development of music as to harmony, counterpoint, instrumental music, &c., was due to the Italians. To be sure, the Netherlands Josquin de Pres, Roland de Lattre and others for a while seemed to hold their own against the Italians, but even Roland de Lattre acknowledged the supremacy of his Italian contemporary, the great Palestrina, as indicated by his Italianizing his name into Orlando di Lasso, by which name he is now known in music history. This supremacy of the Italians in music theory was so absolute that the great masters of Germany and England and the Netherlands, almost to a man, made a pilgrimage to Italy, there to be initiated into the secrets of counterpoint

and musical theory. And later on, in the sixteenth century, when the Renaissance movement gave birth to the opera form in Florence, it was again deemed absolutely necessary for the gifted and ambitious musicians all over the world to put the finishing touches to their musical education by spending a year or two in Italy.

Thus Händel, before finally settling in London, passed his years of musical apprenticeship in Italy. Simultaneously with the birth of the old or primitive opera form came the birth of the old Italian method of singing, and a most excellent method it was as a medium of expression of the musical thoughts and tendencies of the age. And how they did study! We are told that ten years were required to finish a pupil in singing, harmony, counterpoint, theory and instrumental music. At the celebrated singing schools the pupils lived and studied very much as the students nowadays live and study at our boarding schools. Everything, from the number of hours for the study of solfeggio, the trill, music theory, down to the food served the pupils at the refectory, was planned most carefully with a view of developing the vocal and musical training of the inmates. Thus Caffarelli studied one page of exercises for fluency for six long years; Rubini, another celebrated singer of that period, studied seven years before making his debut. Thus it came about that now the vocal aspirants of the world migrated to Italy; there to Italianize their throats and names as well, as before this period the theory students of the world had flocked thither. And, as said before it was a most excellent method as far it went, and it went just as far as the musical tendencies of that period required it to go, and no farther.

Now, we all know that, generally speaking, music in Italy has degenerated most woefully. It is a notorious fact that, while Bach is being appreciated more and more in Germany, while Händel is the most popular of all choral writers in England, the Italian prince of contrapuntal writers, the glorious Palestrina, is practically dead as far as Italy goes. I never heard such a barbarous performance as I did in that unique cathedral, St. Marco in Venice: again, I never witnessed such talking and stamping and whistling as at the Opera House in Milan.

As a matter of fact Germany and France have so far outstripped Italy in musical matters as to leave the latter country out of the race for all time to come. It is just so with their painting, their architecture and their sculpture. No one for a moment doubts the superiority of the Parisian and Munich schools of painting over those of Italy—if you can really speak of an Italian school—and yet all these arts were gloriously alive in the little sea-lapped, sunny peninsula of Italy of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Not only have the Germans and other northern peoples studied and assimilated all that the Italians in their palmiest days had to teach, but they went farther; they developed new art ideas, evolved new means of expression, so that to-day a Wagner score seemingly overthrows all the old rigid rules of Italian musical theory, while in reality it is based upon these as its foundation.

As an inevitable result of this change thus brought about by what might be termed the musical evolution of the nations, no one for a moment considers the advisability of going to Italy for the purpose of studying the old Italian method of painting, or of counterpoint, or of musical composition. And yet we slavishly and persistently speak of the old Italian method of singing as the only method, while in reality it is just as inadequate to meet the modern demands as represented in the works of Beethoven, Weber, Wagner, Meyerbeer, Massenet, or even the modern Italians themselves, as represented by such works as Verdi's Otello, Mascagni's Cavalleria Rusticana and Leoncavallo's I Pagliacci, as the old music theories of Italy are inadequate to the fullest appreciation of the modern art tendencies, as represented by a Wagner score, for instance. The aforementioned composers, in addition to the pure tone and fluent technic of the old Italian method—which, by the way, not only suffices, but which is absolutely necessary, for the works ending with the early period of Verdi—de-



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mand vastly more; they demand a perfect treatment of all the vowels, consonants, diphthongs, words, phrases and sentences; and more than this, they demand a minute portrayal of all modulations of emotions and sentiments, as indicated by the underlying poem, of which the music is but the higher and more exhaustive expression. The voice, therefore, ceases to be a mere instrument, however beautifully trained; it no longer exists for its own sake only—it rather serves a higher purpose, *i. e.*, the reproduction of an art work, without in the least sacrificing any of its inherent beauty.

This being the case, why insist on the old Italian method? Why not teach and study what I would term the modern method, which, although being based on the old Italian method, can and will meet the demands, not only of the German, French or English languages, but, above all, those demands embodied in the great modern works. The answer is easily given. We go to Italy to study voice, although since the death of Lamperti there is not a teacher of note in all Italy; we study with voice teachers from whatever nationality, because of their announcement merely that they teach the old Italian method, and particularly so if his or her name bear the label of signor or signora, simply because the old Italian method, time-honored and even excellent for bygone purposes though it was, has come to be a fallacy, a fad, on the strength of which many a bankrupt opera singer, bankrupt both as to voice and pocketbook, succeeds in building up, not his pupils' voices, but his own bank account.

I hope I need not emphasize that these remarks are not directed against the honest, thoughtful, progressive Italian singing tutor; there is no reason to believe that the Italian may not be a thorough and successful voice teacher. I know of such, but they are not successful voice teachers because they are Italians, nor do they teach the old Italian method, pure and simple; they teach what every progressive teacher must teach, the modern method, based upon the experiences of the past, or, if you will, on the old Italian method.

I had several other fads stored away in my mind to be discussed in this paper, but I have already overreached the time allotted me, and I am afraid I have also overtaxed your patience, so I will conclude, saving the other subjects for some future discussion. In conclusion, I would sound one word of warning: Beware of the teacher of hobbies, the man of fads; these hobbies, these fads will invariably do more harm than good—rather go to the teacher, of whatever nationality, who, by thorough study under an acknowledged master, has conscientiously fitted himself for that most responsible of all responsible musical specialties, a modern teacher of voice. If he is endowed with a fine musical organization, if his sense for tone color is acute, if he has a comprehensive knowledge of the natural laws governing acoustics and the physiology of the human voice, if his heart throbs with warm life pulsation, if he can call a thorough general musical training his own, if he, finally, has the peculiar although rare gift of imparting his knowledge to others, you may rest assured that he will develop your voice as it is intended by nature to be developed, not in a few months, to be sure (as the quack announces), but in a few years. But such a teacher will not be a man of FADS OR FALLACIES IN VOICE CULTURE.

Estelle Roy Married.—Mr. Fritz Schmitz, teacher of violin at the North Texas Female College and Conservatory of Music, in Sherman, Tex., was married on September 4 to Miss Estelle Roy, the ceremony being performed by Bishop Key at the college. Miss Roy is a New Yorker, and was a successful teacher in this city before filling her position at the college in Sherman. Mr. Schmitz's home is in Dusseldorf, Germany, where he has spent the summer. While there he gave a successful concert with M. Harold von Mickwitz, a pianist, who has been engaged as a teacher at the college.

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Paderewski Critically Dissected.

[COMMUNICATED.]

SCARCELY a season goes by that does not bring to our shores some great artist, already crowned with European laurels, seeking our approbation, inasmuch as that approval means our ducats or, perchance, our daughters, and in recent years certainly no other has achieved the phenomenal success attained by Paderewski.

What constitute the elements of his success? Exceptional gifts? Personal magnetism? Marvelous technique? One might be tempted to an affirmative answer, but there are too many examples still fresh in the memory of artists magnificently equipped, of whom the greatest things might have been prophesied, and who have returned to Europe, after a season in our midst, keenly disappointed, bearing with them a sense of failure and but a comparatively meagre share of our wealth. How, then, are we able to account for the enthusiasm evoked by Mr. Paderewski's every appearance, or for the financial success which crowned his efforts? The problem is not easy of solution. To how great a degree this success was the result of clever management and of judicious advertisement is apparent to the connoisseur in art, to one able to distinguish between factitious devices and pianistic tricks, and the noble ideals that mark the great interpretative artist. Was his success commensurate with his merits as a pianist?

The fair sex was doubtless responsible in a measure for the crowded houses, the cheers, shouts, waving of kerchiefs and hysterical display so frequently manifested at the recitals of the Polish pianist; and his audiences at his last appearances here were composed not of professional musicians, critics or regular concert-goers, but of piano students, and of those who were loath to admit not having heard one of whom so much had been written that he had come to be regarded somewhat in the light of a curiosity. The halo of romance surrounding his history, the story of his early poverty, the appeal to sympathy in the sad death of his young wife, his devotion to his afflicted son—all these, together with his personality, a certain languid grace of manner, the wonderful hue of his sunny and much talked of hair, lent him a peculiar charm to feminine eyes.

Advertisement beyond a certain point, however, is sometimes dangerous, for if an artist is not able to maintain the standard of excellence it serves but to emphasize his failure. That Paderewski succeeded in holding the interest of the public was proof positive of his ability; but when his admirers go so far as to compare him with Rubinstein at his best there are no words emphatic enough in which to deny the statement, and Paderewski himself would perhaps be the first to admit the absurdity of such a claim.

A critical analysis of the work done by Mr. Paderewski while in this country reveals his limitations as a pianist, and the fact that outside of London his engagements are few and far between, and that little or nothing is heard of him, is but an assurance that these limitations are fully recognized in the musical centres of the Continent. By a standard of comparison with the greatest of his living rivals, and there is no other whereby he can be judged, a feeling of disappointment cannot be restrained. As an interpreter of the smaller numbers of Chopin—preludes, nocturnes, ballades, waltzes and mazurkas—Paderewski is unsurpassed. The bond of racial sympathy seemed to have made these works congenial to his temperament, and the poetic charm, the underlying spirit of sadness, the idyllic grace with which he imbued them no one will deny.

His technique was all-sufficient, it is true, for larger works, but was not by any means phenomenal; and in the études of Chopin, which require no more than virtuosity, he was surpassed by De Pachmann. His repertory was not in any sense wonderful. Could Mr. Paderewski ever have attempted the gigantic undertaking of ten historical recitals, as did Rubinstein? Could he have repeated the five

evenings of Beethoven, as did Von Bülow. Certainly not. But it is as an interpretative artist that Mr. Paderewski must be considered if he is to be ranked among the great pianists of the century, and when he challenged comparison by his performances of the great masterpieces for the piano Mr. Paderewski suffered by the test. For the works of Beethoven he is not fitted. His reading of the E flat concerto—the so-called Emperor Concerto—was lacking in the magnificent breadth, the emotional intensity, the depth of feeling for which the work calls. And in the Appassionata Sonata his use of the rubato marred to a great extent the strength and the repose which are characteristic of Beethoven.

How does Paderewski compare with d'Albert and Rosenthal in interpretations of Beethoven and Bach?

In the E minor and F minor concertos of Chopin the standard of excellence was set by Joseffy and has never yet been attained, not to say excelled, by any other artist.

Where will we find in Paderewski the impetuosity, the fire, the virility that mark Rosenthal's performance of the Carnival of Schumann (op. 9)? Where the wonderful tone modulation of which Rubinstein was master, that in his own D minor concerto made the listener almost believe he heard the full, rich, sonorous notes of a horn?

One of our ablest critics commented upon "the mixed impression" created by Paderewski's reading of the Schumann Fantaisie (op. 17), and referred to it as "sadly and unaccountably distorted."

Rubinstein, Tausig, Von Bülow—these men were giants, and it would be almost absurd to compare Paderewski to them as it would be to compare a dainty miniature to one of the masterpieces of Raphael or Michael Angelo. The office of the critic is not to praise unduly, nor to blame unnecessarily—not to seek the "rift within the lute," but to represent facts, and this article, which was suggested by the dignified analysis of Rosenthal in the last number of THE MUSICAL COURIER, impels to the hope that a like analysis of Paderewski will result in a more sane, a more just estimate of his ability as an interpretative artist.

A Protest.

NEW YORK, September 5, 1897.

Editors The Musical Courier:

AS a reader of your valuable and interesting paper, and as an old opera-goer and lover of music, I beg to protest against the utterances of Mr. Warren Davenport. His attack in your last number on Victor Maurel, saying that this artist in his palmiest day was a bad vocalist, is a most remarkable assertion, and his statement (Davenport's) that had Maurel's voice been properly trained it would have been of exceptional value, strikes me as being an overdose of nonsense.

As everyone knows, Maurel never had a powerful voice, but as a singer he was classified by the greatest authorities on the art of singing, from the elder Lamperti down, as a remarkable vocalist, and his "perfect emission" was always quoted by persons who are competent to pass an opinion on the subject, and who know what voice production is. I do not speak of the Maurel of to-day, but in defense of one of the greatest singers, who, although now a vocal wreck, is still a remarkable artist, and his glorious past is not forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to hear him in his prime. Dr. Curtis does a wise thing when he quotes artists of this calibre, whose opinions I will not do the injustice to compare to the attention of the gentleman who signs himself Warren Davenport.

CONSTANCE DUMONT.

Frederick Coit Wight.—Frederick Coit Wight, of New London, Conn., who has recently composed several very pretty songs, is a musician of no mean ability. His themes are good and the accompaniments are cleverly thought out. Mr. Wight will be heard from again.



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PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY

—BY THE—

MUSICAL COURIER COMPANY.

(Incorporated under the laws of the State of New York.)

19 Union Square, New York.

TELEPHONE: { 2437 18th.
2438 18th.

Cable Address, "Pegujar," New York.

MARC A. BLUMENBERG

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

THE BERLIN, GERMANY, Branch Office of *The Musical Courier*, Linkstrasse 17, W., is in charge of Mr. Otto Floersheim.

Single copies for sale at the music store of Ed. Bote & G. Bock, Leipzigerstrasse 39, W.

THE LONDON, ENGLAND, Branch Office of *The Musical Courier*, 21 Princes Street, Cavendish Square, Oxford Circus, W., is in charge of Mr. Frank Vincent Atwater.

PARIS, FRANCE, *The Musical Courier*, 107 Avenue Henri Martin, is in charge of Fannie Edgar Thomas.

Single copies for sale at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opéra; 37 Rue Marbeuf; Galignani Library, 224 Rue de Rivoli; Shakespeare Library, 75 Avenue des Champs Elysées.

THE VIENNA OFFICE of *The Musical Courier*, 8 Schlüsselgasse II., Thür 31, is in charge of Emmeline Potter-Frissell.

All advertising business in Germany and Austria-Hungary must be done through our Berlin Branch Office, W. Linkstrasse 17, or through our Leipzig business office, Hainstrasse 31, Treppe C III.

THE LEIPZIG, GERMANY, Branch Office of *The Musical Courier*, Markt 3 II., is in charge of Mr. Oscar Neumann.

CHICAGO OFFICE of *The Musical Courier* is at 226 Wabash Avenue.

BOSTON OFFICE of *The Musical Courier* is at 17 Beacon Street.

PHILADELPHIA OFFICE—2043 Chestnut Street.

MILWAUKEE OFFICE—817 Newhall Street.

BROOKLYN OFFICE of *The Musical Courier* is at 599 Fulton Street.

LONDON: Single copies, Principal London Publishers.

DRESDEN: Single copies for sale at H. Bock's, Pragerstrasse 12.

Subscription (including postage), invariably in advance: Yearly, \$4.00; Foreign, \$5.00; Single copies, Ten Cents.

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All remittances for subscriptions or advertising must be made by check, draft or money orders, payable to THE MUSICAL COURIER Company.

Advertisements for the current week must be handed in by 5 P. M. on Monday.

All changes in advertisements must reach this office by Friday noon preceding the issue in which changes are to take effect.

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ESTABLISHED JANUARY, 1880.

No. 915.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1897.

The London *MUSICAL COURIER* is published every Thursday from 21 Princes street, Cavendish Square, Oxford Circus, W., London, England. This paper, while containing the salient points of *THE MUSICAL COURIER*, of New York, devotes special attention to music throughout Great Britain and the British Colonies.

Specimen copies, subscriptions and advertising rates can be obtained by addressing the London office, or

THE MUSICAL COURIER COMPANY,

19 Union Square,
New York City.

THIS amusing paragraph comes from an English contemporary:

The annual "Bayreuth" nonsense is now over, and as there will be no festival next season we are safe for two or perhaps three years. When an opera season is in full vogue at Covent Garden I am always told that nothing is right, and the Bayreuth simile is hurled at me from all points. I have made a careful analysis of all this season's Bayreuth specials, and this is my summary of the result:

- (a) They cannot sing at Bayreuth. They only shout.
- (b) All Bayreuthian *Sieglinde*s and *Brunnhilde*s weigh 20 stone and sing out of tune.
- (c) The orchestra is villainous; the instruments have no tone.
- (d) Siegfried Wagner, by trying to conduct, is ruining Bayreuth.
- (e) Frau Wagner "will ultimately frighten everybody away with her policy of direction."

Even the English have a glimmer of humor at times!

THE news reaches us that M. Faber, the proprietor of Covent Garden Theatre, has decided not to further lease the opera house after 1898 to the present syndicate. This is official and it effectually squelches all hopes of the Grau-Reszké-De Grey faction holding the reins of government of the house. The fact is that there was too much triumphant trumpeting when the last opera season ended and the name of Grau was too much in evidence. Considering the deep dissatisfaction manifested toward Grau by his employers it was only evident that the laudations of his "superb management," &c., were carefully cooked by that son-of-a-cook, Jean Reszké. It was, in a word, a case of one hand washing the other. But after next year the whole scheme falls to the earth, as may be gleaned from M. Faber's intention.

A NEW departure may be inaugurated by Pugno, the great French pianist, who is coming here this season. He has been playing the pianos of the old Parisian house of Pleyel-Wolff, and it is possible that he will bring grand pianos along instead of playing upon our home article, as has always been the case. One exception in recent times was Janko, the inventor of the Janko Keyboard, who brought a Blüthner, Leipzig, grand piano on which he performed in Chickering Hall, but this was specially provided with a Janko keyboard, on which he demonstrated the value of that most ingenious invention. Pugno will play at the Philharmonic, at the Thomas concerts in Chicago, and here in the East at the Sunday night concerts at the Metropolitan, and in the most important concerts all over the country.

A MASCAGNI CANARD!

THIS rather alarming cablegram appeared in the *Herald* last week:

IS MASCAGNI DEMENTED?

REPORT THAT THE FAMOUS YOUNG ITALIAN COMPOSER TRIED TO SHOOT HIMSELF WITH A REVOLVER.

The *Herald's* European edition publishes the following from its correspondent:

NICE, Sept. 9, 1897.—The *Gazzetta dell' Emilia* publishes a dispatch from Pesaro stating that Mascagni, the composer, who had just arrived from Baden, had attempted suicide by shooting himself with a revolver.

Though an effort is being made to keep the matter a secret, adds the paper's correspondent, he heard it from a friend of the composer.

NEWS DENIED AT THE MINISTRY OF FINE ARTS IN ROME.

ROME, Sept. 9, 1897.—The rumor of the reported attempted suicide of Pietro Mascagni, the popular composer of *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *L'Amico Fritz*, &c., which the *Gazzetta dell' Emilia*, of Bologna, published under the fullest reserve, is officially denied at the offices of the Ministry of Fine Arts here, which department of the Government made an inquiry into the startling reports.

On the next day the story was denied, as follows:

NICE, Sept. 10, 1897.—The *Cappano* contradicts the news published yesterday of the attempted suicide of Mascagni.

The *Gazzetta dell' Emilia* was deceived by some practical joker. Mascagni will take proceedings against the authors of the false news.

The *Secolo*, in contradicting the news, says the author of *Cavalleria Rusticana* is in the enjoyment of perfect health.

Nevertheless there seemed to have been some foundation for the story, a foundation furnished—so it is rumored—by Mascagni, who is himself the joker. Some years ago an Italian poet, Stecchetti, pretended to commit suicide so as to discover the opinions of his contemporaries; he did, and published the result in a volume of poems. Perhaps Pietro *Cavalleria Rusticana* endeavored to accelerate posthumous fame!

ROSENTHAL

AS AN INTERPRETATIVE ARTIST.

II.

MUSICAL criticism, even in an age essentially critical, is liable to the evils of conventional classification. With what ease do we not insist that Von Bülow is the objective pianist; Rubinstein the emotional artist; Joseffy the prince of Chopin players; Paderewski the great Liszt interpreter! whereas, Von Bülow was tremendously subjective, quite as subjective as Rubinstein, while the Slavish virtuoso often played Bach in an irreproachable fashion, and Joseffy reads Brahms as wonderfully as he does Chopin!

This fitting an executive artist to a Procrustean scheme of criticism has even led the most careful and discriminating critics to needlessly emphasize the fact of Moriz Rosenthal's superb technic. We all know that he has greater executive ability than any living, or for that matter any dead pianist—with the exceptions of Tausig and Dreyschok. This enormous technical facility has often blinded contemporary criticism to Rosenthal's rarer faculties as an interpretative artist.

Liszt, and Paganini before Liszt, declared that the secret of virtuosity was technic, technic, technic; and gave to each recurrence of the word a peculiar emphasis. The supreme technic of Rosenthal possesses the art that conceals art, the technic that to an overwhelming mastery of mechanism unites the insight of the poet, the architectonic of the creator, and the fine reserve and tactful omission that stamps every bar of his music with intellectual distinction and personal grace. Rosenthal is no mere technician of the *bravura* type, but an artist whose powers have mellowed and matured; a thoughtful musician, who sinks a potent personality in his performances, finding the mere vainglory of display thoroughly unpalatable and also incompatible with his lofty ideals.

There literally is no such thing as an objective performance of a composition; some pulse beat, some of the blood and nerve of a player must manifest itself, no matter how high the tension or the adherence to a so-called classical standard. But for convenience sake we speak of objective and subjective, despite Ruskin's earnest warning; and by objective we mean an artist of the sort who avoids all obtrusion of the non-essential in his interpretations. That is to say, he plays Bach, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Chopin, Tchaikowsky, Brahms and Rubinstein with finely differentiated readings, with widely discriminated touches, all of course being enveloped in a personal *aura*, yet having the inevitable ring of sincerity. This gift of getting outside of one's skin, of thinking and feeling with another man's mind and nerves, is the touchstone of the great interpretative pianist, and it is precisely this gift that Rosenthal possesses.

We have traced his artistic royal descent from Tausig by way of Joseffy; but his readings are his own and are the product of his own serious meditations. Rosenthal is the most intellectual pianist since Von Bülow, and richer, redder musical blood flows in his veins. He never allows the musical laboratory to become visible on the concert platform, as did Von Bülow, who elaborated and over elaborated his mental processes until they became purely structural and without the bud and bloom of poetical fancy.

Take, for example, Rosenthal's Bach and Beethoven playing; how solid, how satisfying it is in accent and meaning! There is a crispness, a fullness and a mastery which never leaves dark or doubtful passages of *double entendre*, and the *ictus* is never too harshly insisted upon. In the later Beethoven Rosenthal revels, and the rhythmic life, the measured flow—which is the only true definition of rhythm—the virile attack, the deep feeling and lofty conception, stamp him as an ideal interpreter of Beethoven. He is essentially a masculine artist, despite his control of every imaginable dynamic shade; for him there are no puling languors in Chopin, but the charm and sweetness and delicacy he has in abundance. You hear the whizzing and cleaving of the battle axe in the polonaises and the martial tramp of warriors in stately dance, and he

can rock you in dreamful slumber with the gossamer musical waves that lap the barcarolle.

In Schumann Rosenthal is a master among masters. The fantasia, the symphonic studies, the concerto, are his best examples of profound study. The freshness and variety of his interpretations, the recurring delight in his versatility of tone tintings, are few among the factors that make Rosenthal's name a magic one in the domain of music. To the rare acumen of the scholar Rosenthal unites the grace, ease and wit of a man of the world. His well stored brain, his many sided culture, are all ready witnesses, not only to born aptitude, but also to his magnificent methods of study—a study that tells heavily in his playing. It must not be supposed, however, that he is the scholar pianist, lacking in fire, in spontaneity, in dash and brilliancy. No pianist is more brilliant, no pianist so easily masters the decorative side of his art, and yet no pianist can play the Appassionata Sonata with such an inward fervid glow, ripeness of conception, and make such astounding effects in the *coda* of the last movement.

In sympathy with all that is modern, Rosenthal has introduced many new and important works to the public. He plays Schytte, Scharwenka and Tchaikowsky with a keen savor of their musical content, and we cannot easily forget the impression he created with Schytte's concerto in C sharp minor.

Rosenthal, then, as an interpretative artist has been sometimes overshadowed by his reputation as a virtuoso, yet we know of no one better qualified by native talent and strenuous culture for the difficult art of varied interpretations than Moriz Rosenthal, and Moriz Rosenthal is to-day the rarest intelligence that manifests itself on the keyboard of the piano.

(To be continued.)

THE FORTHCOMING SEASON.

WE are on the brink of the season 1897-8. Artists have little more time left than it will take to satisfactorily tune their fiddles, clear their throats and make lissom the fingers which have so much duty before them. The holiday season is practically over. The time is here for girding on the armor for the imminent artistic year, which promises to be one of almost unprecedented activity.

No longer lists of artists and no greater number of projected concerts have waited on the threshold of any season within recollection. This 1897-8 will be a tremendously busy period, and its course is, to all seeming outlook, destined to be marked by much significant artistic work.

In this we do not include any schemes for opera. The concert world and its artists furnish sufficiently lavish prospectus for quotation without touching on operatic projects or people.

The foreign importation announced this season is immense. It is well to emphasize the term "announced," since so many slips are wont to occur in the matter of contracts with these musical people of so many minds, who hail only across an ocean. It seems safe to suppose, however, that the principal artists published will arrive. Pianists, violinists, singers, cellists, our favorites of one or more seasons, nearly all return, supplemented by a new contingent of brilliant merit and variety, while our home artists of distinctive merit will be again in the field and heard to just advantage, and it is to be hoped to proper financial return, in some of the most prominent functions which will have place.

Among pianists come Rosenthal, Siloti, Pugno and Sieveking from Europe. There will then be Constantin von Sternberg, Leopold Godowsky and Paolo Gallico among others of prominence at home. Rosenthal the mighty, the pre-eminent, the world-wonder, returns to pick up the links of the short but glorious chain which he began here last season, but which was broken by his dangerous fever. The piano emperor has completely recuperated, is now in superb condition and will begin this American tour, destined to be a memorable one in the minds of musicians and the history of piano playing, in November. Moriz Rosenthal comes to lay an enduring landmark.

Pugno is a stranger here, but Europe tells us to wait for a pianist of surpassing delicacy, expressiveness and grace. This artist stands at the head of

the French school. His painting is not in oil, but in the tints of the water-colorist, which, however, are not too faint in character, but reveal firmly the lights and shadows of his picture. Anticipation in Pugno's case is made to run high, his touch being esteemed the most exquisite and poetic of his school.

Siloti is great, to be sure. There will be anxiety and to spare to hear this artist, should he come.

It is a matter of interesting novelty to find Constantin von Sternberg open his season actively with a series of piano recitals and conversations, for which no man can mutually be better equipped. That Mr. Sternberg will make this combination of effort a feature of progress and success in the season there can be little doubt.

Ysaye, the greatest artistic idol of the violin, who has played here in years, returns, and returns to a welcome. Henri Marteau, the favorite, both artistic and personal, of an immense clientèle, also returns after an absence of a few interesting years at compulsory French soldiering. Then we have Karger, a young German, who carries with him the solid indorsement of both Joachim and Halir. Two violinists of more sympathetic interest to the public at this time than Ysaye and Marteau could hardly have been brought to return in one season. They pique the American palate from different directions in exactly the right degree.

That young tone poet, Jean G  rardy, returns with his 'cello, and Leo Stern, the accomplished 'cellist who made such a success last season, also comes again. G  rardy will, no doubt, be in trousers by this time, a change of garment in no way interfering with the impressiveness of his early developed power. G  rardy's genius and passionate musical feeling received no added enchantment through knickerbockers. The public would have known him for the soulful artist he was in any garb, and with any statement of age he might declare. He was ripe and reliable, not precocious in the frail, hysterical manner of the over played appearances in short patacons and infant collars. The gifted Leo Stern will as usual exhale no doubt the eminently popular perfume in America of Buckingham Palace and its related regalities and nobilities.

But the singers! they are legion. The Henschels, ever welcome, musicianly, finished artists, return. The Henschel combination is too rare for rivalry. Their work, with Georg Henschel's scholarship and intimate genius in song at the helm, is a joy and a lesson at once. To know in all languages and in all schools how a song should be sung, to gain innate understanding of its spirit as of its technical treatment, one should hear Mr. and Mrs. Georg Henschel sing. Their programs, ranging over centuries, are familiar to all vocal musicians, and their appearance in them is an event for congratulation at all times.

Mr. N. Herlof is bringing over an American debutante in the soprano Mme. Dyna Beumer, whose European reputation gives much to be looked for on this side of the water. The artist has won equal success in England and on the Continent, and enjoys the admiration of many musicians. Plan  on of the opera, will be a leading concert feature, a singer whose unfailing success may be built upon, and again one of those whose intelligent vocalization forms a delightful model in the art of song. Nordica is announced. Who knows? The girl from Maine has been ill. France did not care for the immobility of her jaw, although this angular framework managed to grow flexible for Poland. It is too early to talk of Nordica.

For oratorio especially the return of the basso Ffrangcon-Davies will be cordially greeted. His *Elijah* alone would keep his memory here an honored one. We are then to meet for the first time in America the prima donna soprano Mlle. Antoinette Trebelli, who has established for herself in Europe the reputation of a great artist, and for whom a pronounced success here is foretold.

Lillian Blauvelt sings again; so does Clementine de Vere; also Emma Juch. Every other singer or player of note is in the hands of active management, ready to enter the campaign and wage close but honorable artistic fight in the determination to find by public vote their exact place, after a rarely prolific season. The contest is sharp and thick, and the prospect as interesting to the observer of "home" by the side of "foreign," as it is inviting to

the ambitious artist who enjoys nothing more keenly than a tense, vital competition.

From opera ranks there will appear in concert Gadsky, Kraus, Campanari and Fischer. Altogether, the concert room will put forth a prodigal showing. There looms up before us almost an embarrassing richness of music and musicians. Above all hangs the halo of prosperity in encouragingly reliable degree. Artists of all instruments and foremost singers of all types can be heard in the concert room for a figure not spelling bankruptcy, and for which purse strings will doubtless open with supporting alacrity. Taken from the standpoint of the concert room the coming season is a full, satisfactory one, artists of every class and of distinguished merit, both home and foreign, combining to make it one of serious musical value.

Orchestral music will stand in its accustomed stand. The same quantity will be provided. Quality does not form a matter of comment in this rapid category of the musical scheme for 1897-8.

DEFENDING DAMROSCH.

WILMINGTON, Del., September 6, 1897.

Editors *The Musical Courier*:

Being a constant and devoted reader of your valuable paper, I have read your several recent onslaughts against Mr. Walter Damrosch—"young Mr. Damrosch"—as you please to call him.

Now I wish you would be a little more explicit, and explain at length why Mr. Damrosch does not receive as much approbation from your editorial columns as of yore. In my humble opinion, and according to the verdict of scores of others, he understands the art of conducting an orchestra as well as any conductor on this side of the Atlantic. You have accused him of being mediocre, a poor program maker, belittled him, &c., such only as an editor can do. I have heard daily his concerts at Willow Grove this summer, and I doubt that there is any other orchestra in the United States that could present daily programs (practically without rehearsal) in better shape than those played by the men at Willow Grove. One day last week there were at least 30,000 people there listening to one of his concerts.

I have been at resorts where Gilmore, Brooke, Innes and Theo. Thomas have played, and never heard any more satisfaction expressed at their programs than I have at those of Walter Damrosch. Thomas, according to your paper, is a born concert conductor and program maker and a driller par excellence, yet Damrosch has as good an orchestra as Thomas ever had, with perhaps the exception of one or two years.

Evidently the people of New York did not support Damrosch and his men sufficiently during the opera season to enable them to live in Europe during the summer months, consequently Mr. Damrosch's men, like Mr. Paur's, had to take a summer engagement.

But as Mr. Damrosch is making \$375 per week, that is pretty good pay for a "kid." Better "young Mr. Damrosch" than the superannuated "Philharmonic."

Now, go ahead, Mr. Editor, and roast foreigners all you can, but don't down ability.

Yours truly,

J. L. DASHIELL.

YES, we agree with Mr. Dashiell in his last remark; better anything than the "superannuated Philharmonic," but there is one saving clause to the Philharmonic Band, and that is Anton Seidl. A great leader may do something with the poorest material, but a poor or mediocre leader will make a muddle of an orchestra of angels. We have been asked why the Philharmonic concerts continue to draw audiences, and we answer: Seidl, Seidl, and again Seidl. If a man of lesser calibre conducted, these concerts would die a natural death in six months.

But "young Mr. Damrosch" (the phrase is not our own) is under consideration, and we can only reply by saying that there is no disputing taste, and if Mr. Dashiell likes Walter better than Gilmore, Brooke, Innes, Seidl, Thomas, &c., why who shall contravert him, who may dispute his sincere, withal peculiar, taste?

In the beginning, over a decade ago, we warned Mr. Damrosch of the difficulties of his position, and as he was evidently bent on running things to suit himself we presumed to criticise him. His conducting of Wagner at that time was bad, yet allowances were made for his extreme youth and inexperience. As time rolled by "young Mr. Damrosch" became worse instead of better. He had always a pretty trick of accompanying a singer on the piano, and he

was eminently successful in conducting male choruses over in New Jersey. But despite the magnificent Carnegie "booming" he finally fell flat and reached Willow Grove, where he may conduct for 30,000,000 of people, yet will he not become a better conductor.

This is the first time we ever knew that the size of an audience determined the status of a conductor.

His salary, too, may be trebled, yet he will remain the same Walter with the lagging beat, the imperfect ear and the colorless, parrot-like readings.

We like to receive letters containing sincere expressions of opinion, for it allows us to define our position more clearly. We entertain only the kindest feelings for Mr. Damrosch, and we are delighted that he has at last found a field in which he can display to advantage that wonderful, ornamental, semi-circular beat of his, and may his audiences wax greater, and may the cause of temperance and picnic pie flourish at Willow Grove, in the suburbs of saintly Wanamakerville! Amen!

It is reported that Melba will not appear in concerts this season, but will limit her engagement to the opera, laying special stress upon such advanced operatic works as Lucia, Bohemian Girl, Traviata, Lucia, Lucia and Bohemian Girl, and at the matinee, once again Lucia. Part of the scheme is to sing the mad scene in Lucia twice every time, so that those who have never forgotten it will remember it again and those who do not care to remember it will surely not fail to forget to remember. If Melba is to sing *Brünnhilde* in Siegfried this paper will announce it in due time, but in the meantime it can be accepted as a fact that she *will* sing Lucia, including the mad scene.

THE soloists for the eight concerts of the New York Philharmonic Society this season, the dates of which were announced in last week's COURIER, will be supplied by Messrs. R. E. Johnston & Co., the entrepreneurs, who have already arranged the following dates:

For November 12-13.....Ysaye.
 " December 10-11.....Pugno.
 " January 7-8.....Marteau.
 (Being the one exception.)
 " January 28-29.....Gérardy.
 " February 18-19.....Nordica.
 " March 4-5.....Plançon.
 " March 18-19 and April 1-2 have not been decided upon. Ysaye may appear twice at the Philharmonic.

Jean de Reszké and W. K. Vanderbilt were among the purchasers at the sale of yearlings from the Joyenval stud. The tenor bought the colt Ormeson for \$4,040, while Ontario for \$3,300 and Oasis for \$4,000 went to Mr. Vanderbilt.

THIS paragraph is from the New York *Sun*, which appears to have opportunities that give it some of the choicest exclusive news.

This money spent for race horses was made by Reszké in America. When he gave utterance to that palpable falsehood, which consisted of a signed letter in which he stated that his salary in Europe was as large as his income here is, he demonstrated not only that the truth is of as little consequence to him as a falsehood, but that he did not possess the faculty of common sense, for that would have dictated an acknowledgment of the fact. Suppose Reszké, instead of signing a lie, had said: "Yes, America does show a much greater appreciation of the work of my brother and myself; we make thousands here while in Europe we make hundreds." Suppose he had manfully told this truth!

But these foreign adventurers look upon us with such contempt that they give no consideration to questions of ethics. Jean de Reszké deliberately lied over his own signature and then went on the Metropolitan Opera House stage to delineate a great and noble hero like *Tristan* or *Siegfried*; and does anyone mean to say that an individual who is capable of such double dealing can be a sincere artist? Isn't this charlatanism, pure and simple? Isn't it the quintessence of cynicism, provided the man is sufficiently intelligent to comprehend practical cynicism?

AS OTHERS SEE IT.

SEPTEMBER'S *Munsey's* contains several important comments of musical matters of moment. Here again the fact is emphasized that the people of Europe do not care to listen to Jean de Reszké, demonstrating their indifference by not only not paying to hear him, but by not even engaging him. And yet this man de Reszké had the impudence to send a letter to the *Herald* stating in it that his European guarantee or salary was as great as his American, whereas, while he makes over 1,000,000 francs here a season, he does not make 50,000 a season on the Continent.

This paper will not cease its comments on this offensive lie until the perpetrator of it has solemnly apologized to the American people.

We reproduce the *Munsey* articles in full.

THE DICTRESS OF COVENT GARDEN.

Opera as it was done in London this year afforded the American who happened to know something about it and its workings other emotions besides wonder. Thankfulness might be mentioned as one of them. In America we had spasms of indignation over Jean de Reszké's desire to "run things," and a few more spasms over his comparative success in doing so; but his influence in New York is as moonshine to the sun of his glory in London. When Mr. Grau has passed through the business difficulties which are likely to take all of his attention for the next few months, and gets into condition to give opera, the season after next, he will doubtless begin to feel that after all America is not a bad place to live in, even if a man is forced into bankruptcy now and then. At least, when he manages an opera, he is allowed to open his own doors when he wants to.

We believe, too, that if Mr. Grau were to tell the facts concerning his own state of mind, he would confess that one of the joys of his managerial career would be to see the people of the United States and the people of London learn enough of musical criticism to realize that Jean de Reszké is not only not the one good tenor in the world, but is actually not a good one at all, compared to the real tenors who have been heard in England and America.

The people of other countries discovered it some time ago—the music lovers of Continental Europe, who are not bound by fashion or taken with posing and costuming. We have nothing whatever to say against M. de Reszké's social qualities. They have made him fashionable friends in London, and it is fashionable people who control opera there. But why New York, and Chicago, and the other cities in America, should pretend, at London's instigation, that they like something which in their hearts they cannot like, is one of the mysteries of a faddy age. The booming which has blown the de Reszké bubble to its present proportions has bankrupted an American opera company, and has put the London season at Covent Garden \$100,000 in debt.

We have nothing as curious in America as the way in which opera is managed in London. The control of it appears to be in the hands of Lady de Grey, who is the wife of an earl, and who has a fancy for this sort of thing. She hears singers during her morning hours—almost anybody who chooses to come before her. This has never been known to benefit the singers, but it amuses Lady de Grey and fills in her morning. Then she takes a casual look over the wardrobes, and if a prima donna has a preference for puffed sleeves she is usually put into plain ones. Lady de Grey's management of the wardrobe was so clever that at "state performance," during the jubilee, Madame Melba and Marguerite Macintyre were found quarrelling over one gown, which finally appeared on the two ladies in different parts of the evening. The energetic countess personally asked most of the stockholders to take their shares, and when the state performance came tickets were only let out to the elect, under her direction, with the result that it was like a de Grey reception, to which royalty was induced to come to get a satin program with the heads of the four generations of the Queen's family printed on it.

The performance was in reality a most beautiful and magnificent one, the performers being London society. Nobody paid any attention to the stage. There were flowers, and diamonds, and uniforms, and royal tableaux to dazzle the eyes, and this was the acme of opera. Music? The *Telegraph* gave four long columns to the evening, and thirty lines to the music. Let us pray that by the time we get opera again we shall cease to be so hopelessly Philistine and middle class as to take our opinions of singers from the restless wife of an earl who has nothing to do but exploit her flatterers.

TWO FAMOUS FAILURES.

To struggling vocalists the will-o'-the-wisp that carries weary hearts over all the bogs and brambles is the hope that some day they will have the good luck *arriver*. "Arriver" is the elegant and Frenchy translation of a racy phrase of our own which will readily be recognized.

The ambitious aspirant looks with deep envy at the lucky singers that have reached the pinnacle of fame, and

sighs: "If I could only 'get there' my troubles and disappointments and failures would be all ended." But this last season has seen a pathetic proof of the instability of the footing held by two of the world's favorites. Greatness is no safeguard against humiliation and defeat. Melba and Nordica have both had serious and signal artistic disasters this year. They have not been dethroned from supremacy, because there are no worthy pretenders to their places; but they have scored failures that must have caused bitter heartache and tears, the more bitter for the publicity of their ill fortune.

Madame Melba, at the instigation of over zealous friends and spurred by an ambition thoroughly worthy, however ruinous, hoped to demonstrate her ability to sing one of the heavier Wagnerian roles. The opera chosen for her entrée into the realm of Wagner was Siegfried. As *Brünnhilde* her part is not long—she does not appear until the last act; but the first phrase sung showed that the singer and the role were hopelessly incompatible. This proves nothing to the detriment of either. But Wagner has been insisted upon as the test of a singer's real operatic greatness, and Melba could not help feeling that she was dimly and publicly defeated. Shortly afterward she found that the state of her health necessitated a change of air, and her defection was one of the causes that brought about the collapse of the opera season in America.

Melba is as great a singer as before; for purity of tone and flexibility of voice she is still unapproached among the public vocalists of the world. But her pre-eminence did not avail to protect her from a misadventure of crushing weight.

So Nordica, who is more versatile than Melba, possessing a larger voice and more dramatic variety, and having been considered, for these reasons, really our first contemporary soprano, has met, nevertheless, with a serious disappointment. Hailed in America as the greatest of all the *Isoldes*, called to Bayreuth by Wagner's own wife to sing in his own theatre, she went to Paris with every right to expect a triumph. But whoever attempts to prophesy the attitude of the French public reckons without his fickle host. It is only the plain, blunt truth to say that Paris would have none of her. The French critics, who delight to cast epithets like "magnificent, superb, inexpressible, exquisite" upon mediocre vocalists, received this regent of song with utter indifference, patronized her with half-hearted attention, and sealed her doom with faint praise. So Nordica withdrew from Paris with the same dejection in which Melba dropped her Wagnerian repertory.

It would be utter toadism for us to base our own opinions of this wonderful artist upon the whim of a foreign town notorious for provincialism and for mobbing its actors one day in rage and mobbing them the next day in idolatry. America has reached a point where it can make up its own artistic mind for reasons good and sufficient in themselves. None the less, Nordica failed of an important conquest and is doubtless inconsolable. She left Paris, to fall, like Melba, into an illness that threatened her very life.

The struggling vocalist, then, should cease idle envy of those who seem to have "arrived," for no one arrives finally and conclusively. This may seem poor consolation indeed, in one light; but on the other hand it should convince the aspirant that the true end of art is in the effort rather than the attainment, in the hard won progress rather than the destination, and in the pure joy and glory of battle for one's artistic creeds and personal salvation.

INJURING A REPUTATION.

EVERY musical individual in this country by this time knows that the Boston Symphony Orchestra is an organization of unusual artistic merit and usefulness, which is destined to elevate the taste of the people and gradually bring about a still higher standard of culture through the excellence of its work. THE COURIER has been the sole, uncompromising advocate of the claim that this orchestra is the most superb organization of its kind; and in every possible manner this fact, as believed by us, has been urged and impressed upon the musical intelligence of the country, until now there is no one who attempts to gainsay it.

Recently, however, it has been discovered that the name of the organization has been utilized in a vaudeville show, where members of the orchestra have been playing during the summer, and THE COURIER in protesting against this debauching system has been upbraided by the Boston *Herald* and Boston *Traveller*, who insisted that the audiences at the vaudeville in Boston were the same as those at Music Hall. This preposterous and false statement was published as a defense of the vaudeville, which is a heavy advertiser in the Boston papers.

This paper insists upon its original protest published in the interests of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, to the effect that the manager, Mr. Ellis,

has no right to permit the members of that body to be hired out to vaudeville, and the great name of the organization degraded to the level of the following performers, whose names appear in conjunction with that of the Symphony:

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Entr'acte, La Colombe...Gounod
In the Mill...Gillet
Selection, Farka...Chassaigne

A PRIMA DONNA OF TWO CONTINENTS.

"She Stands on a Level with Christine Nilsson in Her Best Days."

First Appearance in Vaudeville of the Celebrated Operatic Soprano.

MARIE TAVARY

Associated with a total absence of artistic equilibrium we find here a sad lack of business judgment, for it will certainly damage the necessary commercial future of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to have its title advertised with trick Donkeys and Baboons, even though the name of the manager of the Symphony is not printed on the same bill. A fine state of affairs, and yet the business end of the Boston Orchestra expects to have paying audiences in this city. Not with such handling.

Rosenthal.—Rosenthal's first series of concerts are entirely booked. He will be heard five times in New York, four times in Boston, six times in Chicago, and in all the large cities throughout the country. He will play in San Francisco for the first time in the last two weeks of January. His spring tour is not quite arranged yet, but negotiations are now on foot to give a limited number of combination concerts in conjunction with another great artist.

Off for Europe.—Mrs. Clarence Eddy and Miss Rose Ettinger sail to-day on the St. Paul for Europe, going directly to Paris. Miss Ettinger begins her concert tour on October 21 at the Gewandhaus, in Leipzig, with Nikisch. She is already engaged for a large number of concerts in Germany, Russia, Austria and Holland, under the management of Hermann Wolff. Mr. Clarence Eddy will concertize in this country for the next four months, after which time he will return to Europe for a tour on the Continent.

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Eccentric Comedians; the "Two Hottentots."

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Expert Fancy Dancing Act.

BILLY BARLOW,

Irish Comedian, Vocalist and Dancer.

YOUNG AMERICUS,

Equilibrist and Balancer.

Nedda Morrison.

THE portrait which is published on the front page of this issue of THE MUSICAL COURIER represents fairly the picturesque outline and intelligent charm of the face of Miss Nedda Morrison, the gifted young soprano whose American career has just begun, and whose future promises from all points of view to be a most successful one.

The young singer arrived here from London only last spring. Her charming voice and talent at once made her a subject of interest to many managers, but she decided to place herself under the direction of Mr. Henry Wolfsohn, with whom she has now made a three years' contract, during which period she will, beyond all doubt, succeed in securing for herself a permanent place in the artistic affections of the American public.

Her voice is a pure soprano, high, light, vibrant and exceedingly brilliant and flexible in coloratura work. Her intonation is unimpeachable and the quality of the voice is just as musical as it is well produced and even. The young singer knows her genre and keeps well within it, singing only the operatic roles or the concert numbers which fit exactly the compass and timbre of her voice, and thus escaping the pitfalls and final disaster resulting to many vocal instruments of exquisite and delicate value, which will insist on assuming the burden of weighty dramatic music, for which they have not naturally been intended.

To her pure and lovely voice Nedda Morrison unites a sound general musicianship far beyond the ordinary equipment acquired by vocal artists. Beyond this she is a young woman of unique personal charm both in manner and appearance, petite, brown eyed, wavy haired, with a clear, delicate coloring and a rarely sympathetic smile. Her manner is a combination of modesty almost naive, and a clear, firm intelligence which is bound to inspire confidence in the value of her artistic gifts. She is exceptionally refined and gives vent to many clever and solid ideas on her art in a speaking voice of such mellow, resonant quality, with an accent of such piquant harmony and grace that her conversation forms a delightful pleasure. With Miss Morrison it has not solely been a matter of voice and voice culture. It is obvious that good birth, breeding and a general education of some distinction have combined to make of her the interesting artist that she is.

Her musicianly talent disclosed itself early in her birthplace in Scotland. She was put to the piano and progressed with astonishing rapidity, continuing her studies in piano and harmony with the first professors in Glasgow. In Miss Morrison's case the term "musicianly" is used advisedly, as hers was not only the natural gift of voice and of musical taste, but she had also the adaptation to theory which has brought her to a sound plane of general musicianly understanding.

Very early in years she went in for the Scottish local examinations for the Royal Academy of Music, Trinity College, London, and also for the Society of Arts, London. Here she carried off certificates both in piano and harmony with ease in both instances. Her next move was to enter the Glasgow College of Music, and by this time the voice, which had always been noticeable among her musical gifts as a child, had grown to show itself her most promising musical endowment as a woman.

She there studied singing under the principal of the college himself, Allan Macbeth, the well-known musician and composer, and other branches under the leading professors of the institute. Her talents were speedily noted as remarkable, and before long she succeeded in obtaining the scholarship for singing of the college, together with every primary certificate or testimony offered for elocution, languages, study in opera, harmony and composition.

Attention was attracted to the young artist, and her debut, made both in opera and concert in Glasgow a few years ago, brought forth an excellent operatic offer from J. B. Turner, head of the English opera company of his name, a company well known to stand second only to the Carl Rosa troupe in England. Miss Morrison refused, as her mind was bent on further study in London. Instead of being dazzled by the public enthusiasm which this debut evoked, and the extremely flattering press notices which might divert the intentions of a less serious artist, she went to London and entered as a student the Royal Musical Academy of London, where she again reviewed the former curriculum of piano, singing, harmony, opera, elocution and languages.

Her vocal talent was at once seen by Sir Alexander Mackenzie, director of the academy, to be an exceptional one, and by his special direction and advice she was placed as a vocal pupil with William Shakespeare. To become a pupil of Shakespeare in the London Royal Academy is a prominent distinction. This famous teacher, to whom singers from all corners of the world come to study, can but possibly find time for four pupils at the Royal Academy of Music. To become one of these four is the aspiration of many hundreds of gifted students, but the young Scottish girl, with the pure flexible voice and highly developed musical intelligence, entered under his tuition without any effort beyond showing simply what she knew and could do

at the moment. Miss Nedda Morrison was readily recognized as a young singer of unusual musicianly gifts.

She took first the bronze medal for singing, opera and elocution. Later she won the silver medal for the same subjects, in each instance honorable mention having been made of her piano playing. Miss Morrison is—outside the ranks of virtuosi—a clever and sympathetic pianist, and from her power to read and play over rapidly any score is better equipped than nine out of every ten singers to get up a role unassisted in a very short period.

At an operatic performance given in the academy during her study she sang *Senta* in *The Flying Dutchman* with immense success, and appeared also as *Astraffante* in *The Magic Flute*. The brilliant Mozart music of the latter she sang with wonderful brilliancy and ease, although the petite singer almost felt her vocal glory overwhelmed by what she felt to be her ludicrous appearance garbed in the costume of Madame Albani, which might well have enveloped two complete frames of her dimensions. Her facile execution, however, and purity of tone in the elaborate music won for her infinite praise and enthusiasm.

Professional work now came forward permanently. Miss Morrison was engaged to sing at the Scottish Orchestral concerts in Glasgow, where she made an emphatic success under the baton of the well-known Wilhelm Kes. She appeared with equal success as *Marguerite* in *Faust* in the Imperial Institute, London, and her appearance in concert in Queen's Hall, London, was greeted with unusual favor. Many offers poured in upon her, but the young singer had already decided to make America her field, as she has.

Arriving here only last spring she was at once engaged by Damrosch for orchestral concert. She appeared in Philadelphia and proved so successful that she was re-engaged at once. At Willow Grove she was equally popular, and from the reputation already established she will be a welcome visitor again in this vicinity.

Numerous offers for the opening season are coming in, and already Miss Morrison has signed a number of engagements. Offers from the other side are coming proportionately fast, but Miss Morrison is obliged to refuse all propositions from across the Atlantic in view of her contracts and outlook here. That she will prove as great a favorite as she is an accomplished artist there is small reason to doubt.

She has the gifts, musical, personal and physical, which go to make up the successful and deservedly successful artist on the stage. Presenting an ideal little figure for her suitable roles in opera, with a concert presence of most winsome and sympathetic charm, and supplementing her pure, well trained voice by a strong and lucid intelligence, Miss Morrison possesses all the elements which ought and must obtain for her wide public favor and artistic recognition. The modesty which characterizes this young singer, her simple grace of manner allied to much serious depth are somewhat outside the average, and speak to those who can read between the lines of an artistic spirit which will always spell progress.

Nedda Morrison has the freshness and energy of youth, voice, talent and a personality of charming interest. She is pleasant at the same time to hear and to look at, and many American audiences will give her a sure and lasting welcome.

The following valuable letter was written to Miss Morrison by the eminent vocal teacher Shakespeare prior to her departure for America:

14 MANSFIELD STREET, PORTLAND PLACE, LONDON, May 24, 1897.

I have much pleasure in recommending Miss Morrison as an accomplished singer in concert or church music. She has studied with me for some years, and possesses a beautiful and sympathetic soprano voice, has great musical talent and feeling, and is also capable of giving valuable instruction in the lines of my own teaching.

(Signed) WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, Professor of Singing.

Another letter of equal commendation from the principal of the Royal Academy, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, is in the possession of Miss Morrison. In the opinion of the first English masters and musicians she is an artist of admirable voice and talent.

Helene Maigille Home.—Mme. Helene Maigille, the eminent vocal teacher of the Laborde method, has returned to New York after a pleasant summer at Lake Sunapee, N. H.

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INNES AND DAMROSCH.

DAMROSCH'S engagement at Willow Grove Park, Philadelphia, has been written a failure. A local paper has said that Walter has been trying to educate the great middle class of Philadelphia in Wagner music, and the great middle class of Philadelphia has refused to be educated.

Now comes Walter's apologists, who say that his lack of success has been due to his devotion to art. He has clung to too high a standard to meet the approbation of a park going audience. If he had chosen to degrade his great orchestra to the level of a "mere band" the great Philadelphia public would now be hugging him to its breast, instead of treating him and his organization with cold disdain.

The facts in the case are that a "mere band" took the Philadelphia public by storm last year, playing to tens of thousands at the same place where Walter and his orchestra are playing to an occasional handful of people every day, except on such occasions as when bicycle races and bombs and skyrockets are used as features to draw the masses on.

It is a further fact that the Philadelphia public hasn't shown a lack of musical education because it liked Innes and his concert band last year and doesn't like Damrosch and his orchestra this year, for Innes' average programs were a better arrangement of standard and classical music than Damrosch's. Innes light numbers are not so light as Damrosch's, and his heavy ones are just as heavy, to use Philadelphia terms. Innes' whole program is better balanced and better calculated to hold a mixed audience in rapt attention.

There is no need for speculation on these points. It is not necessary to use Innes' work of last year as a comparison. Innes and Damrosch have been practically playing in competition for the last five weeks, Damrosch at Innes' old stand, Willow Grove, about 12 miles from Philadelphia in one direction, and Innes at Washington Park, on the Delaware, about 12 miles from Philadelphia in another direction.

The swells who live out Willow Grove way, "on the pike," used to be at Willow Grove a good deal last summer, and many of them had never been to Washington Park on the Delaware. It was a long way off and not considered ultra fashionable. But while Willow Grove is empty these days Washington Park on the Delaware, a bigger place, is crowded, and a lot of the far away "pike" people are among the crowd. And this strange state of things is despite the fact that seats are free at Damrosch's concerts at Willow Grove and a charge is made for them at Innes' concerts at Washington Park on the Delaware.

It may seem as if this only argues the popularity of Innes and his music, but it does more. We have Damrosch's programs for Willow Grove and Innes' programs for Washington Park for the same period, and a comparison of them shows conclusively that Damrosch has been playing down to the people and Innes has been playing up.

The strictly Wagnerian night which Walter gives at Willow Grove once a week was introduced by Innes there last year, and whereas Innes gave his straight Wagner concerts regularly to a multitude, Damrosch gives his to a scattered audience.

No; Damrosch's music isn't too good for Philadelphia. His programs are not too advanced for the musical thought of the Philadelphia people. The shifting patronage from Willow Grove to Washington Park on the Delaware, where music of as high a grade and a better average is given by a well trained, conscientious band, under the direction of a studious leader, is proof of it.

Some of the Damrosch and Innes programs in parallel are given herewith:

Innes' Opening, Willow Grove, May 30, 1896.

At 2:30 P. M.

Overture, Jubel.....	Weber
La Colombe.....	Gounod
Funeral of a Marionet.....	
Fantasia, Lohengrin.....	Wagner
Solo for piccolo, Will o' the Wisp.....	Demare
Mr. H. Heidelberg.	
Popular medley, In Gay New York.....	De Witt

At 4 P. M.

Overture, Fra Diavolo.....	Auber
Trombone solo, The Two Grenadiers.....	Schumann
Mr. F. N. Innes.	
Cupid's Story (intermezzo for reed choir).....	Innes
Two-step, Chronicle Telegraph (new).....	
Second Hungarian Rhapsody.....	Liszt
A Day at the World's Fair (grand descriptive fantasia, new).....	

At 7:30 P. M.

Overture, Fest.....	Lassen
Cupid's Story (intermezzo, new).....	Innes
Danse Americaine (new).....	
Frolics of Till Eulenspiegel (a fairy tale set to music).....	Richard Strauss
Euphonium solo, Concert Polka.....	Hartmann
Mr. O. Ed. Wardell.	
Flirtation (intermezzo).....	Steck
Atlanta Constitution (new).....	Innes

At 9 P. M.

Overture, William Tell.....	Rossini
International Dance Suite—	
Polish.....	Scharwenka
Spanish.....	Moszkowski
Russian.....	Ganne
American.....	Monroe
Suite, Faust.....	Gounod
Chorus of the Cross. In the Garden. Kermesse.	
Trombone solo, The Palms.....	Faure
Mr. F. N. Innes.	
Champagne Galop (new).....	Lumbey

Damrosch's Opening, Willow Grove Park, Saturday, May 29, 1897.

At 8 O'CLOCK.

Grand Festival March.....	Wagner
Jubel, overture.....	Weber
(Ending with America.)	
Intermezzo and Siciliano, Cavalleria Rusticana.....	Mascagni
Tales from Vienna Woods, waltz.....	Strauss

At 4:30.

Selection, Beggar Student.....	Millöcker
For strings—	
Serenade.....	Haydn
Entr'acte Gavot.....	Gillet
Dixey.....	Mollenhauer
Serenade.....	Moszkowski
Washington Post March.....	Sousa

At 7:45.

March, from Tannhäuser.....	Wagner
Overture, Raymond.....	Thomas
Suite, Carmen.....	Bizet
American Fantasia.....	Herbert
(Written on national airs.)	
Selection, Robin Hood.....	De Koven

At 9:30.

Waltz, Return of Spring.....	Waldteufel
Variations from Emperor Quartet.....	Haydn
String orchestra.	
Polka mazurka, Dragon Fly.....	Strauss
King Cotton March.....	Sousa

Innes at Washington Park, Thursday, August 12, 1897.

Overture, Raymond.	At 8:30 o'clock.	Thomas
Melody in F.		Rubinstein
Solo for cornet, Oh, How Delightful!		Molloy
Scenes from Falka.	Mr. Emil Keneke.	Chassaigne
On the Plantation (characteristic scene).		Puerner
Overture, the Barber of Seville.		Rossini
Polonaise, op. 40.		Chopin
A Summer Day in Norway.		Wilmers
Trombone solo, Waiting.		Millard
Galop, Champagne.	Mr. F. N. Innes.	Lumbye
Overture, Semiramide.	At 8:15 o'clock.	Rossini
A song, Zuleika and Hassan.		Mendelssohn
Dance (Chinese).		Katzenstein
Piccolo solo, Comin' Thro' the Rye (air varie).		Flack
Kissing the Blarney Stone (Irish fantasia).	Mr. H. Heidelberg.	Moore
March, Stars and Stripes.		Thiele
Overture, Robespierre.		Litolff
L'Arlesienne.	{ Intermezzo }	Bizet
	{ Spanish Dance }	
Scenes from Robin Hood.		De Koven
Trombone solo, In Happy Moments.		Balle
Barnyard Galop.	Mr. F. N. Innes.	Fahrbach

Innes at Washington Park, Friday Evening, August 13, 1897.
Wagner Night.

WAGNER PROGRAM.

Rienzi.	Overture
Tristan und Isolde, Isolde's Liebestod.	
Die Walküre—	
Siegmund's Love Song (cornet solo by Mr. Emil Keneke).	
Magic Fire Scene.	
Parsifal.	Vorspiel
Finale.	Love Feast of the Apostles
PART II.	
The Flying Dutchman.	Overture
Albumblatt.	
Lohengrin.	Fantasia
Tannhäuser.	Sweet Evening Star
	Trombone solo by Mr. F. N. Innes.
Huldigung's March.	

Innes Grand Opera Day at Washington Park, Thursday, September 2, 1897.

At 8:30 o'clock—Mascagni's opera, Cavalleria Rusticana.

Santuzza.	Miss Martha G. Miner	Lola.	Mme. Rosa Linde
Turiddu.	Chevalier Dante del Papa	Alfio.	Signor Achille Alberti
Vorspiel and Siciliana.			
Easter Hymn.			
Romance and Scene (Santuzza).			
Duet (Santuzza and Turiddu).			
Intermezzo.			
Brindisi and Finale (Alfio).			
Semiramide (overture).			Rossini
Ernani (aria for baritone) Eri Tu—Verdi.			Signor Achille Alberti
Faust (Suite No. 2).			Gounod
			(Introducing the Festival Chorus).
Rigoletto (quartet).			Verdi
	Mmes. Miner and Linde, Chevalier del Papa and Signor Alberti.		
Fest March (from Tannhäuser).			Wagner

PART I.—At 8 o'clock.

Gounod's opera, Faust—(Act III. (entire) and other scenes).	
Marguerite.	Miss Martha G. Miner
Mephistopheles.	Signor Achille Alberti
Chorus of the Cross and Kermesse Scene.	
Flower Song (Siebel).	Siebel.
Salve! Dimora (recitative and aria), Faust.	
Jewel Song (Marguerite).	
Scene and Quartet.	
Incantation (Mephistopheles).	
Duet (Faust and Marguerite).	
Soldiers' Chorus.	

PART II.

Aida, Finale second act.	
Scenes from Il Trovatore.	Verdi
Introducing Di Quella Pira (trombone solo by Mr. Innes, Il Miserere (duet for cornet and euphonium, by Messrs. Keneke and Wardwell), and concluding with the famous "Anvil Scene," by festival chorus, brigade of costumed anvil beaters, electric battery of artillery, flaming anvils, &c.	
Vorspiel, Lohengrin.	Wagner
This most beautiful composition takes for its subject the descent of the Holy Grail, the mysterious symbol of the Christian faith. The delicious harmonies which accompany its descent increase in warmth and power until the sacred mystery is revealed to human eyes. They then die away to a pianissimo, and gradually disappear as the angels bearing the holy vessel return to their celestial abode.	
Scene from Lucia (Chi Mi Frena).	Donizetti
Miss Miner, Mme. Linde, Chevalier del Papa and Signor Achille Alberti.	
Overture, Zampa.	Herold
Friday, September 3, afternoon, Soloists' Carnival. Introducing all the great soloists, festival chorus, electrical artillery, &c. Evening, Grand Symphonic Festival.	

Damrosch at Willow Grove, Thursday August 12, 1897.

8 to 4 o'clock.

Processional from Queen of Sheba.	Goldmark
Waltz, from Suite in F.	Volkmann
Gourmand Polka.	Waldteufel
Potpouri, Pagliacci.	Leoncavallo
Symphonic poem, Les Preludes.	Liszt
Overture, The Black Domino.	Auber
March, Leonore.	Raff
Norwegian Artists' Carnival.	Svendsen
Gavot.	Saint-Saëns
I Tipferl, polka.	Strauss
Royal Tambour and Vivandiere.	Rubinstein
Academic Festival Overture.	Brahms
Gavot in E.	Bach
Kaiserstadt Polka Française.	Johann Strauss
The Wheel of Omphale.	Saint-Saëns
Slavic Dances.	Dvorak
Overture, Cagliostro.	Strauss
Overture, The Barber of Seville.	Rossini
Two Hungarian Dances.	Brahms
Meditation from Faust.	Gounod
Et Capitan.	Sousa
Cortege de Bacchus.	Delibes

4:45 to 5:30.

8 to 9 o'clock.

9:45 to 10:30.

(By request.)

Damrosch at Willow Grove, Friday Evening, August 13, 1897.
Wagner Night.

8 to 9 o'clock—WAGNER PROGRAM.

Overture, Die Meistersinger.
Ein Albumblatt.
Prelude and Love Death, from Tristan and Isolde.
Overture, The Flying Dutchman.
Ride of the Valkyries.

9:45 to 10:30—POPULAR.

Overture, Tell.	Rossini
Wie schoen bist du (paraphrase).	Nesvadba
Dance of the Blessed Spirits.	Gluck
Dance of the Persian Slaves.	Massenet
Norwegian Artists' Carnival.	Svendsen
The Toreadors.	Bizet

Damrosch Grand Opera Day at Willow Grove Park, Thursday, July 29, 1897.

FOURTH DAY OF THE OPERA FESTIVAL—8 TO 4 O'CLOCK.

March from Die Folkunger.	Kretschmar
Seid Umschlungen Millionen.	Strauss
Polish Dance.	Scharwenka
Solvejg's Song.	
Dance of the Mountain King's Daughter, from Peer Gynt, No. 2.	Grieg
Overture, Rienzi.	Wagner

4:45 to 5:30.

The entire third act of Gounod's Faust.

Soloists, Marguerite.	Miss Myrta French
Martha.	Miss Gertrude May Stein
Siebel.	
Faust.	Mr. Evan Williams
Mephistopheles.	Signor Bologna

8 to 9 o'clock.

Overture, Fingal's Cave.	Mendelssohn
Selections from Verdi's Rigoletto.	
Soloists, Miss Myrta French, Miss Gertrude May Stein, Signor del Papa and Signor Clemente Bologna.	

Air, Caro Nome (Gilda).	Miss French
Air, La Donna e Mobile (Il Duca).	Signor del Papa
Quartet, Miss French, Miss Stein, Signor del Papa and Signor Bologna.	

Rhapsody No. II.	Liszt
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9:45 to 10:30.

Two Spanish Dances.	Moszkowski
Valse-Scherzo.	
Malaguena.	
Selections from Donizetti's Lucia.	
Soloists, Miss French, Miss Stein, Signor del Papa, Signor Bologna, Mr. A. Lellmann, and Signor Mascotti.	
Mad Scene.	Miss French
Sextet, Miss French, Miss Stein, Signor del Papa, Signor Bologna, Mr. Lellmann and Signor Mascotti.	
Waltz, The Bull's-Eye.	Strauss

George Lehmann.

THE concert violinist George Lehmann is an artist whose permanent return to New York all good musicians will welcome cordially. Mr. Lehmann's American debut was made in New York some years ago, but his excellent musicianship and sympathetic mastery over his instrument are fresh in the recollection of a majority of artists and of the artistic public, who will be glad to realize that he has now finally decided to make New York his home.

Born in Germany, Mr. Lehmann received his early instruction at the hands of some of the foremost teachers of the present day. The great Wilhelmj quickly recognized his abilities, and foreseeing the future in store for him upon a thoroughly systematized training advised the young artist to enter the Leipsic Conservatory. This he did in 1880, studying with tremendous earnestness and purpose for three years, during which he achieved distinction in the various branches of music as well as in the practice of his instrument, the violin, and by his especial gifts succeeding in attracting the interested attention of Joachim as he had hitherto done that of Wilhelmj. In 1883 he performed at the Leipsic Gewandhaus the Joachim Hungarian concerto with such tremendous fire, dash and brilliant accuracy that the composer-virtuoso was delighted and impressed beyond power to express, and always thenceforward kept a particularly green spot in his memory and affections for the spirited young artist, George Lehmann, who had made his (Joachim's) own work sound so brilliantly and attractively in his own ears.

For his performance of this work Lehmann was awarded the Helbig prize.

Choosing America as the field of his career, Lehmann made his debut in New York as a solo violinist some years ago, following up his metropolitan appearance by appearance in nearly all the leading cities of the East. In one and all he was greeted with most liberal favor, the press at all points agreeing upon his sterling ability, and the public finding his performances unusually sympathetic and interesting. Criticism was all in his favor, and his popularity in the East almost certainly assured had the artist's health only permitted his remaining in this section of the country.

But an asthmatic affection forced him to leave New York and its vicinity. He was ordered to find drier air, and after a briefly successful series of concerts, during which he made many friends among musicians and laid for himself a strong basis of artistic esteem, Mr. Lehmann went West.

From 1886 to 1889 he remained established in Cleveland, where he taught, played, but principally distinguished himself by the formation of the Lehmann String Quartet, a most capable body which did not take long to build up for itself a high-class reputation, and which proved a valuable influence and feature of artistic pleasure in that portion of the West. It also gave concerts by engagement at distant points, and always evoked the most cordial public satisfaction and the most flattering notices from the press. Cleveland will now miss its quartet, which was a factor of such sterling value and importance in the musical scheme of this important centre. For its organization and the impetus thereby given in the matter of good chamber music a large vote of credit and thanks is due to George Lehmann.

Mr. Lehmann had a large class of pupils in Cleveland, his success as a teacher being remarkable and bringing him through its solid results pupils from nearly all quarters of the West. So pronounced was his success that, although he

does not henceforward intend to make teaching a prominent branch of his profession in New York, a large number of his old pupils are still anxious to study with him. Several are coming to New York for the purpose, and these he will continue to instruct, while he does not propose to enlarge or renew his class to any material extent.

In 1889 the violinist returned to Europe for travel and further study. He remained abroad three years, one of which was spent in coaching with his old friend Joachim, the other two in travel throughout England and France, playing at intervals, hearing the best music everywhere and meeting and forming friendships with some of the most prominent and distinguished artists living.

Joachim had not heard Lehmann play since the performance of the Hungarian concerto six years before, and was delighted at the breadth and repose which the violinist's own quiet, careful practice and study had now permanently impressed upon his work. Lehmann had



GEORGE LEHMANN.

developed all the best points of his training to the fullest, and he now played with the authority, dignity and tact which befit the concert artist of distinction.

Personally Lehmann is thoughtful, serious and earnest in a way to inspire confidence beforehand that his playing will be sympathetic, which it always is. He is an artist of feeling and imagination, and his performance is unexceptionally colored with poetic spirit and grace.

In 1892 he again crossed the ocean to America, going directly West, as he was not yet strong enough to endure the Eastern climate. Among his first engagements was one for twenty concerts by the Lehmann Quartet at Denver, Col. The reputation of the quartet had spread widely, just as the successful results in teaching of its founder had spread, bringing him pupils from thousands of miles apart, who now desire to follow him to New York. The violinist also did incidental solo work, but his duties as teacher absorbed the principal portion of his time.

His health being restored sufficiently to permit him to return East, George Lehmann has now established himself permanently in New York, and will be heard during the

coming season as soloist with most of the leading orchestral societies. He is a born player of the violin, and it is as such a concert violinist that he settles upon New York as his headquarters, while he will not totally abandon the field of teaching. Directly upon his settlement here, early though it be in the season, he has been engaged for a series of six concerts by the Æolian Company. This company's good artists and programs are a familiar feature in New York musical life. He has also been engaged for one of the Sunday night Metropolitan concerts under Anton Seidl.

That so good an artist will find abundant occasion to display his gifts is to be hoped, as in his intelligent and sympathetic performances an artistic public may find infinite pleasure.

Berlin Music Notes.

At present, with the exception of desultory performances of opera at Kroll's Garden and the new Theatre des Westens, Berlin offers the eager chronicler of musical doings absolutely no material. It is interminably dull here, for everybody that is somebody has long ago sought the solace of woodland or seashore. The only musicians in town are the organists, and even their performances fail to arouse any interest unless the financial end of the entertainment be presided over by a daringly agile monkey in red flounced pants, blue coat, green cap and yellow feather. And yet, in defiance of a public that is too wise to be reformed, some idle dreamers scream "Art for Art's sake."

Felix Kraemer, alert, bustling, genial, entertaining, ubiquitous, is in Berlin. One could not help but know it within two hours after his arrival. I found Mr. Kraemer at the Savoy Hotel, where he was demonstrating to Prof. S. S. Sanford, of Yale College (the same for whom a chair of music was created), that viewed from either a scientific, a purely musical, or an absolutely artistic standpoint, "there is no better piano in the market to-day than the Kranich & Bach."

That Mr. Kraemer's explanations are lucid and that his energy and genuine American perseverance brook no obstacles, are facts amply sustained by the practical business results he has achieved as European traveling representative for the house of Kranich & Bach. He informed me that he has established connections for his firm in Hamburg, Munich, Copenhagen and Karlsbad, besides having interested piano dealers in Rotterdam, Antwerp, Stockholm, Amsterdam and Brussels.

It is surprising how quickly an American grasps and solves business problems and conditions. Mr. Kraemer talks of general business in Europe as one to the manner born. Judging by his own experiences, he firmly believes there is a market in Europe for American pianos, and that it is not difficult to open new channels and awaken general interest, provided the instruments are first-class. Though in Berlin but a few days, Mr. Kraemer will leave many newly-acquired but fast (no imputation intended) friends when he sails for New York on September 9.

While in Stockholm I heard some good music and more bad. The Andra Nordiska Musikfesten (Second Scandinavian Music Festival), consisting of three orchestral concerts and three chamber music soirées, took place in the presence of the court before large, devout, enthusiastic audiences.

Prone as they are to admire and imitate foreign customs and manners, the Swedes are unflinching in their devotion to Swedish composers and Swedish music. Whether it be a result of ignorance or parochialism (the two seem some-



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what analogous), the fact remains, Swedish musicians know little of the music of other countries—the balance of Scandinavia excepted—and make no attempt to know more.

The programs of the six festival concerts contained works only by Norwegian, Danish, Finnish and Swedish composers. This restriction, though appropriate at a national festival, ultimately becomes a bore to a foreigner who is not stimulated by local patriotism into boundless admiration of everything Scandinavian. The peculiarities of Norse music are eminently suited to hymns, war songs and psalms, which exciting compositions are not expected to contain more complicated harmonies than changes from the tonic to the dominant and an occasional detour into a neighboring minor key, but when these characteristics are introduced in sheer endless profusion into symphonies, overtures, songs and sonatas the effect on the listener is extremely wearisome, not to say enervating.

The duration of the festival meant for me a time of ineluctable minor keys, Norse intervals—especially that of the fourth—and haunting peasant dance rhythms. The landscape took on an indigo-purplish, misty mirror hue, horsecar bells jingled trills in E flat and B flat minor, the faces of the pedestrians on the streets expressed longing, pain, and what the RACONTEUR would love to quote as "Weltschmerz," the hum of conversation in crowded places resolved itself into the lilt of lulling minor vibrations, and the very atmosphere seemed big with lowering, heavy gray minor intervals. How Poe, Swinburne, Baudelaire and Verlaine would have enjoyed it! Here is a comprehensive list of the works presented:

Symphonies—Gade, Svendsen, Baerwald.
Symphonic Poems and Overtures—Draps, Rubenson; Asgard-reien, Ole Olsson; Haermaendene, Hartmann; overture on Swedish themes, Norman; suite, Ivan Holter; nocturne, P. E. Lange-Muller; suite, Gustaf Wasa's Saga, Hallen.
Sonatas—For piano and violin, Sinding Eyvind, Alnoes, Gade.
Chamber Music—String quartets, Grieg, Nielsen, Baerwald.
String Quintet—Svendsen.
Piano Quintet—Malling.
Piano Sextet—Norman.
Oratorios and Other Choral Works—Birth of Christ, Wennerberg; Mass, Sodermann; cantatas, Norman, Hornemann, Valentine, Gade and Josephson.
Concertos—Violin, Jos. Dente; piano, Wm. Stenhammer.
Songs—Hallstorm, Rosenfeld, Heise, Barnekow, Hartman, Bechgaard, Geijer, Kjerulf, Elling, Grondahl, Akerberg, Sjogren, Soedblom, Grieg, Dannstrom, Korling, Berger.

To criticise all these works in detail would require a more patient pen than mine, but I shall subjoin a running commentary on the most important compositions.

Gade's symphony sounded antiquated; it is too obviously Mendelssohnian. Baerwald's work served to show that myriad of notes strung together and divided into separate movements by no means constituted a symphony. Svendsen's glorious tone poem in D major was not generally appreciated—possibly because he is Norwegian. The symphony should be included in the repertory of our large American orchestras. It is broad, noble, inspired. Svendsen is not one of those who writes to order; he works only when the mood is upon him.

Olsen's symphonic overture was magnificently orchestrated, streaked lavishly with bold blobs of Oriental color, but paucity of thematic invention interferes with complete enjoyment of the work. Holter's suite suffers from lack of tonal variety. The composer seemed afraid to wander too far from the initial key. Hallen's suite contains some mildly interesting moments, but on the whole sounds machine made and lifeless. Lange-Muller's nocturne for orchestra is a pretty idyll with a haunting theme and bizarre harmonies. Sinding's sonata disappointed me. It was robust and bold, but not convincing. At times Sinding seems to lack sincerity. I think him too good a musical mathematician.

I like none of the choral works, though I admired—and was deeply grateful for—the tremendous clash of cymbals

and triangles with which Sodermann's Mass concludes, for one is enabled to awake at the right moment and join in the applause as if nothing had happened.

Of the songs, I thought those by Berger, Elling and Geijer very interesting, and am very enthusiastic about Kjerulf's Soenen and Ingrid's vise; Agathe Grondahl's Maiuat, Host pa heien, Liden Kirsten and Viol; and Sjorgen's set of songs, Fogden pa Penneberg.

Grondahl's Host pa heien is a remarkable creation, full of wild gloom and sombre Norwegian poetry. The accompaniment is momentarily effective, especially at the close of each strophe, where weird, lurid fifths illustrate the words "over the desolate fields." Sjorgen's lyrics follow French tradition and remind one of Bizet, Massenet and Chaminade.

Stenhammer played the first movement of his concerto for piano in B flat minor. The work has been fully analyzed in these columns. The composer is a tall, blonde, insipid looking young fellow of 24. In his conversation and manners he is unpleasantly supercilious and arrogant. He is not popular in Stockholm, for most of the older Swedish musicians are jealous of his success in Germany and of his friendship with such men as Joachim, Brahms and Reinecke.

The choruses sang excellently, and the orchestra, though hampered by playing under so many different leaders, did little less than nobly. Of the conductors I liked Svendsen best.

Excepting Christmas, Vallborgsmasson (Walpurgisnacht, or the eve of Exorcism Week) is the most generally observed holiday in Sweden. The Stockholmians celebrate it in Skansen, a model Swedish village that serves as an open air museum for antique Swedish houses, peasant costumes and Norse relics of all kinds. Here, just outside the city, the throng congregates, while the inhabitants of Skansen light huge bonfires, sing, dance, and make the scene oddly picturesque through the observance of quaint old traditional customs. On the evening in question I was one of the crowd, numbering at least 1,000, who scrambled to cover every inch of ground on one shore of the small lake in the centre of the village. On the opposite bank is a wooded patch, and beyond that a high red tower, on top of which blazed six enormous fires. Beneath and behind us twinkled a forest of lights—Stockholm, the Venice of the North.

A Laplander, clad in wooly furs, who spoke very good English, explained that the fires are lighted to drive away the evil spirits abroad on the ghostly night of April 30. I also learned the not uninteresting fact that the Laplander had been a waiter at one of the leading Chicago hotels during the Columbian fair.

A mighty burst of song, coming from an invisible male chorus on the opposite shore of the lake, announced that the students' concert had begun. Four hundred strong, gifted with voices more lusty than mellifluous, they sang Swedish national songs and folk melodies.

These are also threaded with an ever present minor strain, which lends an indefinable charm, half sad, half gentle, plaintively poetical.

Swedish peasant melodies, with their unconventional combinations of major thirds and diminished seconds, their irregular periods and unexpected intervals, are thoroughly characteristic of this gentle, dreamy nation, and their sparsely settled, rocky country, with its vast deserted valleys, its quiet bays and dreary fjords.

It is difficult to account for the dirge-like character of Swedish peasant melodies, for the tragic events of Swedish history all took place long after the complaining cadences of the national music had become its dominant characteristic. Most of the students' songs are by Bellman, the great Swedish poet-musician. The house on the verandah of which Bellman was wont to sit on soft summer nights with his friend and admirer, King Gustav Adolph III., reciting his extempore stanzas and accompanying them with

improvised music on the guitar, still stands within a very short distance of Skansen. Some superstitious persons say that Bellman's ghost has been seen on Vallborgsmasson, listening to the singing at Skansen and plucking the strings of a silent guitar.

The inky darkness about us, intensified by the blazing fires in our vicinity, the rustling trees—it was a windy night—the vast celestial vault above, the shimmering lake trembling in the reflection of the moon, the distant twinkling city, the great crowd, silent and awed, in spite of their holiday humor, and last of all, the mysterious sobbing music that seemed to be blown into the embrace of the wind, there to tremble for an instant, then be carried rapidly into black space, leaving behind faint, dying, tremulous vibrations—all this was most weirdly romantic.

When the singing had ceased there followed a long pause, and then, as if to shake off the unwonted mood into which they had been lulled, the auditors applauded with rapturous vehemence.

I left the crowd thus occupied and wandered about the grounds, peering into the cottage interiors, where I saw immense old open fireplaces, quaintly carved wardrobes, bureaus and cradles, wrought iron window lattices, pewter tea kettles and shining drinking mugs, fantastical wood frescoes, candlesticks that would tempt honest collectors to steal, antique horn powder-flasks, clumsy blunderbusses, formidable battle-axes and spears, inscribed chairs and benches and—uncommonly pretty Swedish girls in national costumes, who watched over all these treasures and told their history for the modest sum of 10 öre and a chuck under the chin. I was liberal and gave two chucks.

At the end of the village I came upon a series of low huts representing a Laplandish settlement. A group of English tourists were gathered about one of the doors. I joined them and found the attraction to be my Laplander of the early evening, who was cooking a juicy steak over a blazing fire, and explaining to the interested spectators—in very broken English—that he was preparing reindeer meat. The party were delighted, especially so one young lady of about sixteen, who carried the traditional red book, from which she read aloud various exciting details of life in Lapland.

The ex-waiter exhibited from afar a bottle of familiar shape, and announced nonchalantly that he would warm himself with a swallow of "walrus oil." The English gentlemen made wry faces, the ladies shuddered, and she of the red book turned to page 20, and read entertainingly of the nutritious qualities of walrus oil. The performance concluded with a national dance, and the tourists, highly pleased, rained princely emolument on the wily native. Verily things are what they seem, not what they are.

I had a letter from my talented and valuable associate, Mr. Otto Floersheim, in which he writes that he is en route to Berlin via the Rhine and Ostend, and shall arrive here in about one week. Mr. Floersheim spent his time in Geneva bicycle riding, boating, swimming and walking. An American friend of mine who saw my genial chief in Geneva told me he is looking painfully thin.

I just learn that Mr. A. K. Virgil will conduct a three months' course of "Virgil Method" at the Stern Conservatory. The course is announced to begin in September.

LEONARD LIEBLING.

Mme. Doria Devine.—Mme. Doria Devine is taking her vacation during the month of September, resuming instruction at her new studio in the Mason & Hamlin Building, 136 Fifth avenue, in October.

Miss Katherine V. Dickinson.—Miss Katherine V. Dickinson, the well-known principal of the vocal department of the Alton, Ill., Conservatory, left this city September 3 for that school, having devoted the summer to a study of the principles of the Lamperti method of singing with Mme. Doria Devine.

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ROSENTHAL.

Voice Training.

By FLOYD S. MUCKEY, M. D.

Article V.

THE next question to be answered is how to get any desired pitch without effort on the part of the singer and with the least possible strain on the vocal apparatus. If the voice is a string instrument, then the vocal cords are strings and should be subject to the same laws which regulate the action of strings.

There are three things which determine the pitch of a string, and these are length, weight and tension; the shorter the string the higher the pitch; the lighter the string the higher the pitch; the more tension on the string the higher the pitch. Lessening the length of a string one-half raises the pitch one octave; lessening the weight of a string one-half raises the pitch an octave; while we must quadruple the pulling force to raise the pitch an octave by increased tension. It is very important to thoroughly understand these laws of vibrating strings, because it is the lack of their application to the vocal cords which under-

apparent slit or glottis k between them, at the back b b are the arytenoid cartilages, to which the vocal cords are attached posteriorly.

The vocal muscle (thyro-arytenoideus) is attached to the outer angle of the arytenoid cartilage at a point near n. It extends forward, lying just outside the cord, and is attached to the thyroid cartilage near the front end of the cord. When these muscles contract they cause the arytenoid cartilages to rotate around a point near b in each cartilage, throwing the front angles o inward toward each other, separating the rear angles. This rotation brings the posterior ends of the cords together, thus shortening their effective length and consequently raising their pitch. In Photographs I. and II. low G is being produced, and the cords are vibrating throughout their entire length.

Photograph III. shows the position of cords and cartilages for the middle G. In this picture the rear angles of the arytenoids have been separated and the front angles approximated, as shown by the position of the crosses, marking the situation of these angles. In Photograph IV. the cords are producing high G. Here we have a still further shortening of the cords. In this picture only about one-

half the length of the cord is vibrating. This alone would give a rise of an octave in pitch. The vocal muscle, which lies just outside the cords, sends in fibres which are inserted into the substance of the cord itself. We think it is reasonable to suppose that the rotation of the arytenoid cartilages brings these fibres into position so that they can contract, and thus damp the outer portions of the cord.

The more rotation of the arytenoids we get the more of these fibres would come into action, and we would thus get a gradual lessening of the weight of the cord, which would aid very materially in raising the pitch. Here then is a mechanism which, if made use of, would probably give us a range of two octaves in pitch without any increase in tension. Fig. 11 is a section of the larynx at right angles to the cords, showing the position of the vocal cords and the vocal muscle; a is the cricoid, and e the thyroid cartilage; ll are the vocal cords forming the glottis k; m shows a section of the vocal muscle in each cord. Fig. 12 is a schematic representation of the vocal cord l and the vocal muscle m, showing how it sends fibres into the substance of the cord.

When m is uncontracted, or but slightly so, the cord may vibrate from the edge k as far back as r, but as m is tightened more and more it holds the cord first as far as s, then t, and finally for the highest notes (IV. Fig. 10), only the part between u and k is allowed to vibrate. At the same time that the lessening of the length and weight of the cord is being accomplished there is another mechanism which is gradually increasing the tension. Fig. 13 shows three views of the larynx. I. a vertical section from front to back. II. the left side of the cartilages. III. the left side, with some of the muscles. E is the large thyroid cartilage, the front part of which forms the "Adam's apple," just behind which is the front attachment of the vocal cords. This cartilage is hinged upon the cricoid a by two projecting horns, d. Upon the back, top part of the cricoid sit the two arytenoid cartilages b, which form the rear at-

tachments of the vocal cords. The thyroid is held in place by muscles running up to the skull and down to the sternum and collar bone.

When the muscles h are contracted the front edge of the cricoid is drawn up, closing the niche c (or where the hand is pointing), and tilting on the hinge d. This carries the upper and back part of the cricoid with the arytenoids

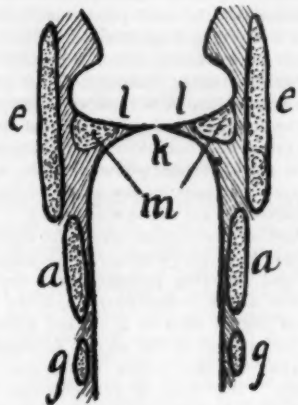


FIG. 11.

backward, and thus stretches the cords. The amount of increased tension thus brought about is sufficient to give any required pitch, if at the same time we get the other two factors, yet it is not enough to put any strain on the vocal apparatus. Why do not all singers get this mechanism? Observation of a great many singers while producing tone has taught us that we do not get the rotation of the arytenoid cartilages if the muscles of the soft palate, constrictor muscles of the pharynx and tongue are strongly contracted.

These muscles are all attached directly or indirectly to the thyroid cartilage. When they pull the effect is to fix the arytenoids so firmly on the cricoid that it is impossible for the vocal muscle to do the rotating. Without this rotation we lose the shortening and lessening of weight of the cords, and then must depend entirely upon the increased tension for raising the pitch. This means increased effort on the part of the singer, and increased strain on the whole vocal apparatus as the pitch rises. For example, if to pro-

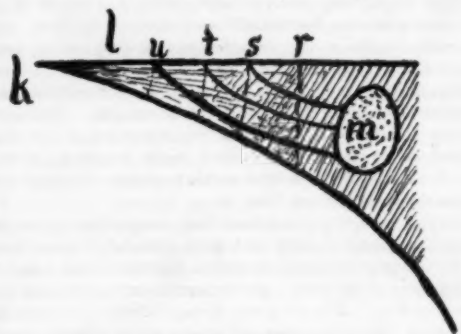
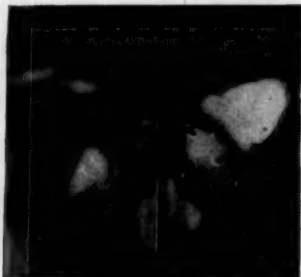


FIG. 12.

duce a low tone there is a 2 pound pulling force on the cord, to get the octave of that tone by increased tension alone there must be a pulling force of 8 pounds. To get



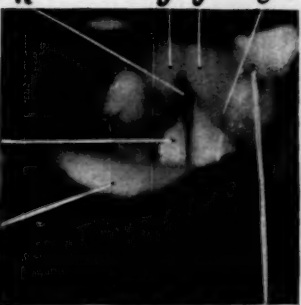
IV



III



II



I

lies a great deal of the straining of the vocal apparatus, and the ill effects which follow this process.

We believe that all of these factors should be brought into use in raising the pitch of the vocal cords. We also believe that nearly all singers make use of but one factor, and that is increased tension. By means of a camera devised and constructed by Professor Hallock we have been able to photograph the vocal cords while they were producing tones of different pitches. These photographs (Fig. 10) demonstrate that we can at least get a shortening of the vibrating portion of the cord while raising the pitch. In Photograph I., l is the cords themselves with the

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two octaves we must have a pulling force of 32 pounds. This must put a great strain on the whole structure.

The vocal muscle, which gives the shortening and lessening of the weight of the cord, and the crico-thyroid, which gives the increased tension, are involuntary muscles; they are not directly under the control of the will. The muscles of the soft palate, tongue and pharynx, which are most active in interference, are, however, voluntary, and it is to these that our attention should be directed. The first task then which a vocalist has to accomplish is to produce a tone of any required pitch without the contraction of any of these interfering muscles, that is, with the soft palate, tongue and pharynx in a position of rest. When this can be done, then a proper use of the extrinsic muscles to control the res-

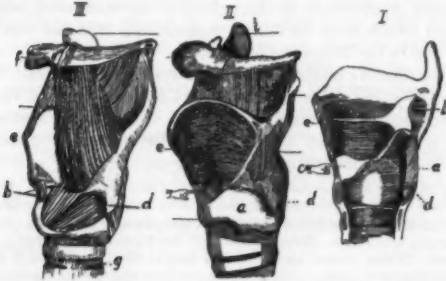


FIG. 13.

onance cavities will give the tone the desired quality for the purpose of expressing any emotion, or for articulation.

We are now in a position to understand how the strong contraction of the extrinsic muscles ruins voices. In the first place, by cutting off our principal resonance cavity it destroys resonance and thus diminishes the carrying power and intensity of the tone. This necessitates a wider swing of the cord to make up for what is lost in resonance, and this means increased strain on the vocal cords and muscles. It also requires the use of a large amount of breath.

Secondly, the strong pulling of the extrinsic muscles deprives us of two of the factors in raising the pitch, that is lessening of length and weight of the cords, and we then have to depend upon increased tension, which means an immense strain on the cords and muscles, for the higher tones. It is this constant overstraining of the muscles which finally weakens them and ruins the voice. The

voice is dependent upon muscular action; if these muscles are used properly and not overworked there is no reason why they should not last as long as the muscles in any other part of the body.

That means that we ought to sing as long as we can walk.

(To be continued.)

News from Milan.

24 PIAZZA CASTELLO,
MILAN, August 20, 1897.

Editors The Musical Courier:

I SAW in THE MUSICAL COURIER of August 4 my letter of July 7 published, and I am glad that you deemed it worthy of space in your valuable paper.

I am sorry that you do not know Puccini's music, because I think you would like it very much. Puccini among the young Italian composers has been and is a revelation. Certainly I like and appreciate far more the old Italian and German composers who were more inspired, and whose melody was abundant and beautiful.

Now the style of the modern composers is one which satisfies the ear and the eye more than the heart. Among the very fine modern composers I forgot to mention Franchetti, the author of Colombo, Asrael and Pourcuguac. I regret that you have never heard the tenor Masini. He is a man whose property is worth at least a million of dollars.

The great actor Zaccone, who had and has continued triumph everywhere and lately in Germany and Austria, has been engaged by the American impresarios Carl and Theodore Rosenfeld for a tour next spring for the sum of \$100,000. I think after England and France he will go to America, too.

Surely you remember the notice you kindly published in your paper in regard to my former pupil, Miss Mary Linck, the well-known American contralto-mezzo soprano who came here to study the Italian language, and apply the Italian words and the Italian style to the opera she sang in England. It is needless to say that I took a great interest in her, and I made her sing for Ricordi, Sonzogno and Cedeschi, for some impresarios (among them the last Scala impresario), and for the most important agents. They all liked her voice and attitude, but they found, naturally, that she was not prepared for an immediate engagement. Three or four months of hard study would have put her in condition to embrace the Italian career with success, but instead of accomplishing this she left Genoa yesterday after only six weeks' study and returned to America.

She thought the impresarios there would hasten to offer

her engagements before she could speak fluently a hundred words of Italian, and without being able to pronounce and interpret a single role correctly. She says that she will not study and throw away money until she secures an engagement. Isn't it queer?

In regard to "Americans abroad" I read always with great interest and appreciation the articles written by your correspondent from Paris, Miss Thomas. When I was in Chicago some daily paper published some of my articles in regard to the same subject. Having had so much experience with Americans in this country, I offer to write an article for you on the subject, which I think will be very interesting, and contain some frank and good advice to American students. I remain most respectfully yours,

VITTORIO CARPI.

The Eppinger Conservatory.

IT is long since New York became a mighty leader in musical art, for which the enterprising impresario of to-day dishes up nothing but his choicest efforts. Competition has meant advance and advance has spelled excellence. Nothing has assisted New York in its rapid, artistic progress so much as its splendid music schools and conservatories. They have cast their "sacred light" upon musical art, culture and improved our generation, until to-day New York stands second to none as a city of instruction. The methods now adopted are clear and comprehensible, and not only are there a greater number of accomplished artists turned out here, but the general tendency of the public taste in music is correct and of the highest standard.

Mr. Samuel Eppinger, the well-known musician, pianist and composer, has long been a teacher of acknowledged standing, and the announcement will be received with interest that he has now opened a new school, the Eppinger Conservatory of Music, at 820 Lexington avenue. Mr. Eppinger has known how to make himself popular, and is an artist and teacher of great individuality. He comes of sound musical stock, many of whom have left their durable impress on art in America, while his brother, Mr. Louis Eppinger, is the well-known musical director. It is much to be regretted that he is prevented by a severe illness from aiding his brother in this new venture.

The faculty will be of the solid, artistic, intelligent and dignified order, specially chosen for its ability to teach.

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CHICAGO OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER,
226 Wabash avenue, September 11, 1897.

THE SUCCESS OF THE DE PASQUALIS.

CONTINUING from my last letter the observations on the artistic possibilities of this city and the various celebrities who from time to time made it their home, I would give special prominence to Signor and Signora de Pasquali. This talented duo has been achieving a series of unequivocal successes, noticeably in the fine presentation of *Cavalleria Rusticana* at the Schiller and Great Northern theatres. The local critics were of one accord, and spoke in no measured terms of the dramatic, musical and artistic ability of Signor and Signora de Pasquali.

The conservative *Tribune* in commenting upon the performance paid the following deserved tribute to Signor de Pasquali:

Signor de Pasquali is the traditional *Turiddu*, and as fiery and intense as could be desired. He gives the drinking song with great dash and spirit, and proves fully equal to the dramatic necessities. His *Turiddu* is far better than Cremonini's, who was the last one to take the part here with the Grau Company.

The *Times-Herald*:

Signor de Pasquali as *Turiddu* was a handsome figure, and not only acted with spirit and intelligence, but rendered the music very agreeably.

The *Chicago Journal* was especially enthusiastic and spoke of the performance in equally encouraging terms:

The engagement of Signor and Signora de Pasquali, two artists of the Italian school, added interest to the performance and doubtless had much to do with its success. Both have a very agreeable presence and are gifted with excellent voices. Signor de Pasquali made a handsome *Turiddu* and acted with enthusiastic spirit. Signora de Pasquali as *Santuzza* made also a very favorable impression. Her acting delighted the crowd.

To Signora de Pasquali the press invariably gave praise. The *Daily News* said:

Signora de Pasquali is a handsome, graceful young woman with a voice of much dramatic power, and Signor de Pasquali gives *Turiddu* with much force and melodious distinction.

The *Tribune* had the following notice:

Signora de Pasquali is a beautiful figure as *Santuzza*, and sings her music with great sympathy and understanding. Her voice has a delightful quality; her conception as *Santuzza* is admirable, and her acting especially good.

The *Evening Post* added its meed of praise to the host of other notices:

Signor de Pasquali sang *Turiddu* like the trained artist that he is. His rendering of the drinking song in the second scene was a veritable tour de force, and he was compelled to repeat it. He was excellent throughout. Signora de Pasquali as *Santuzza* was a revelation. Her voice is sweet, pleasant and pure and has a dramatic strain which is peculiarly suited to the intensity and pathos of her part. She acts almost as well as she sings, and she completely captivated the audience. Everyone must have inwardly predicted a

career for her, especially as nature has endowed her with other than vocal and dramatic charms. She has youth beauty, talent and intelligence.

From the above criticisms it can be seen that this is one of those rare cases in which the arbiters of musical and dramatic fate for once agree. Certain it is that both Signor and Signora de Pasquali are powerful attractions and make strong combination of talent. The performance of *Cavalleria Rusticana*, which ran for several weeks here, was conceded by all, so far as the stars (the De Pasqualis) were concerned, as very little removed from perfection.

Signor de Pasquali has a colossal idea of opera on a large scale, taking in the various great cities of America, and hopes in time to organize his own company. Both the clever tenor and his equally clever wife have made many friends since coming here a year ago, and numerous have been the suggestions that an opera company be started in this city. Several managers in this city could take hold of this scheme and make it successful and be at the same time benefactors to the musical public. The Grand Opera House or the Columbia are equally desirable for any such enterprise; they both have prestige and all the other necessary qualifications.

Why should an opera scheme be unfeasible here, in a city with its thousands of students. Mr. Gleason, in talking of the possibilities of an operatic venture, said that it was only a matter of a short time before permanent opera would be on a paying basis if properly mounted, the repertory properly varied and the artists (not necessarily stars) capable. Surely we have a good nucleus, and the scheme fostered with interest would grow.

As for the old operatic people one need go no further than De Campi, Gottschalk, Castle, Varesi and Marescalchi to find good instructors, coaches and stage management.

And when all is said, of what use is it? What interest is taken by those who could do so much? Those that have money betake themselves to Europe, and those who have not money bemoan their fate and envy their more fortunate fellow beings. But once let the scheme be initiated and a few influential people like Mrs. H. O. Stone, Mrs. Potter Palmer, the McCormicks and others of the moneyed classes patronize it, then there would be no lack of enthusiasm on the part of the play-going public.

Still as it is Chicago is forging ahead, and we are to hear next season Joseffy, Rosenthal, Pugno, Ysaye, Marteau, Gérardy, Steindl; possibly Guilman, Nordica, Blauvelt, the Henschels, Campanari, Plançon and possibly Chaminade.

As Chicago is the meeting ground of the West and the East, and is so thoroughly cosmopolitan (I have heard it called the haven and refuge of the fakir), it naturally follows that this city possesses a profound humorist. This in the person of Mrs. John Vance Cheney. The cream of the joke is that some portion of the public takes Mrs. Cheney seriously (like it would medicine), whereas she laughs comedically, for she is as quick to detect a joke as she is to make one. Her latest sally is the founding of a school for the philosophy of piano playing on hygienic principles, with which she proposes to combine medicated musicianship for the restoration of physical and spiritual health. She proposes that the first necessity is to restore the pupil to health by a system of vital technic in lieu of physical technic; the "cure" is further enhanced by a peculiar exercise which reaches every part of the body and also by "rhythmic and dynamic breathing." That's not bad; with

a rhythmical dynamo placed in one's diaphragm I should think internal evolution would be a matter of short time. Mrs. Cheney also proposes to correlate the body by this same vital system.

Now, "vital technic," I understand, merely requires the student to place the music on the chair (instead of on the piano), and then to absorb it, when insensibly the fingers will shape themselves to the requirements of the composition upon which the student is so industriously setting.

This school for the "philosophy of technic originated and elaborated by Mrs. Cheney," as stated in a Sunday edition of a notable newspaper, is intended to restore the health by a recurrence of the true philosophy of music of physical and spiritual health." In this same elaborate article Mrs. Cheney conveys the impression that practice for piano players is unnecessary; according to her statement, which seems founded on faith and hypnotism, miracles can be worked in the formation of pianists.

Mrs. Cheney might read with advantage to herself Mr. Emil Liebling's able article on the Common Sense of Piano Teaching, one passage in particular I reproduce, embodying it as it does the practical and therefore only possible method of becoming a pianist. He says:

Faith may move mountains, but it will not teach piano. When you are told that a certain amount of muscular force, strength and facility can be acquired without muscular practice I, for one, cannot take any stock in it. Every muscle of the human body is naturally weak. When people speak of stiff fingers they confound it with weakness. The young man who rows or goes bicycling must develop certain muscles. You don't think of it. It would seem perfectly useless to say anything about it, but there is after all prevalent a general drift in musical teaching which is inimical to its best interests. All muscular practice must be intelligently directed, but it cannot be done away with. One cannot merely think they can play octaves and accomplish it.

Mrs. Cheney also talks of the soul in relation to her music principles. Again, from this same article in Matthews' excellent magazine *Musik* there occurs this pithy, pointed paragraph, which only Emil Liebling could frame. Its applicability is just now very observable, and several of our musical culturists might read and profit: "If I am a piano teacher I will announce myself as a piano teacher, but if I want to teach the ethical portion I must put on my card, 'Teaching of the soul, extra.'"

Doubtless it is nice to have the practicing labors lightened and reduced to a minimum, but will this produce pianists? If this royal road to success existed would not every piano player be a great pianist? However, this school of hygiene and humbug may possibly find a class of hysterical, unbalanced, impulsive girls who would be better employed performing domestic duties. Possibly they desire that "experience" which Mrs. Cheney deems necessary, as she says in an article on the relation of Music to Life, "When music becomes an experience the attainment through it has begun, the sentiment of the infinite is awakened and character roots itself deeper and deeper in moral sentiment."

I would respectfully ask Mrs. Cheney if she has studied the lives of Chopin, Liszt, Schubert, and also of her own beloved Beethoven, who, from all authentic accounts, was not a glass case saint. As to her various remarks used in this and other newspaper articles, they are merely platitudes expressed in high sounding terms. What can be more ludicrous than the necessity for "existing beautifully?" It has long since died out with the other cant phrases of aestheticism and we indulge in the more prosaic pleasure of living well. How easily can the ordinary student criticize the numerous absurdities and solecisms of the pamphlet published and the theories expounded by Mrs. J.

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Vance Cheney, but to do so would require more space than I have at disposal. Still, the more seriously one analyzes the more certain is the conviction that Chicago possesses one of the most profound humorists of modern times.

A word of advice. It takes more than a piano, a pair of hands and stale platitudes to make a pianist, and Mrs. Cheney's eccentric absurdities, which it is given to THE MUSICAL COURIER to unearth, are the boldest outpourings of nauseating, feculent sensationalism that has for its end catch-penny notoriety.

It would be easy to multiply instances, but hitherto the influence has not been felt to any appreciable degree, as wise people would sooner go unmusical than be led into the fitful fever of such an unhealthy atmosphere; but Mrs. Cheney has the advantage of having a husband who by good fortune was placed in a somewhat responsible position, and to this and to no other reason does she owe the slight attention paid to her new creed. Perhaps she realizes that the market is overstocked with bad teachers, and, instead of adding one other on the legitimate principle, prostitutes art with an adulteration of piano playing. If Mrs. Cheney desires novelty why does she not combine a matrimonial bureau with this school of medicine and music? A combination, say, of hygiene, hymen and hymns.

Yet, after all, she is only a comical incident of everyday Chicago life.

Now to one of the city's fine teachers, Clement Tetedoux, a gentleman of the old school and one of the legitimatists in art—a man whose knowledge is great, whose method is almost perfect and whose work is shown by his capable disciples. Of these Mr. Fred W. Carberry is just now the most prominent and whose singing has been listened to and enjoyed by captious critics in Louisville, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Chicago and other large cities throughout the Union. Indeed I think last season Mr. Carberry was the most popular tenor we had here for private musicales. Modest, unassuming, a thorough musician, a devoted student and a fine interpreter of oratorio, it is not unlikely that in a few years he will be one of the leading American singers. He is a safe artist to have on a concert platform, and invariably a favorite.

I heard recently another pupil of M. Clement Tetedoux who also gives exceptional promise. Mr. Pierre van Rensselaer Key has a most melodious tenor voice and a just appreciation of music and its requirements. He is another whose work shows the value of Tetedoux's instruction.

Mr. Bicknell Young will give his annual series of recitals during the forthcoming season in Handel Hall Parlors. The first one will consist of a historical account of Ballads and Ballad Singing, illustrated by examples from the music of all nations. The second will be a repetition of the lecture upon Opera: Its Origin and Development, vocally illustrated, which was given with such success last season.

The third will be a miscellaneous program, the dates to be duly announced.

Mrs. Young will assist at the piano.

Miss Cora Sinzich gave a charming song recital Thursday of last week. Miss Sinzich evidences improvement every time one hears her, so that she is now a finished vocalist, capable of interpreting the highest class of music. The following was the program which was given in Mr. Kowalski's studio:

My Heart Is Like the Silent Night.....	Lassen
The Old Song.....	
Once Again.....	
I Will Extol Thee (Eli).....	Costa
Roberto Tu Che Adoro.....	Meyerbeer
Ave Maria.....	Tosti
Au Printemps.....	Gounod
Mein Lieb, ich bin gebunden.....	
Die Verstellung.....	Kjerulf
Sing, Sing!.....	
Synnöve's Lied.....	
Last Night.....	

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TOLEDO.

TOLEDO, Ohio, September 9, 1897.

SINCE Plunket Greene's delightful recital last May the majority of us have been spending the summer days where "Nature seemed to hold a never ending festival and dance," and now have returned to pay homage to the feasts in store for us this season.

First of all Miss Hamilton closed a contract with the National Union Company, by which she has entire control of the Auditorium for the ensuing year. She has booked some unusually attractive artists, among whom are Bloomfield-Zeiser, Rosenthal, Alexander Siliti and Raoul Pugno, pianists; the Henschels, Ffrangcon-Davies and Bispham, vocalists; Marteau and Ysaye, violinists, and the Kneisel Quartet, opening with the latter October 4.

The first meeting of the Oratorio Society will be held September 30 at Trinity Parish Building. The society is in a most satisfactory condition, thanks to Mr. Charles Thompson's able management. It intends to give at least two concerts during the winter, and among the work laid out I find selections from St. Paul, Elijah, Gaul's Holy City and Mendelssohn's Forty-second Psalm.

I am glad to announce the organization of the Toledo Symphony Orchestra. The work has been carried on under Mr. Arthur W. Kortheuer, with the assistance of several of our prominent musicians as well as business men. When Mr. Kortheuer was in Wiesbaden in 1896 he became very much interested in Mr. Steinhäuser, a young violinist of the Car Orchestra of that place. Fortunately for us, Mr. Kortheuer has secured sufficient inducements to bring Mr. Steinhäuser here for the Symphony Orchestra. They hope to make their first appearance some time in November.

Miss Electa Gifford, who sang recently at one of Madame Marchesi's pupils' recitals in Paris with more than ordinary success, was originally a Toledo girl.

Mr. W. A. Willett has signed with Johnson & Witzel, of Cleveland, for concert work for the coming year. His first engagement was in that city August 24, for the benefit of the Fresh Air Fund.

Mrs. Dachler, a pupil of Mr. Willett, goes to New York to continue her vocal work early in October.

Miss Bell, who has spent the past few years abroad with able teachers, has opened a studio for vocal instruction in Currier Hall. On Sunday, September 19, the choir of Westminster Church will give a service of songs under Mr. Willett's direction.

Mr. August Walther gives a piano recital in Cleveland on the 14th inst.

The Apollo Club holds its first meeting this month. Mr. S. R. Gaines is still director.

B. D. S.

Carl in London.—That admirable organ virtuoso and musician William C. Carl meets with an unqualified artistic success in every quarter of the European as well as the American continent where he appears. His latest triumph has been gained at the Crystal Palace and the Queen's Hall, London. On Thursday, the 9th inst., the cable informs us that he gave two recitals in the Crystal Palace with enormous success, and on Friday, the 10th, a recital in Queen's Hall, which formed a genuine episode in the satisfaction of the organ loving public of England. Carl is a consistent success.

Sol Marcossion Plays.—The Louisville Courier-Journal of September 5 has this to say about Mr. Marcossion's admirable playing at the concert given by himself and others at the Anchorage Country Club House on September 4:

Mr. Marcossion once more thoroughly impressed his splendid artistic ability. His first number, the Prelud, and the Zaricki Mazurka were finely interpreted, the first with nobility of conception and the second with brilliancy and grace. Mr. Marcossion's technical resource was brought into play by the Wieniawski number, in which two Russian airs were developed with marvelous effect of harmonics and chord passages, sustaining the original melodies throughout. The Swan was exquisite with purity of tone and delicacy of expression, while the Hungarian Dances, well known for vivacity and fire, were enthusiastically received.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Bureau of Information.

THE MUSICAL COURIER Bureau of Information and Department of Mailing and Correspondence is now open on the third floor of THE MUSICAL COURIER Building, 19 Union square.

Professional people, musical or dramatic, those engaged in the musical instrument business or all allied professions and trades, music teachers, musicians and strangers visiting the city are cordially invited to make use of the Bureau as a place of meeting or of inquiry.

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Persons traveling abroad or in this country can have their mail promptly forwarded by having it sent care of THE MUSICAL COURIER by recording their itinerary here from time to time.

Music teachers should have their permanent addresses on file in this department to enable us to answer inquiries.

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WANTED—Organist Choirmaster for St. James' Cathedral (Church of England), Toronto, Canada; choir of sixty voices; Cathedral service; three manual organ; salary, \$1,200. Applications received till August 15, 1897. Apply Chairman Music Committee, St. James' Vestry, Toronto.

WANTED—Soprano, dramatic and statuesque; Wagnerian roles; private; for illustration and demonstration; studio work which may lead to public engagement. Send photo and repertory as well as record. Salary satisfactory if work can be done. Address Wagner, care MUSICAL COURIER, New York.

WANTED—Young salesmen in music bindery. Excellent opportunity. Office, 110 East 125th street, Room 13, New York.

WANTED—A few select pupils for one day in the week by a vocal teacher engaged in private school during the balance of week. Special attention given to the eradication of physiological defects, and the remedying of acquired faults. Highest reference. Address Voice, care MUSICAL COURIER, New York.

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539 FULTON STREET, September 13, 1897.

ON Sunday, when Sousa closed his engagement at Manhattan Beach, he ended with a record that surpassed anything in the history of that world renowned watering place, both financially and artistically.

The largest receipts ever taken in on one day at the box office for comic opera were taken for El Capitan, and the attendance at the concert has equaled this, not once, but several times.

His programs were calculated, and carefully calculated, to educate and refine the musical tastes of the masses, as a brief résumé of the composers will show. With Wagner and Sousa in the lead, the modern French, German and Italian composers were presented day after day, with never an approach to the old Italian operatic selections. Saint-Saëns, Massenet, Kienzl, Goldmark, Mascagni, Ponchielli, Spinelli, Gomez are names that have been made familiar to a large proportion of people who would never learn of these composers through any other avenues. His attitude to the American composer and musician has been especially commendable.

Mr. Sousa has never been guilty of arranging an American program, but with that artist's soul that knows only merit he has placed daily on programs containing the names of Rubinstein, Wagner, Massenet, &c., the names of meritorious American writers. The reign of the March King has indeed been a brilliant one, and it may be interesting to know that in Mr. Sousa's unique career and position he has held out a remarkably tender and helping hand to all those struggling along the path that is supposed to lead to fame.

That Mr. Sousa is desirous of encouraging bands is evidenced by the intended presentation of a neat gold medal to the Newsboys' Band of Detroit, Mich. (and he is also planning to give a medal to be won by competition); that Mr. Sousa is willing to give a hearing to young composers who revel in obscurity has been made manifest all summer by the presentation on his programs of works of any and all composers that might contain a spark of merit, if only to give them the satisfaction of hearing their works themselves.

Recognizing Sousa and his band as a distinct and typical American organization, the news will be received with a sense of patriotic pride and satisfaction that Sousa will be the first man to take an American organization abroad on a guarantee such as has been offered him to appear with his men in London, the cables and arrangements of which I have been honored by seeing.

If Mr. Sousa accepts this he will make an extended tour of France and Germany thereafter.

In the event that Mr. Sousa would abandon the idea of going abroad he has had numerous inducements to remain in this country at fabulous figures, so that wherever he will decide to appear during the summer of 1898 it will be because of his own choice; and there will be many regrets that he is unable to be everywhere at once.

According to present advices there is little doubt but that

Sousa and his great band will show the other side of the pond what we have here, and good reasons why we stand for the Stars and Stripes Forever.

During his sojourn at Manhattan Beach Mr. Sousa has been devoted to the scoring of his new opera, *The Bride Elect*, of which he is the sole creator. To betray just a word of confidence, I must confess that what I heard of it shows a great broadening on the lines of comic opera, and here and there the daintiest bits gleam like jewels in the crown of success which Mr. Sousa wears rightfully.

Mr. Maurice Arnold, who made the piano score of *El Capitan*, and who enjoys Mr. Sousa's greatest respect in this work, is with him, and as page after page falls from the pen of the composer Mr. Arnold deftly places it in piano form.

Mr. Sousa and Mr. Chas. O. Klein have been engaged to write another opera for De Wolf Hopper, to be entitled *The Charlatan*. Two acts of the book are already completed, but the music has not yet been touched.

After the first presentation of *The Bride Elect*, which is to occur on January 8 in Boston, Mr. Sousa will leave on an extended tour through the Southern and Middle States. As soloists he will take Miss Maude Reese-Davies, soprano, who sang herself into such instantaneous favor last week, and Miss Jennie Hoyle, a violinist, who played this week, and who won her audience into tumultuous applause by the merit and dash of her playing and the charm of her stage presence.

Although it seems scarcely the thing to do, I cannot refrain from touching upon the private life of a man so well known to the public. He and his charming wife have the satisfaction of seeing each one of their three children, a son and two daughters, highly talented, especially the elder daughter, who will this year study under Alexander Lambert's own guidance.

Mrs. Sousa and daughters will visit this week in Washington with Mr. Sousa's mother, and next week in Philadelphia with Mrs. Sousa's mother, before placing the girls back at their school work. Master Philip is preparing for a course at Princeton.

Mr. Sousa will devote himself exclusively to the completion of his scoring until the short tour, which will include the week at Pittsburg, and a week at Boston during the Food Show.

If Sousa is not at Manhattan Beach next year it may occur to many that the public would prefer to have Manhattan swept by Sousa airs than by ocean breezes.

EMILIE FRANCES BAUER.

Practical Tone Placement.

THE discussion of tone placement, which is causing so much contention between those who know and those who theorize, is one that for many years has been the subject of my most careful study.

In Dr. Curtis' book I find a justification of every known evil in the use of the voice, his theory of the chest as a resonator encouraging the method of tone placement, which has for its result the hollow, sepulchral tones of the lower register, the poor, uncertain ones of the middle and the steam whistle effects of the head voice. Of what use to the singer is the knowledge that these resonators exist if he is unable to produce resonant tones?

It is not necessary to be a scientist to recognize the fact that correct vibrations, resonant and absolutely true to pitch, are in the buccal and frontal sinuses, but the difficulty is that, though the teachers may recognize this fact, they are unable to direct the pupil to any practical result. The inhalation of the breath governs its exhalation. If the

high chest theory is followed the base of the lungs is shut off from the air supply, and thus the reservoir is practically closed.

The matter of filling the base of the lungs first with air and allowing it to pass the diaphragm through the upper chest, vibrating in the "resonators of the face," which Dr. Muckey has ably described, can be as perfectly controlled as the action of any member of the body. The vibrations of tone in the sinuses will continue just so long and with such power as the column of air passing over the vocal cords causes them to vibrate.

That the muscles of the nose and mouth modify and govern this column of air must be recognized by the singer, but that the action of the nasal muscles is on the air in directing it to the buccal, and more especially to the frontal sinuses, must not be confounded with Dr. Curtis' idea of the use of the nose in the formation of tone.

He advocates the use of the French *En* as a guide to placing the voice, making the nasal cavity the resonator of the tone. There is a vast difference between resonant and nasal singing.

The old Italian school insisted upon the use of *La* as a means of directing the tone and educating the tongue. The repetition of the letter *L*, by the mechanical use of the tongue, directs the breath firmly to the roof of the mouth, just under the buccal sinuses, and in passing to the head register the nasal muscles come into action, uniting the three natural divisions of the voice into a perfect whole, which the ignorant call *one register*.

The mouth, according to the Italian or natural method of singing, is a prime factor in the formation of resonant tone.

The aperture of the mouth, while singing, should be only the width of the singer's first finger, and the facial muscles should be relaxed, but controlled by the mind. It is true, as Dr. Muckey says "that cavities behind the source of sound do not reinforce tone," but the reserve power of breath at the base of the lungs, governed by the diaphragmatic (not the abdominal) muscles, and directed firmly but without effort to the resonators in the front of the face, gives volume and quality to the tone.

But when all is demonstrated that science has discovered, and the discussions about tone ended, will this establish a standard of singing which will silence useless theory and confusing doubts?

Tone placement is only the beginning of vocal work, but a correct knowledge of this is absolutely necessary to success. There can be no artistic development until the fact is recognized that all true singing is mental.

RATCLIFFE CAPERTON.

F. W. Wodell.—Through an inadvertence we omitted to state in the sketch of Mr. F. W. Wodell in *THE MUSICAL COURIER* of September 8 that his School for Singers is located in the Pierce Building, Copley square, Boston, adjacent to the Public Library, with its magnificent collection of music scores, which is among the best in Boston. The school offers special advantages to vocal students, and they would do well to send for the new catalogue, which will be mailed free.

Victor Harris in Town Again.—After a three months' visit to Europe, of which two weeks were passed at Bayreuth, Victor Harris has returned to his studio, The Alpine, 55 West Thirty-third street, this city, to resume his vocal teaching and general coaching work. Mr. Harris enjoyed four weeks also hunting and fishing in Maine, and looks as buoyant and elastic as good health can make him. His season will be, as usual, one of incessant activity.

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Eleanore Meredith Convalescing.—Madame Meredith is slowly recovering from her accident, and is able to be about, aided by crutches. She expects next week to lay them aside, however, on this her second appearance at the Worcester Festival. Her health is superb, and the voice never clearer nor more beautiful. She is planning a song recital for early in the season.

Gustave L. Becker Back.—Gustave L. Becker has returned from Raymond, N. H., where he has been since July 1. He taught last winter the largest class in his experience, working all day and finding himself at the end of the season too tired to receive pupils at his summer home. Content, as heretofore. As aids to recreation, he took with him a piano and a dry goods box full of music. He will begin teaching at his home studio, 70 West Ninety-fifth street, as soon as its redecoration is completed.

Richard Burmeister Returns.—Richard Burmeister returned Monday on the steamer Spree from a summer sojourn in Europe.

Handel and Haydn Society.—A special meeting of the society will be held in Bumstead Hall, Boston, on Thursday evening, September 16, 1897, at half past 7. The business will be to fill vacancies in the board of government caused by the resignation of the president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer and to fill any other vacancies that may occur in the board.

Wm. H. Lee Back to Work.—Mr. Wm. H. Lee, the baritone, is in town and has resumed lessons at his studio, 1025 Lexington avenue (corner Seventy-third street). The popular singer and teacher is in greater demand than ever.

M. J. Sheehy Home.—Mr. M. J. Sheehy, the successful vocal teacher, has returned to town and resumed work at his studio in Gramercy Park.

Hans Kronold's Recitals.—Hans Kronold will give a series of violoncello recitals this season, the first of which will take place on October 28 in Wissner Hall, Newark. In the same week he will give a recital in Brooklyn and one at the New York College of Music, where he is first teacher of his instrument.

W. H. Barber.—Mr. W. H. Barber, the graceful pianist who has made himself such a favorite in social, artistic drawing rooms, gave a recital on Tuesday afternoon, the 7th inst., at the summer residence of Mr. J. Hampton Webb, Southampton, L. I. The program was choice and was appreciated by a large fashionable audience.

Another Woman Violinist.—Jennie Hoyle, the young English violinist, who has been engaged by the Wolfsohn Musical Bureau during Mr. Wolfsohn's recent stay in London, played at Manhattan Beach last Saturday and Sunday. She had such a pronounced success that she was at once secured by Mr. Sousa for his tours in October and the spring in this country.

Charles Meehan, Soprano Soloist.—Among young Meehan's recent engagements were Mrs. Calvin Brice's, Newport, a swell musicale, and as a soloist for a month past at St. George's, where his singing drew many auditors who knew him in his boyhood days. He sings in New Haven twice next month, at Trinity Church, and later will be heard in Toledo, Ohio.

Siloti.—Alexander Siloti will come to America. Many of the Liszt pupils, of whom there are quite a number in this country at present, will remember the tall, languid eyed, olive complexioned youth who lived for many years with the great master and acted as his secretary. Since that time Siloti has played all over the world, and belongs to the great pianists of the present day. He will arrive in January, and remain for the balance of the season. Siloti

will be under the management of the Wolfsohn Musical Bureau. His debut in New York will very likely be with the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Charles Jerome Coleman.—After a two months' rest this well-known vocal teacher has returned, and is already teaching the largest number of pupils he has ever had so early in the season. His comfortable studio in East Sixteenth street is the scene of considerable activity, auguring well for the future.

Quintano.—Quintano, the Italian violinist, has a successful season before him. Here are two of scores of his press notices:

Signor Quintano gave the last of his four violin recitals yesterday afternoon. Signor Quintano is very young in years, but a most proficient violinist.—*The Morning Journal.*

A young Italian violinist yesterday afternoon made his bow to an American audience composed of a number of well-known society women. His name is Giacomo Quintano, and he is about twenty years old. He obtained his musical education at the Royal Conservatory in Naples, where he was the ablest pupil of Professor Dworak. The young artist rendered an interesting program, varied enough to show his mastery of technique. He played with good understanding, and showed a well developed musical temperament in his reading.—*Morning World.*

Guilmant, the Organ Master.—Alexandre Guilmant, one of the world's great organists, will make a recital tour in the United States this season. He will arrive in the beginning of December and remain here until the beginning of April. Judging from the furore this great artist created in 1893, he will duplicate the success of that tour. He is already booked for a large number of concerts in New York, Boston, Brooklyn, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Pittsburg, Toledo, Milwaukee and Western cities. The Wolfsohn Musical Bureau has engaged M. Guilmant.

Dora Valesca Becker Home.—Miss Dora Valesca Becker, our gifted young soloist and first violin of the New York Ladies' String Quartet, had returned to town for the winter after a summer passed in Swatara, Pa., as the guest of Mrs. H. W. Balzbaugh and Mrs. Pfaffin. Already Miss Becker is getting into harness for the season's busy work.

Lillian Blauvelt Home.—Lillian Blauvelt returned from Europe last week. She was engaged to sing at the Bergamo Donizetti festival, but could not attend, the dates having been changed from September 12 to 13. She preferred to return and sing at the Worcester Festival. In October she will be heard at the Maine festivals in Bangor and Portland. Madame Blauvelt has been engaged for a number of concerts with the Boston Symphony and Theodore Thomas orchestras. She will again be under the management of the Wolfsohn Musical Bureau.

Wm. Edward Mulligan's Success.—Mr. Wm. Edward Mulligan is day by day making better known and in consequence appreciated by the artistic public his talent as a solo organist. He has just returned to town from Coopers-town, N. Y., where he gave his last successful recital on September 10 and will resume his duties as organist and choir director of St. Mark's. So delighted has the Coopers-town audience found itself with Mr. Mulligan's work that "subscription" affairs are already on the tapis for the winter, in which Mr. Mulligan may perform some of his choice and favorite programs.

The Bjorksten Classes.—Mr. and Mrs. Theodor Bjorksten resumed their vocal classes at their residence, 69 West Fifty-fourth street, on September 6. Private classes in sight singing and harmony, with classes in French, German and Italian, will form a supplement to their vocal training for those desirous to become more intimate with musical theory and to understand fully the interpretation of the different schools of song in their separate languages. A Bach class for the highest forms of ensemble singing meets weekly under the direction of Mr. Bjorksten. The Bjorksten curriculum is admirably devised with the view to a sound vocal and generally musical education.

Edward Baxter Perry.—Edward Baxter Perry, the lecture-recital pianist, of Boston, has been spending the summer on the coast of Penobscot Bay, at Camden, where he is building a summer cottage. He sailed on Saturday last from this city for Genoa by the steamer Ems, North German Lloyd line, for a season of professional work in Europe.

It may not be generally known that the poem entitled *The Blind Pianist*, printed in the Boston *Transcript* of July 6, was written for Mr. Perry, as a note from the

author, Mr. I. Edgar Jones, states. Mr. Jones is president of the International Society of Writers, which numbers among its other officers John Ruskin, Swinburne, Thomas Hardy, Ibsen, Bjornson, Tolstoi, Daudet, Guy de Maupassant and other noted names in literature. There is room for such an international society in the world of music with the same motto, which reads "To promote fraternity, mutual helpfulness, international copyright, just laws, improved conditions and wider opportunities for mind workers throughout the world."

We reprint the verses below:

THE BLIND PIANIST.

Men call him blind because his eyes are sealed,
Forgetting that to him hath God revealed
A thousand things by outward ills unmarred,
A million tones by evil sights unjarred;
Within what men see with the outward eye—
The haggard views which make deep discords lie—
Harsh sights may turn glad songs to sob or sigh.

The blind musician revels in a world
In which the haggard pictures all are furled;
There panoramas undisturbed unroll
In rapturous visions for his tranquil soul,
Where outer discords of all kinds are stilled,
Where melodies unfold as he hath willed,
His listening heart with rarest raptures filled.

Thus shrouded, rich tones for him paint gorgeous scenes
Of autumn gold, of summer grays and greens;
Grand sunsets, glory tinted, framed in pearl,
Cloud scrolls designed by angels' curve and curl;
All these interpreted in sensuous sound,
Tones light as mist, tones resonantly round,
With echoes answering from vast depths profound.

And touching lightly then the ivory keys,
He gives us glimpses and swift views of these,
Growths and creations of his inner life,
Shut out to some extent from outward strife,
But not from passion, purpose, feeling strong,
Which his true art may widen and prolong
To dramas grand, interpreted in song.
He is not stricken, nor is this man blind;
His vision keen and far is with the mind
By God's kind recompenses well endowed
To search the depths or soar above the cloud;
Things hid or half discerned in gropings dim
To our dull sight, are clearly shown to him;
He grasps the whole where we but touch the rim.

His soul serene dwells mid the tranquil calms
Where undisturbed it listens to the psalms,
Rich, tender tones, the whispered message sweet
Conveyed from God to his twilight retreat.
What though the outward sight with him hath failed,
There at God's inner shrine, a prophet veiled,
He dwells unchecked by chains on us entailed.

I. EDGAR JONES.

Miss Blenner Well Again.—Miss Minnie Blenner, the charming young soprano, has completely recovered from her severe illness of last spring, and is now singing again with her voice in even better condition than before. She sang recently in Titusville, Pa., with Dr. Carl Dufft and other artists, and scored an emphatic success. The following is a brief excerpt from the lengthy critique of the *Morning Herald*, which writes with glowing enthusiasm of the singer's charming personality and magnetism allied to her lovely voice:

Miss Minnie Blenner, of New York, made her initial appearance before a local audience. Her selection was the Jewel Aria from Gounod's *Faust*. Miss Blenner captivated the audience from the beginning. Added to a soprano voice of beautiful timbre and exquisite cultivation she has a charming presence. Her selection brought out all the velvety smoothness of her voice, which is delightfully mellow and of great sweetness and purity.

Marie Louise Todd.—Miss Marie Louise Todd, pianist, has returned to town from her summer vacation and opened her studio in Harlem. Miss Todd's monthly musicales, which were given throughout the past year in the afternoons at her studio, have proved so successful that in response to many requests to give them in the evenings instead she has decided to do so. This will give many people an opportunity to attend these very interesting evenings who could not do so otherwise.

Madame Von Klenner Home.—Mme. Katherine Evans von Klenner has returned from her annual visit to Europe, and already, in compliance with the urgent request of pupils, has taken up work at her studio in New York. Madame von Klenner accomplished while abroad her primary purpose, having a long and satisfactory consultation with Madame Viardot-Garcia, her teacher, of whose method she is the sole authorized exponent in America, and having also enjoyed a delightful talk with her earlier



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teacher, Mme. Desiree Artôt. Madame von Klenner traveled through France, Spain, Italy, and made a delightful little stay at Morocco. She returns looking in buoyant health and spirits and with the air of happiness and content which befits a deservedly successful woman.

Henrietta Edica Engaged.—Mlle. Henrietta Edica has been engaged as prima donna soprano of the Clara Schumann Ladies' Orchestra for the season of 1897-8.

Van Vorx Resumes Teaching.—Mr. W. Theodore Van Vorx has resumed teaching at his vocal studio, 6 East Seventeenth street, this city.

Florence Terrel with Orchestra.—Miss Florence Terrel, the well-known pianist and pupil of Alexander Lambert, will give an orchestral concert in Carnegie Music Hall, this city, in October.

Miss Mary Merrill.—Miss Mary Merrill, of the South Georgia College, situated in Thomasville, Ga., returned to that institution September 1, after a summer's course of vocal study with Madame Devine.

Ludwig Marum's New Studio.—Mr. Ludwig Marum, the popular violinist, will return on the 20th inst. from Far Rockaway, where he has been spending the summer, and will occupy his new studio at 1242 Madison avenue, this city.

Siegmund Deutsch in New Quarters.—Mr. Siegmund Deutsch, the well-known violin instructor, who has been sojourning in the country during the summer, has returned to the city and opened his studio in Carnegie Hall, Rooms 803 and 804, as his class has so increased that he is obliged to have larger quarters.

Georg Henschel.—Mr. Georg Henschel will be in New York during a considerable part of the fall and winter, and in response to many requests has made special arrangement with the Metropolitan College of Music to teach at its studios in October, December, January and February. This is the first opportunity offered to students for several years to meet Mr. Henschel for any but the briefest instruction, and will doubtless attract many whose professional engagements preclude a season in London.

Mr. Tubbs' Pupils.—Quite a large number of the pupils of this favorite teacher have been engaged in colleges and seminaries as vocal teachers this summer. Miss Anna V. Peebles takes a position at Visitation Convent, Georgetown, D. C.; Miss Georgia Hall Jones, Baptist College, Lexington, Mo.; Miss Elizabeth Kinney, Science Hill School, Shelbyville, Ky.; Miss Anna L. Johnson, at Elmira, N. Y.; Mr. Bertrand H. Riggs, Waco College, Waxahachie, Tex.; Miss Sarah Manly Smith, State Normal, Milledgeville, Ga.; Mrs. C. A. Sheridan, at Atlanta, Ga.; Mr. Frank E. Rebarber, at Savannah, Ga., and Mrs. Clifford E. Williams, Wesleyan College, Macon, Ga. Six of Mr. Tubbs' pupils have made recent engagements in opera companies and several in choir positions in New York and vicinity.

Isidore Luckstone at Manhattan Beach.—Last Sunday ended the fifth season that Mr. Isidore Luckstone has played the accompaniment for the soloists who appeared with Sousa at Manhattan Beach.

Mr. Luckstone has been of more than ordinary value in so far as knowledge of repertory goes, he having played the accompaniments for most of the great artists who have appeared in this country. Mr. Luckstone has played most of the accompaniments without rehearsals and at sight, and has acquitted himself in such a manner as to elicit the thanks and enthusiasm from all those fortunate enough to sing with him.

It is a matter to be remembered that at a moment's notice Mr. Luckstone is ready for any emergency, and his widespread reputation is of such a nature that his intention to remain permanently in New York will be received with much pleasure, as there is always room for men of his calibre.

Loud's Organ Recitals.—The following are extracts from press notices of two organ recitals given last month in Erie and Rochester by Mr. John Hermann Loud:

Mr. John Hermann Loud, a concert organist of great ability, gave an enjoyable organ recital at the First Presbyterian Church Friday morning. Mr. Loud is a pupil of Alexandre Guilmant, associate of the Royal College of Music, and organist and director of the First Congregational Church, Springfield, Mass. His artistic performance was greatly appreciated. Mr. Loud is a composer as well as a player, and one of the most exquisite selections played was the Largo and Scherzo, D flat major, arranged by himself, in which the charm of his style, perfection of finger play and expression were manifested. Chopin's Funeral March, C minor, displayed the passionate wall and sadness personified of the Polish composer. Wagner's Pil-

grims' Chorus arose to the grandeur and majesty of that sublime production.—*Sunday Messenger-Graphic, Erie, Pa., August 20, 1897.*

It was a decidedly musical audience that assembled in the First Baptist Church yesterday afternoon to listen to a recital by John Hermann Loud, organist and choir director of the First Congregational Church, Springfield, Mass. Mr. Loud is a pupil of Alexandre Guilmant. To his presence in Rochester as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Vickery is due one of the finest organ musicales ever given on the grand Roosevelt instrument of First Baptist Church.

In his playing Mr. Loud betrays his Guilmant training, especially in the sweeping climactic effects so characteristic of the great French master. Indeed it was in the playing of the Guilmant numbers and of his own compositions that Mr. Loud was heard to best advantage. He is especially strong and even powerful in the handling of his finales, and there were several times when he seemed as if he were calling into life every voice in the great bronze throat in one tremendous, breath-taking torrent of sound.—*Rochester Herald, Rochester, N. Y., August 31, 1897.*

Mr. Loud will probably begin his free organ recitals at Springfield, Mass., about September 27.

Gwyllim Miles.—Gwyllim Miles sang with sensational success at Manhattan Beach during the last days of Sousa's festival. His audiences broke into cheers several times, and after he had sung three times called for The Palms, which he sang in a most finished, artistic manner. In conjunction with his voice of unusual beauty he has finish and intelligence of interpretation which would fit him for any stage.

Rachel Hoffmann.—Every Month publishes a very good portrait of the Belgian pianist, Mlle. Hoffmann, with the following remarks:

The young Belgian pianist who is to tour America this coming winter, is one of the youngest of the world's brilliant pianists, and heretofore in Europe and her own country has carried enthusiasm and success with her, eliciting the highest praise, and proving the so much desired drawing card for her managers. Miss Hoffmann is a pupil of the famous Conservatory of Music at Brussels, and from her entrance at the age of eleven attracted general notice because of her markedly artistic value. In 1889 August Dupont, the late great professor of the piano, presented his pupil Rachel Hoffmann to the Concours, and the young pianist not only carried off the first prize, but by her playing awoke such enthusiasm, both in the jury and the public, as to cause the same to be recorded by the newspapers as a "musical furore." The same year Miss Hoffmann carried off three prizes offered by the Conservatory for proficiency in harmony, written and practical, and chamber music. The next year Miss Hoffmann received a gold medal from the Conservatory of Brussels, which was awarded in person by Leopold II., King of Belgium. Miss Hoffmann is only twenty-three years of age, and of a decidedly prepossessing appearance.

Genevra Johnstone-Bishop.—Here are some of this successful Chicago artist's press notices. It is a pleasure to watch the career of such a vocalist:

It may be safely asserted that no musical event of the season has given more pleasure than the second concert in Music Hall last night of the Musical Club. Mme. Genevra Johnstone-Bishop as *Galatea* gave great satisfaction with her even rendition of songs that were artistically given, although evidently too light a character for her voice, which was easily capable of greater efforts, and it was not until she sang the aria from Massenet's *Le Cid* that her magnificent soprano had an opportunity to display its power and beauty. She has a clear dramatic soprano of unusual purity, great range and volume, under fine control, as the delicate shading of light songs of *Galatea* evinced; it was delightful in the more dramatic song in which the voice had full sweep to rise to its highest range and to its fullest volume. She sang as an encore *Zingara*, by Donizetti, but the aria from *Le Cid*, Massenet's new opera, which has never been sung in this country, was her best work.—*Louisville Commercial.*

The Musical Club in *Acis and Galatea* was conceded by the large audience at Music Hall last evening to have put forth its best efforts. The music to a great extent is lyrical. Mme. Genevra Johnstone-Bishop scored a great hit in the oratorio. She is a dramatic soprano and was not at her best in the solos of the oratorio. In the intermission she sang two solos that showed her full dramatic voice and artistic training. The grand aria *Le Cid*, by Massenet, brought her an ovation, and she sang as an encore *La Zingara*, by Donizetti.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

The people of Nashville who failed to attend the recital of Mme. Genevra Johnstone-Bishop at Ward Seminary last evening missed one of the treats of the season. Mme. Genevra Johnstone-Bishop is unquestionably the best soprano that has appeared here since Madame Nordica was in Nashville. It is impossible to do justice to her wonderful voice, clear and sweet as the Shandon Bells. Not only is Madame Bishop a wonderful singer, but she is a beautiful woman as well. When she sings it is plain to all who hear her that her soul is in the song. Her expression is as marvelous as her voice, and to say she held her hearers spellbound last night with the combination is expressing it very mildly indeed.—*Nashville American.*

What a treat those fortunate enough to be present at the recital given last night by Mme. Genevra Johnstone-Bishop, the wonderful soprano, assisted by Miss Nellie Cook, pianist, had! A more delightful affair has not entertained a musical loving audience for a long time. Mme. Johnstone-Bishop's voice is one of the most powerful as well as the most sympathetic heard on the concert stage in America, and possibly no soprano voice in the country possesses so great a range. Added to this a queenly personality and an indescribable charm of manner and you have all that is required to make a beautiful song a joy forever. The performance was classical, and every rendition was lovely. If there is any choice probably the aria from Massenet's *Le Cid* required the best work and was the most enjoyable. Mme. Johnstone-Bishop will probably sing here during the Centennial.—*Nashville Sun.*

The London Orchestral Player.

IN London alone it is calculated there are close on 1,200 orchestral players, and of these there are probably not more than a hundred, if indeed the number is so great, whose income from orchestral work is over £250 a year.

The ordinary pay of the player at concerts is a guinea per performance, one rehearsal being thrown in gratis, the leaders and soloists receiving extra. But no bandsman could hope to secure 250 concerts or performances a year, so that a post on a permanent day orchestra is really one of the prizes of the profession. How the fees have fallen as the result of competition, especially foreign competition, can easily be determined.

At the Royal Italian Opera, for example, during Sir Michael Costa's time, the "principals" were paid from 9 to 12 guineas a week, and others from 4 to 5 guineas. Now these salaries are represented in many instances by 3 guineas and 2½ guineas, respectively. The case, no doubt, is extreme; but the same process on a smaller scale is constantly going on. The orchestral player himself is explicit on the point. Here is a quotation from a statement made recently in the columns of the *Orchestral Association's official Gazette*. We read that:

"Where formerly it was possible for a player to make a fair income by adding a few concerts to his fairly paid teaching, he must now be in everything to make ends meet. This necessitates his attendance at rehearsal after rehearsal by day and concert after concert by night, until he is worn out at an age when men in business are at their prime. He cannot at such high pressure remain at his best more than a few years. When he shows signs of decay he is cast off like an old glove, with no more consideration than would be bestowed on a broken down cab horse."

These remarks are unhappily too true. Yet the orchestral player is taught by the press to recognize the giver of cheap concerts as the benefactor of his species, because the lowering of his prices brings the divine art within the reach of the great public, and creates a demand for more (and still cheaper) instruction; the fact, of course, being that the cheap concert giver is merely a commercial speculator, as much concerned about his own profit as is the vendor of cheap boots.—*National Review.*

Her Career of Tragedies.—Miss Julia Perlroth, a violinist of high local repute and a beauty of natural celebrity, killed herself in Budapest early in the month after a career full of tragedies. She was the daughter of a royal official and studied for the concert stage despite the protests of her parents. She made her debut five years ago, and at once her pictures were sent broadcast over Continental Europe, spreading her reputation for beauty to Berlin, Vienna and other cities where her art remained long unknown.

For two years Miss Perlroth was successful on the stage. Then she fell in love with an Hungarian baron, retired, and lived with him. When he tired of her she resumed her playing in public, but not with artists of her class. She appeared in music halls. Two years ago a volunteer private, who was studying in the Vienna University, shot himself for love of her. Six months later a cashier of a Vienna bank embezzled \$30,000 to buy her jewelry. When she cast him off he drowned himself in the Danube. Seven months passed and a second lieutenant in a Magyar regiment in the Hungarian capital shot himself dead in a café chantant where she was playing. She had refused to marry him. He had been buried but eight weeks when a volunteer private in Gratz took his life because she rebuffed him repeatedly. Next she herself fell in love with a broker in Budapest, and after a tempestuous intimacy of ten days opened a vein in her wrist. The broker thought she was about to die and so opened a vein in his wrist, but they both recovered.

A rich Viennese was her next friend. He supported her in style in Vienna while she played first violin in a female orchestra. She had about everything that the first violin in a Vienna orchestra could not afford to buy—diamonds, a house, carriage and pair, and so on—and achieved widespread notoriety by her magnificence of attire and her beauty.

When her engagement in Vienna closed she and her rich friend went to Budapest for an outing. There she was overcome by her weariness of a misspent life. She shot herself in her room, and her Viennese friend found her dead body when he returned from a jeweler's to whom he had gone on an errand for her.—*Sun.*

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NO REMEDY.

THERE is not one theatrical manager in New York who is an educated man or has the simplest pretensions to culture. With one pitiable exception, none of them has any knowledge of the drama, its history, its development, its tendencies, or its possibilities. Mr. Daly has to a slight extent studied the art out of which he has made a living. He has some slight knowledge of Shakespearian drama, even though he has no understanding of it. He has the perverted, distorted and degraded the Shakespearian drama as only one who was blind to its whole import could have done. For the rest, he once had some acquaintance with the dusty farces which the more progressive Germans had discarded.

Surely this is a pitiable showing—among all the New York managers the best we can point to is a superannuated adapter, whose highest pretensions are that he is not wholly ignorant. The others are frankly illiterate. They know nothing of histrionic technic—nothing of dramatic technic—nothing of the magnificent history of the art they are degrading. Naturally enough the drama they provide for the public rises to no higher level than that on which the manager stands.

The worst of it is we can see no remedy.

PARTIES AND BOLTERS.

SENATOR THOMAS C. PLATT, of Tioga, is a much discussed man. Now and then he is excessively abused. At times he is the recipient of adulation. The Mugwumps make of him a political bogie. His friends fit him with a halo. Midway between these extremes it is probable that Mr. Platt would prefer to stand. He makes no pretension of being a great statesman, and he is not a wicked politician.

He has taken a wide career in politics. Scrutinize his record as we may, there is nothing in it on which scandal can fasten. He is a leader who built up the Republican party in New York from a discredited, dishonest and squabbling minority into a ruling majority. He has been accused of deserting his friends, but his loyalty to the Republican party as organized has never been questioned. He is not only the head of the Republican party, but is a faithful representative of Republicanism.

Mr. Platt has been an "easy boss," as he truly said; his leadership is justified of its success; why, then, is he so bitterly opposed by the bolting Republicans and skurrying Mugwumps? The chief opposition would seem to be not to the man, but to the man's method. In reality the Citizens' Union is a protest against government by party.

This is a subject on which men may differ fairly. It is no more unfair than questioning the rule of three. And yet it should be kept in mind that the wisdom of the world has devised no better plan for governing a democratic nation. Humanity has a tendency to take sides. Oftener than not wisdom is born in the clash of party warfare. Politics cannot be a serene science. When men disagree they are in the way of improvement. Of course it might be argued logically that if division is a good thing there cannot be too much of it. This is the theory of the Citizens' Union. They would have every voter free of the party whip and the party leash. It is for this reason that the Citizens' Union is powerless. Dissent is dangerous only when it is organized.

The great party organs are flexible enough. Their principles are not rigid. There is place in them for intelligent men of all shades of opinion, and the reformers should get it into their heads that it is only through the organized parties that they can achieve their reforms. This is virtually the stand taken by Senator Platt, the head of the Republican party. He has never intimated

that Seth Low would not make an admirable Mayor of New York. Probably Mr. Low would do very well, though he is not conspicuous for political wisdom, being, indeed, a good-natured, harmless little man, more like a silver dollar than a statesman. Mr. Low's fitness for the position is not the question at issue. The main point is whether the men and measures of organized Republicanism are to be dictated by the sworn enemies of that organization.

Senator Platt is fighting honorably for the integrity of the Republican party. He is fighting earnestly, for behind this attack on the Republican organization he sees an attack on government by party—the only possible form of government in a democracy.

The principle is worth fighting for, and Senator Platt has the fashion of fighting to win.

PHARAOH AND THE SERGEANT.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

"* * * consider that the meritorious services of the Sergeant Instructors attached to the Egyptian Army have been inadequately acknowledged. * * * To the excellence of their work is mainly due the great improvement that has taken place in the soldiers of H. H. the Khedive." EXTRACT FROM LETTER.

Said England unto Pharaoh, "I must make a man of you
That will stand upon his feet and play the game;
That will Maxim his oppressor as a Christian ought to do."
And she sent old Pharaoh Sergeant Whatisname.
It was not a Duke nor Earl nor yet a Viscount—
It was not a big brass General that came;
But a man in khaki kit, who could handle men a bit,
With his bedding labeled Sergeant Whatisname.

Said England unto Pharaoh, "Tho' at present singing small,
You shall hum a proper tune before it ends."
And she introduced old Pharaoh to the Sergeant once for all,
And left 'em in the desert making friends.
It was not a Crystal Palace nor Cathedral,
It was not a public-house of common fame,
But a piece of red-hot sand, with a palm on either hand,
And a little hut for Sergeant Whatisname.

Said England unto Pharaoh, "You've had miracles before,
When Aaron struck your rivers into blood;
But if you watch the Sergeant he can show you something more—
He's a charm for making riflemen from mud."
It was neither Hindustani, French, nor Coptic;
It was odds and ends and leavings of the same,
Translated by a stick (which is really half the trick),
And Pharaoh backed to Sergeant Whatisname.

(There were years that no one talked of: there were times of horrid doubt;
There was faith and hope and whacking and despair;
While the Sergeant gave the Cautions, and he combed old Pharaoh out,
And England didn't lock to know nor care.
That is England's awful way o' doing business;
She would serve her God or (Jordan just the same;
For she thinks her Empire still is the Strand and Holborn Hill,
And she didn't think o' Sergeant Whatisname.)

Said England to the Sergeant, "You can let my people go!"
(England used 'em cheap and nasty from the start.)
And they entered 'em at Firkeh on a most astonished foe—
But the Sergeant he had hardened Pharaoh's heart
That was broke, along of all the plagues of Egypt,
Three thousand years before the Sergeant came—
And he mended it again in a little more than ten,
So Pharaoh fought like Sergeant Whatisname!

It was wicked, bad campaigning (cheap and nasty from the first);
There was heat and dust and coolie work and sun,
There were vipers, flies and sand storms, there was cholera and thirst,
But Pharaoh done the best he ever done.
Down the desert, down the railway, down the river,
Like the Israelites from bondage so he came,
'Tween the clouds o' dust and fire to the land of his desire,
And his Moses it was Sergeant Whatisname!

We are eating dirt in handfuls for to save our daily bread,
Which we have to buy from those who hate us most,
And we must not raise the money where the Sergeant raised the dead,
And its wrong and bad and dangerous to boast;
But he did it on the cheap and on the quiet,
And he's not allowed to forward any claim—
Though he drilled a black man white, though he made a mummy fight,
He will still continue Sergeant Whatisname—
Private, Corporal, Color-Sergeant and Instructor—
But the everlasting miracle's the same!

—September McClure's.



THE DIFFERENCE.

When in the parlor Janet sits,
Her dimpled fingers rilling
To the responsive trilling
Of frolicsome piano keys,
We listen, languishing at ease,
And muse until our drowsy wits
Grow tranced as in some thrilling
Dream of song, caught spilling
From a wildwood revel!

But when our Janet sits upstairs
And does her daily drilling
Without surcease or stilling,
Repeating nerve-destroying scales
Until one's very spirit quails;
We say we do not like her airs,
Although her music's killing,
As if her tones were filling
Dungeons of—the devil!

—Boston Journal.

MARY ANDERSON-NAVARRO always had a rich contralto voice, yet, despite the assertion of Maud Valerie White, the composer, I doubt if the American can become an artistic singer. She has not a particle of temperament, indeed seems to lack the artistic quality, and was at her very best a mediocre and uninteresting actress. The rumor that she intends singing in public has proved a false one.

Good-bye to Summer would be about the top notch of her abilities.

When Acton Davies (we call him Acteon because of his fondness for stag parties) was in London last summer he naturally enough frequently went to the theatre. One memorable night Miss Marbury, the play buyer, introduced him to Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, the play assassin.

"We call Mr. Davies," said Miss Marbury, in her best manner, "the Shaw of New York."

George scowled, and his moth-eaten face became yellower.

"Is that what you call American humor?" he asked in Ibscene accents.

"No, American youth," answered the lady. George withdrew in his usual depressing fashion.

The Good Mr. Best proved to be the bad Mr. Wurst at the Garrick, and the company left for Detroit last Sunday night. Rich & Harris, who always insisted to May Irwin that author McNally made her, and not the reverse, think differently to-day.

The night of the production here the author, sweating blood, and after his curtain speech, in which he thanked the audience for their &c.—success, &c., rushed into the café next door to the theatre for a drink. An old star of his, "Pete" Daly, stood at the bar drinking in his usually good natured style.

"Hello, McNally," he sang out, "have you seen that play next door?" McNally's answer is not reported.

The piece was bad, simply vulgar and bad.

Change Alley at the Lyceum needs more change and less alley. It is by Louis N. Parker and Murray Carson, and when it was described as a panorama in five acts all was said that could be said. The South Sea Bubble is used as a central theme—if there is any such thing as a central theme—and the scenery and costumes are the play. Mr. Sothern has a poor part, which he makes much of, and Virginia Harned looks lovely and plays a meagre role with intelligence. The cast is vociferous.

Mr. Parker should cut Wagner lectures for a time and furbish up his dramatic technic.

The death of Mr. David Lawrie, of Glasgow, is announced, says the *Westminster Gazette*. He was originally an oil merchant, and early in his career had his attention directed to violins. His business about that time took him to the Continent, and he began to purchase instruments, the first he acquired being a Nicolas Amati, for which he paid £35. He bought violins here and there, and thus gradually educated himself in the characteristics of the productions of the various masters. He had an unerring ear for tone, which he cultivated until he came to be recognized as a judge. By-and-by he left the oil trade and devoted himself entirely to dealing in violins. A great number of the famous violins of the world passed through his hands. He had long in

his possession the Allard Strad and the King Joseph. He also had the Dolphin Strad, and he bought Ernst's Strad on his death, afterward selling it to Lady Hallé, who still has it as a cherished possession. It is an exceptionally fine instrument; indeed it is regarded as the finest solo violin at present in use. At one period Mr. Lawrie made the acquaintance of the maker J. B. Villeneuve, and brought to this country many specimens of his work. Then his violins were sold for £14, but now they easily command between £60 and £70. Mr. Lawrie, who had been failing in health for a long time, was sixty-five years of age.

Following the Continental superstition that a successful literary man must be a good politician, Gabriele d'Annunzio is running for Parliament at Pescara and making poetic speeches. He wants to know, "What have the men who have ruled over Italy for thirty years done for beauty, art, culture, for all our richest treasures, for all the most noble ornaments of the Italian spirit?"

This was in the *Herald* Sunday last:

PARIS, September 11, 1897.—Mrs. Antonio Terry, née Grace Dalton Secor, died at her residence here on Friday. She had returned to Paris from Tréport a fortnight ago.

Her death is due to cerebral congestion, from which she had suffered only two days.

Now there is nothing to prevent that Terry-Sanderson marriage. Will it ever take place?

William Philp, the tenor of the Bostonians, is reported to be engaged to Miss Caroline Howard, of Buffalo.

Anthony Hope will read at the Lyceum Theatre October 25, 26 and 27.

Marie Studholm has been suffering with rheumatism since she arrived, and of course the Knickerbocker people got off the old "gag" about the death of relatives in England.

In Town is rubbish, with some pretty girls and a clever comedian, Mr. Bradfield, in it. It does not begin to compare with *The Gayety Girl* in sprightliness.

The hot weather last week played the deuce with the shows in town. Every theatre suffered, although the usual interviews with managers appeared in the Sunday papers, and of course they were all coining money.

The Manns—Louis and Clara Lipman—are not to star with Charles Dickson after all. They are to appear under George Lederer's management in a piece adapted from the French by Leander Richardson and Edgar Smith, called *The Telephone Girl*.

Mr. Harry Rowe Shelley has just finished a new symphony, which will be heard during the winter at the Philharmonic concerts. It is in the key of D minor, and in my opinion a stronger, more compact and more original than his first symphony, which was so well received at the M. T. N. A.

Here is some late cable news to the *Herald*:

The Meistersinger, by the way, is being rehearsed night and day at the Opéra here. Acting as guardian angel to holy tradition, Frau Cosima has turned over the only authentic Wagner ideas of Edouard Risler, as the Grand Duchesse did the sabre of her sire. Risler, the clever pianist, will watch on behalf of the widow of Wagner that French frivolity does not creep into the interpretation of the artists. At any rate, during the rehearsals the roles of "maîtres chanteurs" have been cast in double and triple, and in one or two cases in quadruple. Messrs. Alvarez, Courtors, Duffaut as *Walter*; Demas and Fornets as *Hans Sachs*; Mesdames Breval, Bertet, Bosman and Loventoz as *Eva*.

Meantime a surprise has been sprung on the French musical public by the first performance in French of Wagner's *Tristan and Isolde* at Aix les Bains, which was warmly praised and attended by all the fashionables at that watering place.

The Edouard Risler mentioned is one of the most gifted of French pianists. I heard him play at Bayreuth. He is an ardent Lisztianer.

Chevalier de la Salle, an oratorio of American discovery, the music by M. Frédéric Le Rey, was recently performed for the first time in a Dieppe church. French critics praise it highly.

Among the new plays in verse promised by the Comédie Française for next season are *Le Martyre*, by Jean Richepin; *Tristan et Yseult*, by Armand

Silvestre, and Struensee, by Paul Meurice. A five act prose play called Catherine, by Henri Lavedan, is also announced.

An echo of one of Col. J. H. Mapleson's unsuccessful operatic ventures was heard last week when judgment for \$3,250 was entered by default against the impresario in favor of Robert Schell for the amount due, with interest, on a note made by the Colonel on December 3, 1885, for \$1,800, payable in two months. The Colonel put in an answer, claiming the note had been paid, but he failed to appear at the trial of the case.

Mr. Jefferson de Angelis has obtained a judgment for \$164.47 against Messrs. Whitney & Moore, the managers of Brian Boru last season. Mr. De Angelis, who sang in the opera for a while, claims that amount of salary is due him.

The editor of a Russian paper has asked Count Tolstoi his opinion about the music of Richard Wagner, "Wagner," Tolstoi replied, "is a decadent who replaces imagination and inspiration with scientific tricks. For my part, I prefer a simple, popular air to Wagnerian music."

Here is the latest from London:

Two importations from the United States this week, The Wizard of the Nile and Miss Francis of Yale, have been treated by the majority of the critics kindly, and even enthusiastically by the *Times* and Clement Scott, the dramatic critic of the *Daily Telegraph*. Miss Francis of Yale, with Weedon Grossmith in the title role, after much success in the provinces, was produced last Tuesday night at the Globe Theatre.

Regarding Miss Francis of Yale, the *Daily Telegraph* says:

"We do not need the farces of France, that want is deodorizing, and the tedious theses of Germany need weeding, so long as we get from America such an admirable example of wholesome, unforced tomfoolery."

Londoners say that Michael Morton drew his inspiration from Charley's Aunt.

Weedon Grossmith, in the title role, does much to carry the play, which is stripped of its Americanisms.

Adele Ritchie has made a hit in the Herbert-Smith opera, the music of which is highly praised, while the book is "roasted." D'Oyly Carte has been scored for threatening to bring Lillian Russell to London. It appears the American foreign theatrical market is a bit overstocked.

WITH FOREIGN EYES.

HAVE you ever sailed up the New York harbor early in the morning? As my steamer crept past the shores and I first saw the city towers through the mist I wondered if I had come at last to the castles in the air I built and lost so many years ago. I thought I already saw the hanging gardens, the fountains, the men and women with strange garments and strange eyes. But, after all, it was not the materialization of a dream but the idealization of a fact that I found.

How it stings you at first—the exuberant, the violent strength of the place, Sentient with the almost painful vitality of youth, adolescent in its tentative desire for beauty, it makes your blood answer at once its imperious demand for enthusiasm.

How boisterous it is, too, when it is not engaged in metaphorically putting on mauve kids for the first time and searching agonizingly for its moustache. In France, things are shod with velvet, but on Broadway—they are not! It would make a quaint hell for some musicians who delight in much brass and tympani.

Of course all that talk about the future and the determined aspiration of the Americans is very nice, but to always live with people consistently accentuated by determined aspiration must ultimately become rather fatiguing, I fancy. They are really so businesslike, you know—quite appallingly so. If you happen to work out a theory, they at once ask you absorbingly, "When you are going to carry it out?" Just as though the chief charm of theories did not consist in their utter unsuitability for use. Then if you have a scheme to suggest they put their ten finger tips together, look at their typewriter's head, and ask in a harrowing manner:

"Will it pay?"

Will it pay? Ye gods! does anything "pay"?

Yet they are not sordid—not in the least. It is merely the system in betting on Brain Derby.

And, upon my word, this custom of always being frantically at work is catching. When I began to feel the influence of the people I thirsted to put on tarpaulins or a pair of blue jeans, or something of that sort, and dig.

I found, however, that to understand New York in August I had to go away to the Battery or Central Park; for, although the city is like the royal palace when the family are not in residence, yet the people are there, and they electrify too dominantly their immediate neighborhood. As in the fusion of a planet, it is one blind struggle to establish an equilibrium and to coalesce like with like.

But this genius of New York to attract the world and quicken it has much to do with the fact of its being built in surroundings of imposing beauty. Ugliness breeds stupidity and plains induce phlegm. Wait, however, till

this influence of beauty in America is no longer an instinct, but an entity, mirrored in the art of the country. Then look for the decadence. As yet, however, they are merely saturated with the pernicious habit of industry. They are all writhing and yelling before the Juggernaut car of commerce. But until that time, when men will dream in crystal caves and fashion strange secrets that murmur the music of all moving things, there is an infinitude of art stuff in all this mad, useless materiality.

Who will paint the monstrous cobweb of wires that cling to the red and white turrets, as to rose and lily, or the steel lines that hover like the wing of a dragon fly above a stream, linking its shores, or the city that, standing at the border of the sea, builds its Towers of Babel deaf to the whispering wonder of many waters.

But the first step to an art is the faith of the people, and it is a significant fact that the majority of American citizens are dissenters. Their church spires are short, practical, cozily sheltered by the money mosques; and as to their Art Gallery, they painted it red! Now, why did they paint it red? That is a color to be used exclusively in the mind. Very titillating and unctuous for that purpose, to be sure, but under utilitarian circumstances rather obtrusive.

Still, exclusive of the blushing Art Gallery, the park of New York is very beautiful. I found one hollow, with a fountain covered by lilies and broad green leaves. Above the fountain is an angel and behind it a lake that drifts back till it is lost in the shadow of the trees. Before the fountain there are two flights of steps, broad, shallow and smooth, fit for the velvet trains of court ladies and the soft touch of their brocades. Meet, too, for their beauty. You see them pass, waving fans of feathers, cavaliers beside them, in satin and lace, and near their hands frail greyhounds, fawning for caresses. Now, a sound of singing sways their steps to rhythm and a perfumed wind stirs the flowers at her feet—her feet. Oh, I forgot, it is not a French garden, but a public park, and tattered urchins on roller skates clamber down the steps, and ice cream is sold under the arches, I think.

The people who drive in the park are like the people who drive all the world over.

Ladies in purple silk, nursing the sapient poodle. Young men who look as though suicide was the one excitement they have not enjoyed, and girls, too pretty for one's peace of mind. But Central Park has one glorious peculiarity—its coaches. Why do people drive in Central Park coaches? They all look as though they wanted to get away and hide themselves and disappear from this awful glare of publicity and never be seen any more.

When you leave the park in the evening and catch a glimpse of the tower of Madison Square Garden, glinting like a fairy tiara above the trees, you feel that the City of the Sea has put on her diamonds—and then you notice the word "Pops!"

The Bowery, however, does not afford such a shock. It is merely vulgar. I had expected to see a snarling Saturnalia. Italians scintillating in blue and yellow; Japanese with their look of fretted intelligence; Chinese, with sly, slanting eyes and feline feet. But it is simply second-hand clothes shops—nothing more, and I left the smoky, Philistines elevated railroad at Brooklyn Bridge in disgust.

And it is from the bridge, that hammock swung between the trees of life, that New York seems to become intimate to you. Sometimes the domes and airy flutings make one think of a Spanish vision caught up into the air, or the buildings become the strongholds of strange genii, whose fevered breath pants out in gists of steam. Now the bridge gives back the thrill and swing to thought and step that nature gives in youth. I became ten years younger. A lad at Heidelberg, dreaming rose realizations or philosophies and symphonies. The trains, too, that tremble away from you, and send all things swaying, are the people you cared for, and the trains conveniently pass often in order to keep up the illusion.

Restless, panting New York, placed like a heart between the encircling arms of the sea, what do you mean to the world? Much, perhaps, of the city's passion of unrest comes from the keen ocean impulse that ceaselessly sweeps about it. Its striving is full of the perpetual, seemingly useless striving of the sea. And if this nation, like the sea, wears away old lands, old thoughts, old eras; if by its millions of exhausted lives and reeking blood and brain that end is attained, what will be gained?

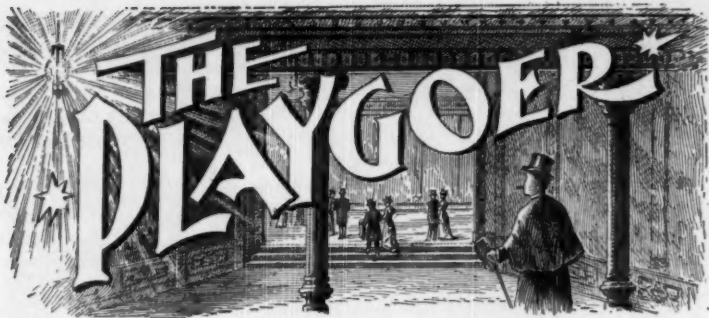
What then? Well—what then?

GEO. ALLEN.

I read lately a report about the unsafe condition of the theatres in Paris in case of fire, and am sorry to say that very inadequate steps are being taken in the way of improvements. The Government has granted to the Opera only 172,000 frs., so the idea of having an iron curtain has long ago been abandoned. The present one will be retained, with an asbestos lining added. Some of the wooden partitions in the wings will be replaced by brick and some extra exits provided.

The Conservatory authorities are equally careless. They have resolved to continue to hold the public examinations in the old hall, although the press has unanimously protested against the insecurity and inconvenience of the concert hall. The wise authorities, in giving an excuse for neglecting public opinion, say: "Fear of a fire is baseless, as the examinations take place in the daytime, when there is no light either on the stage or in the hall."

Now everyone who has been present at these affairs knows that they are often not concluded until late in the evening, when the chandeliers and the footlights are all lighted. These lights are electric, but defective wires have caused lots of fires. If this is the idea of safety held by the managers of these two important national institutions, what must the other managers think?



IN the theatres there is nothing of any real importance this week—a chronic condition of affairs, by the way. The Little Minister, in which Maude Adams is to appear at the Empire, has been postponed, owing to the popularity—not wholly inexplicable—of Secret Service. Hoyt's new farce and Mrs. Ryley's Coat of Many Colors are noticed in another column.

At the Lyceum there has been an attempt to whip 'Change Alley into shape, with no great success. There is an antique saw against the folly of trying to make silk purses out of bristles. Mr. Sothern, I observe, lays great stress upon the fact that he is the stage director of the production.

If he were really efficient as a stage manager he would get someone else to play his part.

It is strange, is it not, that a man who can do one thing fairly well is always anxious to do another thing. Mr. Sothern is a fairly satisfactory actor. He has no great art, and is more like an American cigarette than a man of genius, but still in certain roles he is expert enough and pleasing. Had he attended to his legitimate business of playing a part in 'Change Alley, he would have, I dare say, done very well. His boyish desire to filch the laurels from his stage manager has not turned out to be a golden success. The scenic effects in 'Change Alley are excellent, but the stage pictures are coarse and slovenly, and the whole piece is drowned in a maelstrom of meaningless noise.

Mr. Sothern had better go back to acting.

At the Fifth Avenue the sappy comedy A Southern Romance has been pruned and bled of its melodrama; it is tedious of course, but now its tediousness is harmless.

Mr. George Homans writes me as follows:

"The truest tests of the success of a new play are the box office receipts the first three or four nights. If they crescendo, no matter how poor a start, the play is a financial success. The management of the Bijou Theatre are jubilant and with reason, for the paying public are patronizing the theatre, to use another musical term, fortissimo, and they feel warranted in continuing Mr. Broadhurst's clever comedy, The Wrong Mr. Wright, during the balance of Mr. Reed's engagement. The comedy has been universally praised by the newspaper men, the cast and the scenic equipments coming in for their full share of indorsement. The two scenes which represent the Hygeia Hotel and the drill ground of Fortress Monroe are beautiful and realistic. In the title role Mr. Reed is congenially fitted. Miss Rush, as a detective, has a part which fits her temperament exactly."

As I have already said, Mr. Roland Reed has a merry play and plays it merrily.

From London I hear that In the Days of the Duke is a success. It will doubtless find its way to New York. The authors are Haddon Chambers and Comyns Carr. They are experienced devisers of melodrama, and they could have had no better subject than the stirring days that ushered in Waterloo.

The Inverary Pipe Band, the distinguished combination of bagpipes which created a sensation by promenading Glencoe in charge of Lord Archibald Campbell, walked abroad in Inverary the other day, headed by a young lady, who blew the piob mhor with all the dexterity and success of a prize bagpiper at Oban Highland games. This was Lady Elspeth Campbell, Lord Archibald's handsome daughter. She is an expert player, and has done a good deal to make the dreaded instrument popular in fashionable circles.

Of course, the day of roof gardens is over for awhile, but the managers of these aerial entertainments might keep the Inverary Pipe Band in mind. The skirl of the bagpipe on Koster & Bial's roof, for instance, would sound very pleasant to the sojourner at Manhattan Beach.

And that reminds me that Henry Dixey, who is now a five-pointed star of the vaudeville, will be at Keith's next week. Of course, he has nothing to do with bagpipes, though I dare say he could play one if he chose. He seems to be able to do about everything.

American artists who mean to exhibit at the forthcoming exhibition of 1900 will be pleased to know that an international Fine Arts Club is to be

founded specially for the accommodation of visitors, which is under the patronage of M. Edouard Détaillé, president of the Champs Elysées Salon. The artistic clubs which exist at present in Paris do not admit honorary members, except to a very limited degree, their accommodation being small. Moreover, the "Epatant" (Cercle de l'Union Artistique et Littéraire), the Volney, and the Cercle des Beaux-Arts in the Rue Richelieu, have by degrees lost any exclusively artistic character which they may originally have possessed and have become ordinary social clubs, their chief raison d'être, as well as their principal source of income, being the baccarat table and the card rooms.

I learn from an exchange that much surprise has been created by Mr. James Jeffrey Roche's repeated attacks upon Mr. Kipling's Recessional, but common fairness requires his critics to put themselves in his place. To those whose taste has been formed by the King James Bible and the English Prayer Book, the use of the compound subject and the singular verb seems perfectly natural. Mr. Grant White defended it more than once, and spoke with some severity of its assailants. Mr. Adams Hill, in his Foundations of Rhetoric, permits it when two subjects are merely different words for the same thing, and ordinary grammarians allow such a sentence as "The tumult and the shouting dies," calling it a compound sentence, with the first predicate, "dies," understood. To Mr. Roche, an Irish Catholic; the King James Bible would be "of nothing worth," and, again, he could hardly be expected to know that English hymn writers use "sacrifice" as a rhyme for "prize," following old usage and defying the dictionary, and his frank disapproval of Scott's monarchical leanings may account for his forgetfulness of Rebecca's hymn in Ivanhoe, the memory of which possibly echoed in Mr. Kipling's mind as he wrote:

Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice.
An humble and contrite heart.

The Jewish maiden sang:

For thou hast said, "The blood of goat,
The flesh of rams I will not prize;
A contrite heart an humble mind
Are mine accepted sacrifice."

As for Mr. Roche's complaint of the addition of "Amen" to the "Recessional," quite independent of the meter, a glance at Hymns Ancient and Modern would have shown him that English usage prescribes the "Amen," and in the Catholic vespers service "Amen" is thus added to the hymns, O Salutaris and Lucis Creator Optime. He cannot imagine Tennyson committing such a sin, perhaps; but Cardinal Newman committed it again and again.

The following "poem" was written by H. W. Longfellow, "when he was nine," though, as far as I can see, he might have written it when he was fifty:

Mr. Finney had a turnip,
And it grew behind the barn.
And it grew, and it grew,
And the turnip did no harm.
And it grew, and it grew,
Till it could grow no taller;
Then Mr. Finney took it up
And put it in the cellar.
There it lay, there it lay,
Till it began to rot;
When his daughter Susie washed it,
And she put it in the pot.
Then she boiled it and boiled it,
As long as she was able;
Then his daughter Lizzie took it,
And she put it on the table.
Mr. Finney and his wife
Both sat down to sup;
And they ate, and they ate,
Until they ate the turnip up.

During the hot weather of last week Mr. Whitelaw Reed unbent his mind to the consideration of "Tights." He discussed in the *Tribune* the question "Whether tights are comfortable or not in hot weather?" He writes: "In the old days, when making up was done with powder and rouge, it was easy to see what effect the heat was having on an actor by noticing the streaks on his face, where the sweat ran down and took the character down with it. But the new grease paints are guaranteed to be impervious to sweat, and the actor stays old or young or sallow or haggard straight through the performance. It does not follow that he is comfortable."

"It must be hard to be heroic on such a night as last night. And if it is hard to be heroic, what must it be to have to dance? And to wear tights? Does anybody know whether it is more or less comfortable, on such a night as last night to wear tights than to wear ordinary clothes? And the persons who wear tights usually have to dance, too. It certainly seems so cruel to make people dress like that and dance like that in such a temperature that it is a wonder anybody goes to the theatres at all."

Really I think Mr. Reid is giving the playgoers more credit than they deserve. Playgoers do not concern themselves at all with the discomfort of actors who perspire, or actresses who are "cruelly" forced to dance in tights. They go to be amused, and they do not care tuppence whether the players melt or freeze.

However, it is interesting to note that, after an investigation that seems to

have been uncommonly thorough. Mr. Reed concludes: Tights are like kid gloves—awfully beastly hot in summer, and awfully beastly cold in winter.

Cleo de Merode arrived Monday.

Both Adelina Patti and Emma Calvé are said to have expressed the desire to take the part of *Trilby* when Leoncavallo's opera is finished.

It is not unagreeable to learn that Mary Anderson has decided not to appear on the concert stage. By the way, what a singular poverty in critical knowledge of good acting there must have been in this country when Mary Anderson was boomed into success. Even at her best she was little more than a mouthing amateur.

Mr. Le Gallienne—the fellow's real name is Galloon—has a new book on the stocks, the title of which is a translation of Wenn Ich nur Der Herrgott Wär. He might have found a better text in M. Maurice Maeterlinck's famous line: "Si j'étais Dieu—j'aurais pitié—du cœur des hommes."

Mr. Le Gallienne is an intellectual cad. He wears lace on his wrists and legs, and is a puppy. Still there is no reason why he should blaspheme.

Unquestionably the best Paris correspondent whose articles appear in the daily newspapers is Mr. Rowland Strong. His correspondence is to be found in the *Times* of Saturday.

In his last letter he describes Maurice Barré's new novel *Les Déracinés* as a political as well as a literary event. For a year or two past, he states, it has become the custom in France to write novels in which living or recently deceased personages are referred to under a thin disguise. The stage has also received numerous contributions of this sort. There was M. Lemaître's dramatic representation of the late Crown Prince of Austria's tragedy, which, with Sarah Bernhardt and Guitry, made a sensation at the Renaissance. M. Abel Hermant had to fight a duel with the Prince de Sagan for one of his recent pieces, and in *Le Carrière*, by the same author, which is to be revived next season, the chief comic figure is that of a well-known Russian grand duke. Léon Daudet, in *The Astre Noire*, analyzed the character of a mighty poet and political genius which could have been none other than his own grandfather-in-law, Victor Hugo; Gyp, in *Le Baron Sinai*, has dealt with the Panama bubble; Pierre Denis put Boulangism on the stage of the *Œuvre Théâtre*, and M. Maurice Barrés is now at his coup d'essai, for in *Une Journée Parlementaire*, which Antoine produced at the *Théâtre Libre*, he satirized that political world to which for the brief period that he was Boulangist deputy for Nancy he himself belonged.

In his new work, which is a masterly piece of analysis and a clever picture of some of the less known phases of that careless struggle for life, of which politics in France almost exclusively consists, we are introduced to many of the political figures that preceded the appearance, or perhaps it would be more just to call it the outbreak of Boulangism. Boulangism itself was so sordid and dreary a phenomenon that M. Barrés has been wise to bring his work to a conclusion with the death and funeral of Victor Hugo. The "brave general's" popularity was only just beginning at that date. However, the elements of the Boulangist movement, that strange mixture of chauvinism, of social and moral discontent with the existing order of things, of dawning anarchism, were already there, and M. Barrés analyzes them very trenchantly and well.

His most striking character is that of *Racdot*, a young provincial graduate who starts a radical paper and ends by assassinating his mistress for the sake of her jewels, with the proceeds of which he hopes to continue his political propaganda. He is the type of the discontented young man of good education, whose life has been a failure, who suffers from that "spleen" in its most exaggerated form which of late years seems to have crossed the Channel and invaded to a disquieting degree the sunny land of France. *Racdot* is guillotined, and with his execution the story comes to an end. This person has been also drawn from life. Shortly after the death of Boulanger a murder was committed in Paris by two young ruffians, one of whom held a university degree and had once been a familiar figure in the Quartier Latin. He had even delivered various public lectures on the struggle for life and the right to kill for the sake of self-preservation. This was before the principles of militant anarchism had been made familiar to the public by the outrages committed by Ravachol, Emil Henry and Angiolillo. The "bachelier assassin," as he was called, expiated his crime upon the guillotine; his companion, who was judged to have been subject to his influence, being condemned to penal servitude for life.

The Kaiser's second play, *Salve*, has had one continuous performance at Wiesbaden. It was a curtain raiser for Weber's *Preciosa*, and formed part of the festival performance given in honor of the King and Queen of Italy. It symbolizes the alliance between Italy and Germany, the principal characters

being *Germania* and *Italia*, played of course by a blonde woman and a brunette.

The first scene shows the depths of a German forest. *Germania* and *Italia* appear, clasp hands, and in the blindest kind of verse pledge eternal faith. The forest vanishes at a cue from *Italia*, and in its place Rome rises into view. Meanwhile music, composed by Hofkapellmeister Schlar, resounds. The Kaiser is afraid of nothing, not even of having *Salve* followed by *Preciosa*. The audience, says a correspondent, is said to have been greatly pleased with—the latter.

Not since the disastrous attempt of Salmi Morse to produce the *Passion Play* has there been an attempt to introduce the Nazarene upon the theatrical stage. Biblical subjects of course are not uncommon, and even Mr. W. D. Howells wrote a Bowery play round Samson. Now, however, it is announced that Sudermann's *Johannes* is to be brought out at the Irving Place Theatre. When the play was rehearsed in Berlin Sudermann omitted the final episode, which is that of Christ's entrance into Jerusalem. This scene Mr. Conried will restore in the New York production.

It is well known that the police authorities, putting in force an old law, refused to allow *Johannes* to be played in Berlin. It will be interesting to study the fortunes of the play in this city. That it will be reverently and artistically presented at the Irving Place Theatre I have not the slightest doubt. Mr. Conried is the one theatrical manager in this city who could be trusted to produce the play; he is both a scholar and an artist, and therefore he is to be trusted.

I see no reason why even the religious portion of the community should object to *Johannes*. Indeed there is every reason why they should acclaim the production. The stage is bad and base, if they will have it so, but it should be remembered that part of its degradation is due to that very Puritanism which has put it under the ban. The Puritans have given the dog a bad name, until now it is fit for hanging.

Of old the Church had no such antipathy for the drama; in fact it used the stage—and used it wisely—as a vehicle for religious instruction. And it was out of the church plays—the mysteries and miracle plays, the religious masques and pageants—that the serious English drama grew. Shakespeare was made possible only by the Chester plays. It is well to remember this now and again.

The story of John the Baptist is not new to the stage; it was one of the favorite subjects for religious drama. It was looked upon as one that lent itself to stage presentation, and in this form was peculiarly fitted to make clear the message of the Nazarene. Why should religious persons forbid its presentation to-day?

There can be only two reasons:

(1) Either the old story of the coming of the Messiah has lost its power to impress an audience made up of the average people who attend theatres, or
(2) Modern audiences are so irreligious that there is fear of mockery.

I do not think this age is worse than the old, dead ages; and, indeed, to argue that it is simply to argue that all these generations of preaching and missionary work have been useless and ineffectual. And if that is true—if religious persons have failed in their mission—surely they have no longer a right to speak as those having authority. But it was proved in the case of Hannele that New York audiences are not given to mockery. Even were they flippant the truth is not to be hurt by a sneer.

Let us have *Johannes*—let us have all serious plays—let us have any play that will help to place the drama once more in its old fellowship with the fine arts.

V. T.

FREDERICK LEMAITRE, the famous French comedian, who died in 1875, and to whose memory a monument is soon to be erected in Paris, began his stage career in a humble way. The *Gaulois* tells the story of his first appearance, which was in the theatre of the Variétés Amusantes. Tall and athletically built, young Lemaître presented himself before the director of the theatre, who asked him what especial roles he wished to play.

"Oh, I'm not particular!" was the cheerful reply.

"Very well; consider yourself engaged. From to-day you are a member of my troupe at a salary of 30 francs (\$6) a month. Are you satisfied?"

"I should be hard to please if I were not."

"In that case you may begin your work on the day after to-morrow."

"But—my part?"

"Oh, it will not take long to learn that. You have strong lungs? Just shout a bit to let me hear if you have."

Frederick Lemaître gave a roar which shook the windows in their casements.

"Splendid!" exclaimed the director enthusiastically. "You will make a magnificent lion!"

"A lion?" repeated the astonished applicant.

"Why, yes, a lion; I predict certain success for you, considering how you can roar."

Two days later the young artist, enveloped in a magnificent lion skin, made his début an all-fours in a pantomime of *Pyramus and Thisbe*.

VIEWS AND REVIEWS.

THE seventieth birthday of Henrik Ibsen, which takes place on the 20th of March, 1898, will be celebrated by the esoteric disciples of Ibsen by a festival for which they are already making preparations. The Berlin festival will take place about the end of March.

The names of the three authors of the musical parody *Münchhausen*, by Hans Ferdinand Hans, are said to be Hans von Wolzogen and Ferdinand Spork (the author of *Ingwilde*) for the literary portion and Hans Sommer for the musical.

The first number of the third year of the artistic periodical *Pan* has just appeared. It contains a prospectus in which the readers are assured of the continuance of the periodical under its old conditions.

We have not as yet known much about Tolstoi's views on music. They are much more conservative than we might have expected from such a revolutionary character. In his eyes Wagner is a decadent who supplies the lack of fancy and inspiration by scientific pedantry. Tolstoi prefers a simple folk tune.

The editor of the German paper *Artist*, who figured in the law struggle with the Barrisons, has been presented with a very handsome testimonial. It consists of a silver St. George, who is charging with his lance in rest a five headed dragon. Each of these dragon's heads bears a brilliant. It is not difficult to see the meaning of this testimonial.

There died lately in Paris a very unhappy man, Auguste Lacausse. He translated Leopardi, but he likewise wrote some verses of his own, in which he competed with Leconte de l'Isle in praising the beauty of his native land, the Isle of Bourbon. This was the only thing in which these two Creoles agreed. In all other respects they hated each other, and their hatred was increased by the fact that as librarians of the Senate they occupied the same house in the Luxembourg garden and had to see each other every day. Lacausse would never be convinced that it wasn't his neighbor who used to play practical jokes upon him, such as sending him a ton of coal in July, or a piano, or some other thing which he did not want under any possible circumstances. But when Leconte de l'Isle died and the practical jokes still continued, the victim began to suspect a senator to whom he had once made some unpleasant remarks in the library. During his last illness the old man was very much disturbed lest he should be surprised by some trick of this enemy of his, and he ordered his daughter to keep his death a profound secret in order that this concealed villain might not play some wicked pranks with his corpse. The result was his death was not announced until the day after he was buried.

In a well-known London restaurant there is a very interesting chamber of autographs. The beginning of this remarkable room of relics goes back for twenty years. The well-known caricaturist Pellegrini, with a whole crowd of jolly fellows of the like stamp, used to meet in a restaurant in Great Portland street. It was a little bit of a place, but wit and genius are not bounded by space or time. One evening, when the artists had been sitting over their wine or their whiskeys, Pellegrini asked the company to write their names in his sketch book. "Wait a bit," said one of the crowd, "I know a better trick than that—to write our names on the wall." And thus it happened that this first collection of autographs became the foundation of the present remarkable display.

To-day, however, the old restaurant where the Bohemians of two decades ago met has been enlarged and has become the haunt of the most fashionable members of London and international society. But the little room on the second floor, where, twenty years before, a dozen Bohemians had left their names, still exists and has attained a celebrity which attracts the attention of all the guests. The walls are covered over and over with the handiwork of celebrated persons. Pellegrini himself left many portraits and sketches on the walls. Many of the names, perhaps, are of merely local interest, but the greatest number belong to international celebrities.

These last relics can be detected by the glass covering which protects them. Among musicians and composers we find the names of Leoncavallo, Mascagni, Paderewski, Arbos, Fregoli, Moskowski, Tschaiowsky, Sims, Stojowski, Sauret, McKenzie. Of singers there are Patti, Calvé, Melba and others. Mascagni wrote a couple of bars of the air *Voilà Sapete*, from the *Cavalleria Rusticana*. Leoncavallo has written some notes of his *Pagliacci*. A Parisian journalist who prides himself on his gastronomic taste inscribed "Oh, Pagani, your cooking is very good." These words inspired Lamoureux, the conductor, and he set the words to music so that the praise of the good cookery might be sung far and wide. The singer, Mrs. Francis Saville, drew on the wall a glass with the words: "I drink to my friend Tosti," but Tosti had the bad taste to write underneath it: "Please do nothing of the sort," and some music for these words for a tenor voice.

In one corner of the room Anna von Suppé preserves the memory of the author of *Poet and Peasant* with the somewhat mystical inscription: "I am entirely of the views of my grandfather, Franz'l Suppé." The fiddler Ysaye

lamented that he is always tied down to notes and notes, a statement which Sarasate does not indorse, for the great Spaniard has inscribed an energetic protest against these despised notes by writing an E flat minor chord. Mario and Val Princes contribute some charming sketches, and the present president of the Royal Academy, Poynter is represented by a caricature of Queen Victoria the size of a 5 shilling piece. When he did this work of art he was not a Royal Academician, nor the president of the Academy, nor a knight. Phil May has drawn his own portrait, with which an amusing little story is connected.

A newly engaged waiter was ordered to clean up the room of autographs. The man had not the slightest idea of the value of these things on the wall, so he went to work with a sponge and soap and some brushes to wash away these valuable autographs. He was just beginning his task with Phil May's portrait of himself when the proprietor luckily happened to come in. For a moment he stood speechless, then there was an explosion. The waiter soared into the air like a comet and landed at the bottom of the stairs.

Jean Finot has been enlightening the world with the various attempts that have been made in bygone centuries to produce mankind artificially. From the days of Paracelsus down to our own time numerous alchemists have struggled with this problem. The occultist journals, such as *The Sphinx* and *L'Initiation*, last year gave a serious and scientific account of the success of such an experiment. According to it a certain Count Kueffstein in the time of Maria Theresa, aided by an Italian clergyman, Geloni, produced thirteen homunculi which lived for a time and discharged the parts they were ordered to play, but soon became so degenerate that their creator had to destroy them. Although it was always reported that the count was in league with the devil, his biographer and assistant maintains that he completed the creation of these manikins by means of ardent prayers, and that the Abbe Geloni, if he didn't really christen them, at all events gave them his benediction.

The alchemists regarded the attempt to create human beings as an action which would be pleasing to God. Finot thinks that even if experiments up to the present time do not give much result, still the possibility of such a creation must not be excluded for the future. We know to-day that every organism consists of cells, and that many artificial bodies have been made which possess the same properties and act in the same manner as the protoplasm.

A monograph on the life and work of Johannes Brahms, by Dr. Heinrich Reiman, will be published at the end of September. It will contain numerous illustrations, fac-similes and portraits. This work is the first of a series of volumes to be entitled *Famous Musicians*. H. C.

SUDERMANN'S JOHANNES.

JOHANNES—John the Baptist—a biblical drama by Herman Sudermann, author of *Magda*, which Duse has made famous, denied performance by the police censor of Berlin, and to have its first production in New York—that is the latest theatrical anomaly.

Forbidden, why? Because an old German law declares that no biblical personage shall be enacted on the stage. Then how about the Queen of Sheba, Goldmark's opera, one of the stock pieces of German opera houses, introducing not only the Bible character, but also Solomon, who is surely something of a biblical character? Why, says the censor, that's opera, and nobody understands what is sung.

What a queer version of "where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise!"

But in this instance the "bliss" seems all on the side of the censor. For there are also Otto Ludwig's *Maccabäer* and Hebel's *Judith*, both stock plays. Then why not Johannes? The censor shrugs his shoulders and looks wise. Berlin theatrical circles shrug their shoulders, too, but also fume.

Nor is Sudermann idle. He has gathered eighteen of the elect, including Sorma, Reicher and Kainzl, into the *Deutscher Theater* at Berlin, and has given an author's reading of *Johannes*, which has made a profound impression. He has also appealed to the *Reichsgericht*, or Supreme Court.

And now a secret! Sudermann intended that the last scene of *Johannes* should show Christ entering Jerusalem. But the author knew it would be hopeless to expect the Berlin police censor to pass that episode, and hence suppressed it. At the Irving Place Theatre, however, where manager Conried will produce the play shortly, Christ's entry into Jerusalem will be shown, but not exactly as described in the Bible, for Mr. Conried wishes to avoid shocking religious sensitiveness. Therefore the Saviour will not enter riding upon an ass, as Sudermann intended, since something might occur, such as the unruliness of the animal, to mar a scene, the effect of which is intended to be solemn and religiously uplifting.

In *Johannes* Christ appears in what may be called a moving stage picture, though, of course, actually impersonated by an actor; and is this, after all, such a great step in advance of the illuminated reproduction of Guido Remi's head of Christ which Mr. Yatman recently used so effectively in his night songs at Ocean Grove? Moreover, Christ has of late years become, through *Ben Hur* and other novels, a familiar figure to the public in fiction, and from the novel to the stage is but a brief span.

Sudermann, who, though originally a novelist, (Frau Sorge), handles stage material more deftly than any of the German dramatists of the so-called decadent school, has, since 1889, when his first play, *Die Ehre*, was produced at the *Lessing Theatre*, in Berlin, been preparing himself for *Johannes*. He

himself says that he has been undergoing an "erläuterungs process"—a process of clarification, and that he did not write *Johannes* until he had made himself ripe for the work.

In *Johannes* this Hebrew has written a play that fairly glows with Semitic impulse. No drama that failed to do this would adequately portray the characters of *Herodias* and *Salome*, who has the *Baptist* beheaded because he has repelled her insinuating advances, and whose dance before *Herod*, the price of which is the *Baptist's* head, will probably be toned down on the stage.

Johannes is a play of action. While its language is Biblical it is not pedantic, and the trend of the drama toward its climactic tragedy is uninterrupted. It is in a prologue and five acts. The prologue opens in a wild rocky scene near Jerusalem. It is night. It shows *John* in the wilderness. The oppressed Jews crowd about him, imploring him to lead them in lifting off the Roman yoke. Here he already, for the first time, utters prophecies of the coming of a Messiah from Galilee.

"The Galileans!" exclaims one. "The fish eaters! They should have the Messiah—they?"

John sternly rebukes him. Others enter. They tell him that *Herod* has enticed *Herodias*, his brother's wife, from her husband, and that on the morrow this scandalous pair propose to enter the temple and defile it with their marriage. "I am a priest's son," exclaims *John*, and with the words that he will protest in the name of Him who shall come and "for whose coming I prepare the way with my body" against this sacrilege, he departs for Jerusalem.

The first act opens before the palace of *Herod*. The Jewish populace are bemoaning the tyranny of the Romans. The Roman soldiers mock them. Priests enter and proceed toward the temple. *John* appears upon the scene with his disciples. The populace crowd about him to be baptised. Gradually he arouses them against *Herod* and *Herodias*. The crowd cries out, "Down with *Herod*! Death to *Herod*!" Gradually, however, as the soldiers come out of the watch room the shouts subside, and when *Herod*, *Herodias* and *Salome* enter quiet has been restored. Someone has asked *John*: "Where is the King of the Jews of whom thou shoutest?" and he replies, pointing to *Herod*: "There comes the King of the Jews whom you deserve!"

At a signal from *Herod* the soldiers advance upon the crowd. All give way save *John*, who remains proudly standing in his place. Here we have the first intimation of *Salome's* passion for *John*.

A scene with *Salome* and her attendants in the court of *Herod's* palace opens the second act. Here again we have an intimation of her strangely passionate nature. Of her bearded countrymen of Jerusalem she will have nothing. But the smooth, pink-faced Greeks whom she saw in Antioch—"When they smiled I thrilled." She throws herself upon a couch. "I am pleasing in the sight of my uncle *Herod*!" she exclaims. "He casts secret glances upon me. When my mother scolds me I shall know how to make her angry. I am a flower in Sharon and a rose in the valley."

Then follows a scene between *Herodias* and *Salome*, through which the jealous hatred of a beautiful mother for a more beautiful daughter is allowed to play. For malice nothing can surpass a few sentences interchanged between these two. "Whom we love we stab," whispers *Salome* to her mother.

"And whom we hate?" asks *Herodias*.

"Him we kiss," answers *Salome*.

"Child!" laughs *Herodias*, and gleefully kisses her.

"Mother," says *Salome*, "you kissed me!"

An ensuing love scene between *Herod* and *Herodias* is interrupted by *Salome*, who takes every opportunity to play upon the passion she has aroused in *Herod*.

But *Salome's* real infatuation is for *John the Baptist*. *Herodias* had sent one of *Salome's* maidens, who knows him, from Judea to summon him to her presence, and just as *Herod* and *Herodias* have departed he is led in. But *Salome* has been in ambush, and now she tries all her arts upon him. She sprinkles flowers about him; to a softly tinkling harp accompaniment she has her maidens intone a love song. "I have heard of a king," she whispered, "who made a compact with the sun. I would make a compact with you. Shall I be the sun and you my king? Or, shall you be the sun and I your queen?" But he sternly rebukes her, and at last bids her go.

Then ensues a scene between him and *Herodias*, in which she seeks to win him as an ally. This, too, he refuses. She tears open the doors and calls the guards. She commands: "Lead this man"—but, as his look falls upon her, the power to command leaves her and he departs unharmed.

Act III. reaches a splendid climax in the scene in which *Herod* sets out to lead *Herodias* to the temple. The stage shows a paved space before the temple gates. The people have gathered. It is night, but the fire on the great altar throws a glare over the scene.

Already the *Baptist's* prophecies are beginning to bear fruit. Murmuring questions are heard concerning the Galilean and the time of His coming. The people seem stirred by a presentiment of great events impending.

It is known that *Herod* and *Herodias* are about to appear. Cries of "Stone them! Stone them!" are heard on every side. *John*, grasping a large stone, stands upon the Temple steps as if every nerve and muscle were strained for action.

The guilty pair, *Herod* and *Herodias*, and their followers enter. The eyes of the populace are upon *John*, waiting for him to hurl the first stone. The tension is supreme. "In the name of Him"—he half raises his arm, stops as if suddenly bereft of all power, and continues in a broken voice—"who—bade me—love my enemies!"

The stone falls from his hand. A deep groan passes through the people. He is seized and thrust from the temple steps. *Herod* and *Herodias* advance.

In the next act *John* is in prison. *Herod* has come to visit him. *Salome* manages to meet her uncle and to further incite his love for her, and, taking

advantage of this, pleads with him for the *Baptist*, urging his release on political grounds, as it would please the people.

Herod has an interview with *John*, in which the prophet seems to gain a strong influence over him. After his departure *Salome* contrives to reach *John's* presence and again plays upon him with all the arts of woman. But they are vain. "Truly you are powerful," exclaims *John*. "You hold the world in your arms, for you are sin."

"Yes," replies *Salome*, "sweet as sin, so am I."

"Go!" commands *John* and thus he thrusts her from him.

In the fifth act *Salome*, foiled in her attempt to win the object of her passion, executes her dance before *Herod*, and demands as her promised recompense the death of *John the Baptist*, which he grants. It is just after *Salome* has entered with *John's* head upon a charger that the final scene occurs.

The curtains at the back of *Herod's* court are drawn aside. The roofs of Jerusalem are seen crowded with women, who are waving palms. The street which rises toward the palace is also crowded. Christ is seen advancing. People rush up to Him, kneel before Him, kiss His hands and give way to others.

Herod rises, lifts a goblet and begins: "Hail to you—King—of the"—He looks, sees the advancing Christ, the goblet falls from his hand, and, turning, he covers his face with his cloak.

As now planned, the cast with which Mr. Conried will give this play will include Pichon or Strobel as *Johannes*, Schlüter as *Herod*, Marbach as *Salome* and Vorweck as *Herodias*. The actor who will personate the Christ has not yet been decided on.—*The Herald*.

A GENEALOGY OF MORALS.

KNOWLEDGE of Nietzsche is not widespread among the critics who have written perfunctory "notices" of the English edition of his works. The review of *A Genealogy of Morals* by G. Henry Payne is so savant that it deserves wider recognition than it could gain in the columns of the *Commercial Advertiser*.

The third volume in order of publication and the tenth according to the editorial arrangement of the writings of Frederick Nietzsche has been published by the Macmillan Company, and there is now wanting only the *Jenseits von Gut und Böse* for a fair presentation to English readers of the "ethical" theories of this much misunderstood philosopher. We are informed by the publishers that of the two volumes already offered *The Case of Wagner* has been the more successful, although it is not one of Nietzsche's important works.

It was hardly to be expected, especially after some of the reviews of the book, that *Thus Spake Zarathustra* would become very soon a popular work, even though it has been declared by foremost European critics, Georg Brandes among them, one of the great productions of the age.

To the unprepared reader the work would appear, as did the writings of Jean Paul to the earlier critics, a mass of "literary clap-trap, truth in half formed sentences, grotesque, pathetic and ridiculous." The style is sometimes incomprehensible and yet fascinating. There are aphorisms firmly and even passionately expressed that mean, so it would seem, destruction to all moral laws, and again are sentences one might expect to find in the *Eucheiridion*.

A Genealogy of Morals is less difficult. It is, like all of Nietzsche's writings, energetic, epigrammatic and amazing, but it is more philosophic in tone, and may be read both before and after *Zarathustra* as an explanation. "If this trait," says the author, "reads unintelligibly to someone, and will not easily pass into the ears, the fault, it seems to me, is not necessarily mine. It is clear enough, presupposing, what I did presuppose, that my earlier writings have just been read, and that in so doing a little trouble was not shunned. They are indeed not easily accessible."

"As regards, for instance, my *Zarathustra*, no one will pass for a connoisseur of it with me whom each word in it did not at some time deeply wound and at some time deeply delight. * * * The 'readableness' of my writings is in no hurry—for which thing it is almost necessary to be a cow and certainly not a modern man; chewing the cud is necessary."

There is no doubt that Nietzsche provides much to chew, much, too, that many will think needs the four stomachs of the ruminantia to digest. A well-known Unitarian minister in this city has quoted this "apostle of free-thinkers" from the pulpit, quoted him approvingly, which might show that the process of "chewing the cud" had begun.

Nietzsche startles his readers in the very beginning by telling them that he is a "Nay-sayer," and he drives many away by telling them that he will speak in riddles and they must do the solving. He asks only for readers with strong digestive organs; and propositions to explain his works, "popularize" them, should go with the proposals for a children's department in the Yellow Book and a simplified edition in words of one syllable of Kraft-Ebing's pomographic book, "for the use of families."

The *Genealogy of Morals* consists of three essays, Good and Bad; Guilt, Bad Conscience and the Like, and What Do Ascetic Ideals Mean? I quote Mr. Payne's remarks—at once critical and synoptic—on the two latter essays:

The student of anthropology will follow the author more readily perhaps in his second essay, Guilt, Bad Conscience, &c. Man's acknowledgment of his immorality is merely a reactivity. Accustomed to wildness, warring, roving, man suddenly (speaking figuratively) finds himself in a strange land, the land of modern morals. All his instincts are rendered worthless, though they have by no means ceased to make their demands.

"All instincts which do not discharge themselves outwardly will receive an inward direction—that is what I call the internalization of man. It is only by this process that that grows up to man which later on is called his soul. The entire inner world of man, being originally thin, as if it were stretched between two hides, has become expanded and extended, has received depth, breadth and height, in the same measure as man's outward discharges have been checked.

"Those terrible bulwarks by means of which a political organization guarded itself against instincts of freedom (punishments are first of all among these bulwarks) effected the result that all those instincts of wild, free and roving man turned inward against man himself.

"Enmity, cruelty, the pleasures of persecution, of surprise, of change, of destruction—imagine all these turning against the owners of such instincts; this is the origin

of bad conscience. Man, who, from a lack of outer enemies and obstacle, and because he found himself wedged into the unbearable straits and regulations of custom, impatiently tore, persecuted, gnawed at, maltreated himself—stirred up man, this captive animal grating against the bars of his cage, intended to be tamed, this creature deprived of and pining for its home, the desert, he, who was compelled to make out of himself an adventure, a torture chamber, an unsafe and dangerous wildness—this fool, this homesick and despairing creature, became the inventor of the 'bad conscience.'

"The ascetic ideal is prompted by the self-protective and self-preservative instinct of degenerating life—it is, in other words, the only thing that keeps the entire herd of the misfashioned, the disappointed, the maltreated, the defective, every description of sufferers from taking their own lives and thus reaching the 'end' toward which they are striving. If we turn to Herbert Spencer's Principles of Biology, we shall find an almost similar statement.

"Life," says Spencer, 'is the definite combination of heterogeneous changes, both simultaneous and successive, in correspondence with external co-existencies and sequences,' or, as expressed in the more abridged formula, 'the continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations.' It is hardly likely, though, that the English philosopher would agree that his formula could be used to support the position of Nietzsche; nevertheless the only difference between the two on this point is that the one is general and the other specific.

"It would be wrong to measure the worth of Nietzsche's writings by his attitude on Christ and Christianity, just as it would be to judge Schopenhauer by his pessimism, which, as Eduard Rod has truly said, was but a 'boutade' of the philosopher. Just as the latter's force in the world of philosophic thought lies in his establishment of the law of causation in nature (Satz vom Grunde) and his enunciation of the unity of psychic and physical force (Welt als Wille), so does the worth of Nietzsche's writings lie, not in his tirades against Christianity, nor in his denunciation of Wagner after being his friend and champion, but in his plain statement of the necessity of considering life from the physiological basis, of giving man more freedom in the sphere of morality, and of making the ideal firmer, more manly, with a view to checking what Carlyle called the love of gregariousness."

"The ethical importance of words like these is not to be underestimated. It was considered bold when certain liberal teachers of ethics pleaded for man's individual reason as a guide to action against the conscience, but here, contained in what apparently is a mere theoretical explanation, is a plea for man's animality, a brief for the primitive freedom.

"The concluding essay, What Do Ascetic Ideals Mean? is of the three the most important, the most interesting and the most violent. Even more than the other two chapters does it explain the teachings of Zarathustra, but its main interest at present is that it contains the philosophical *raison d'être* of certain literary beliefs, which have had their origin independent of Nietzsche, and which are having to-day a vogue with some of the juveniles of literary France. The ascetic ideal is the creation of the 'priest,' the word is used here in the broad sense, who 'treats life as a wrong way, which man had best retrace to the point whence it starts; or as an error which can be, should be disproved by our deeds.'

"The priest, who is of all ages and all nations, has not done his work alone. He has been helped by the philosophers who have imagined a 'pure, will-less, pointless, timeless' subjectivity, which together with such other contradictory concepts as 'pure reason' (*reinen vernunft*), 'absolute spirituality,' 'cognition as such,' is manifestly absurd. 'To eliminate will altogether, to unhinge—provided this were possible—each and every motion—what? Would not this mean to castrate the intellect?'

Of Nietzsche's curious sense of humor A Genealogy of Morals contains a sample. After all that he has to say against the ascetic ideal, the third essay concludes with what might be construed as a defence of that same ideal. And toward the end of Zarathustra he asks in almost the identical words of Gros-Rene, words that the weary reader of this "new philosophy" might feel inclined to repeat:

"Pourquoi subtiliser et faire le capable à chercher des raisons pour être misérable."

To-day Nietzsche is in a madhouse in Naumburg. He sits alone, silent, staring stupidly before him, carefully watched by his doting mother. At times he will give a terrible cry, caused by racking pains, and then the neighbors will say, "The weather is going to change, the professor is screaming." And this man is the priest of evolution, the prophet of the "overman."

BURT HAVERLY and Laura Biggar have been making fun for the patrons of Keith's Theatre in Boston.

They said some things that were funny only to persons intimately acquainted with play folk and their doings, but none of it was vulgar, and there were enough other things that were fun for everybody to fill out a lively and diverting twenty minutes. One of the things that proved caviare rather astonished the reporter by not fetching mirth. Mr. Haverly spoke of the grace of Julia Marlowe. Miss Biggar repeated "Julia Marlowe?" She thought a moment and added, "Oh, yes. She used to be with Taber." Nobody laughed, and apparently very few persons in the audience remembered that the Tabers have been obliged to act in different companies this season, or be dropped by the theatrical syndicate.

Not all theatrical jokes fell flat, however, for when Miss Biggar asked, "Does your company play in all the cities Mansfield and Irving do?" the answer was, "Why, I play in towns Mansfield and Irving never heard of."

At Oberhausen a child has been registered as Herbert Apollo Manfred Odin Demosthenes Vercingetorix Klein. "How many men," said Mr. Shandy, "have been Nicodemused into nothing!"

Twenty years ago Flaubert Tourgenieff, Edmond de Goncourt, Emile Zola and Alphonse Daudet used to meet once a month. They were all gourmets, and they were all patriotic gourmets. Flaubert the Norman would have Rouen ducks and Norman butter. Goncourt was enthusiastic in behalf of preserved ginger; Zola wanted clams and sea-bass; Tourgenieff longed for caviare, and of course Daudet believed in bouillabaisse. What the menu will have to be when the guests are ten in number it will be difficult to say.

Monday Night's Plays.

At the Garrick Theatre Mr. Charles Hoyt's annual farce was exposed for the first time in New York. A Stranger in New York is little more than a vaudeville entertainment. What plot there is is inherited from A Trip to Chinatown. With the exception of Harry Conner and Miss Sadie Martinot the players were coarse, crude and provincial. A trifle of this sort is not worth serious consideration. And since A Stranger in New York does not amuse, it is not worth consideration of any sort.

At the Star Theatre J. J. Milliken's adaptation of Hennequin's *Le Flamboyant* was presented under the title of *The Captain of the Nonsuch*. In its original French environment this was a merry farce. The complications came naturally from the amours of an untruthful Lothario. The adapter, however, has put up all the infractions of the Seventh Commandment, and though his version is better suited for innocent girls and bachelor maids, it has lost its *raison de rire*. Local references and political gags helped it along with the audience of the Star, but it is poor entertainment. William Bonelli in the title role displayed a certain briskness and energy which served to lighten the dull hours.

At Wallack's Theatre Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon shone for a little as twin stars. The illumination was not extraordinary. Miss Shannon is simpering and simple, and Mr. Kelcey—but we all know Mr. Kelcey.

There is a popular illusion that matinee girls admire Mr. Kelcey's clothes and placid absence of art; it may be; these same mythical girls are known to sympathize with Miss Shannon's pallid attempts at impersonating herself. Still even the matinee girls doubtless desire some sort of a play as a frame for these precious creatures. A Coat of Many Colors will hardly do. It is not a play. It is an infantile—or shall we say womanly?—attempt to write up to Mr. Kelcey's trousers and Miss Shannon's crimps.

The action revolves round the endeavor of a female lawyer (Miss Shannon) and a male lawyer (Mr. Kelcey) to persuade a common law couple to get married, and is made all the fiercer by the discovery that the "common law mother" is really the mother of the blessed female lawyer herself.

But why should one rehearse such absurdities?

A Coat of Many Colors is talky, feeble and dull; Mrs. Madeline Ryley did better when she trusted to French inspiration and technic.

The company of players, which lends support to the twin stars, is fairly efficient, including such trained performers as W. J. Le Moyne, Burr McIntosh, E. D. Lyons and Richard Brinton.

SOME years ago the appearance of a singer in New York was heralded by long accounts in the papers of her engagement at Monte Carlo, of her capture on the high seas by a vessel belonging to the Bey of Tunis, of her experiences in the harem of that potentate, and of her escape therefrom and her flight to the land of the free, where she would enchant our listening ears in comic opera.

Now it is a Belgian diva who is said to have met in real life the adventure so dear to the concoctors of operetta. This lady, name as yet undivulged, is well known in Brussels and in Paris, where she made her debut at the Opéra Comique in "her early youth." This last phrase is unfortunate, as it hints that the charming person is not quite in her first bloom. But what does the unspeakable Turk care for that? She was engaged for Bucharest for a series of performances and set out for the Roumanian capital in the company of the late secretary of the Turkish Embassy at Brussels, who was returning to Constantinople to join the army in Macedonia. Since her departure from Belgium no news of her has been received, and her friends affirm that she is a prisoner in the seraglio. She gave a private performance before the Commander of the Faithful, and then,

In spite of his five hundred wives,
Who wept in bitter grief,
The Sultan, in a fit of love,
Flung her the handkerchief.

She may soon be expected here, under the engagement of a gallant colonel of opera bouffe.

The International Theatre is drawing up its program. This enterprise, which is under the patronage of Madame Ratazzi and MM. Sarcey, Fouquier and Faquet, intends to introduce the French public to the work of the Spanish and Italian theatres. The performances will be given at the Bouffe du Nord, and a new piece will be produced each week. Among the older pieces which it is contemplated putting on the stage is *Le Seducteur de Seville*, by Tirro de Molina; *Don Juan de Tenorio*, by Zorrilla; *La Force du Destin*, by the Duke de Rivas, and an adaptation by Georges Sand of the *Damné pour manque de foi*, by Tirro de Molina. M. Got is to superintend the staging of the pieces.

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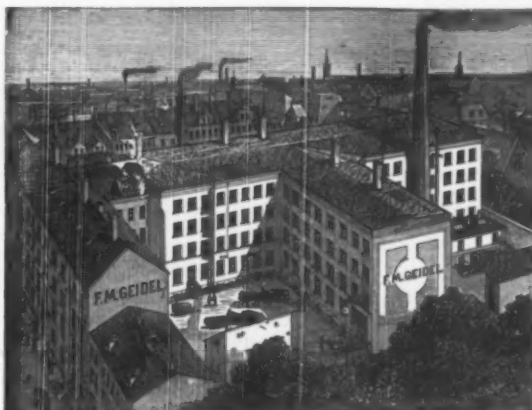
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